





QUEEN ELIZABETH.

OB. 1603.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY

170

QUEEN ELIZABETH

*VARIOUS SCENES AND EVENTS
IN THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY*

BY

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no,

“COMMENDACION” TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

Syns theise and many histories
Ar written of by men
Of dyverse kyndes of properties
By dyverse women then,
I praye what end such happ shoulde fall,
I knowe oone such doth pass them all
That ever was, or ever shall,
And they were all alyve agayne,
I praye what prayse deserveth she
If in our Courte her highness be?
Well, you shall know no more of me:
God save her life! Amen.

—By a contemporary.

(In Arber's "An English Garner.")

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I

PERSONAL DESCRIPTIONS

INTRODUCTORY

Queen Elizabeth was of majestic and graceful form, a little above the medium height, "neither too high nor too low," as she herself naïvely remarked. She had hair of a colour between pale auburn and yellow, black eyes, which were "beautiful and lively," a fair, clear complexion, a Roman nose, a small mouth with thin, firmly set lips, and a forehead broad and high. Her face was striking and commanding rather than delicately beautiful, the countenance of one born to rule. She possessed many personal attractions and no one could be more charming and gracious upon occasion than this mighty Princess of the Royal House of Tudor, with that slow, sweet smile of hers and her quick, ever-ready wit.

Sir Francis Bacon says, "She was tall of stature, of comely limbs, and excellent feature in her countenance; majesty sat under veil of sweetness, and her health was sound and prosperous."

There were a great many portraits painted of her both as Princess and as Queen. In her pictures, Elizabeth was fond of displaying her slen-

der, delicate hands, of which she was very proud. One of the best known portraits is the so-called "Rainbow Picture" by Zuccherò. In this her slim, tapering fingers are free from rings, but her costume and her coiffure are most elaborate. Her tightly-curved hair is bedecked with jewels and surmounted by a crown, and the stiffly starched ruff is conspicuous. Indeed, the Queen's one extravagance consisted in a lavish manner of dressing. At the time of her death there were said to be three thousand gowns in her wardrobe, for she disliked to part with any of them, although she had worn some only once or twice.

Before her accession to the throne, however, as her position was uncertain and her life often in danger, she assumed a manner of dressing, plain and simple in the extreme, as seemed fitting to her condition. And, in early life, her manner was marked by a demureness that gained for her the title of "my sweetest sister Temperance" from her little brother, King Edward VI, to whom she was tenderly attached. Upon becoming Queen, she allowed her taste for elaborate costumes and rich jewels full play, for she was always fond of arousing admiration in her subjects, and of outshining the ladies of her Court in splendour of apparel. No one before or since has excelled "Good Queen Bess," as she was affectionately called, in magnificence of attire and almost fantastic display of jewels.

But, in contrast to this feminine love of show,

Elizabeth possessed remarkable mental endowments. Devoted from her earliest years to study, and particularly to history, she became the ablest and greatest woman England has ever had. Her understanding of the problems of European politics was noteworthy. In the Council Chamber she was distinguished for sound common sense, great shrewdness, and clear insight. Her proficiency in languages was extraordinary. She was an excellent Latin scholar and could converse in that language with rare facility, and was able to deliver speeches in it *ex tempore*, fluently, and at great length. She spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish and Flemish with the same ease as her native English. She also studied Greek extensively, and could converse in it. She learned very readily, and, when only twelve years old, had made considerable progress in the sciences, geography, mathematics and astronomy.

“She was of admirable beauty and well deserving a Crown, of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; insomuch, as before she was seventeen years of age, she understood well the Latin, French and Italian tongues and had an indifferent knowledge of Greek. Neither did she neglect music so far as became a Princess, being able to sing sweetly and play handsomely on the lute,” writes Camden, the contemporary historian of her reign.

Elizabeth was always fond of poetry and com-

posed some sonnets and other verses, which are altogether worthy of mention. In addition, she translated some poems from the French, and Salust's "De Bello Jugurthino" from the Latin; also a play of Euripides and two orations of Isocrates from Greek into Latin. Further, she wrote a comment on Plato, and translated a dialogue of Xenophon from Greek into English. In 1593, when she was sixty years old, Her Majesty found time, in the midst of her State duties, to translate from the Latin into smooth and very elegant English the five books of Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," and in 1598 the greater part of Horace's "De Arte Poetica," and a little treatise by Plutarch, called "De Curiositate." Almost the whole of these manuscripts are in the Queen's own clear and beautiful handwriting, which was so admired by her tutors. Roger Ascham, the famous classical scholar, first tutor, and later, Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, says that if Her Highness had had the leisure to pursue her studies, her learning would have been astounding. He considered that she possessed extraordinary abilities for acquiring and retaining knowledge.

Sir Richard Baker pays this eulogy to "the heroine of the British throne": "The beauty of her mind was most admirable, which she was particularly happy in expressing both by speech and writing. If a collection could be made of her apothegms and her extemporal orations, it would

certainly excel anything extant on that head."

Fuller offers an interesting description of the Maiden Queen: "She was of person tall, of hair and complexion fair; well favoured but high nosed, of limbs and features neat, of a stately and majestic deportment. She had a piercing eye, wherewith she used to touch what metal strangers were made of that came into her presence. But, as she counted it a pleasant conquest with her majestic look to dash strangers out of countenance, so was she merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame; and would comfort them with her smiles, if perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modesty in them. She much affected rich and costly apparel, and, if ever jewels had just cause to be proud, it was with her wearing them."

Speed says: "Her royal actions and princely qualities of mind were seated in such a body for state, stature, beauty and majesty, as best befitted an Empress."

Speed also relates how Her Majesty in 1597, long after the time when she had the leisure to devote to persistent and continued study, completely worsted the Polish Ambassador in a lengthy Latin debate. Says our chronicler, "Lion-like rising, she daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic departure than with the tartness of her princely cheek; and turning to the train of her attendants, thus said: 'God's death, my Lords, I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin that hath long lain rusting.'"

Thomas Fuller writes further: "She was well skilled in the Queen-craft, and by her policy and prosperity she was much beloved by her people; insomuch, that since it hath been said, 'that Queen Elizabeth might lawfully do that which King James might not.' For, although the laws were equally the rule to them both, yet her popularity sugared many bitter things, her subjects thanking her for taking those taxes which they refused to pay her successor."

The carriage of the "Virgin Queen" was stately and dignified, and her appearances in public, splendidly attired, and accompanied by the Lords and Ladies of her Court, never failed to evoke the warmest enthusiasm from her loyal subjects. To her people she was always affable, and graciously appreciative of the pageants prepared by them in her honour. Well did she understand the heart of the English people, and upon their love and loyalty rested the strength of her throne which was not to be shaken by civil war or foreign invasion. And if England's Elizabeth occasionally gave way to outbursts of royal wrath which plainly showed her to be the daughter of Henry VIII, to her subjects at large she invariably presented only the greatest and best in her nature, working unceasingly and with marked success for the advancement and glory of her country. She was the living embodiment of the growing greatness of England and was both beloved and feared by her subjects, ruling mightily, but wisely,

and inspiring in her people fervent patriotism and chivalrous devotion to herself. Her courage, in all crises, and her vigourous will were alike indomitable; in the words of one of her ministers, "What she wills, she wills." She was, moreover, a daring horsewoman, an excellent shot, a graceful dancer, and a great lover of dramatic entertainments and gorgeous pageants.

Camden pays the mighty English Queen this further tribute: "A woman, and, if that be not enough, an unmarried virgin, destitute of all help of parents, brethren, husband, beset with divers nations, her mortal enemies, while the Pope fretted, the Spaniard threatened; and all her neighbour Princes, as many as had sworn to Popery, raged round about her, held the most stout and warlike nation of the English four and forty years and upwards, not only in awe and duty, but even in peace also, and, which is most of all, in the true Worship of God."

II

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS

On Sunday, September 7, 1533, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, in the Royal Palace at Greenwich, was born the future illustrious Queen of England, the daughter of Henry VIII, and Anne Boleyn. Bells were rung, the Te Deum sung in the churches, and great preparations made for the christening of the infant Princess. The Duke of Norfolk came home for the ceremony, which took place on the following Wednesday.

By order of the King, the Mayor of London, with the Aldermen, forty of the chief citizens, and a throng of Lords and gentlemen, came up the river to Greenwich on the appointed day.

The christening was to take place at two o'clock, and, at precisely one, the Mayor and his brethren, clad in scarlet robes, stepped into their barges and were quickly rowed to Greenwich.

The King's Palace and Grey Friars' Church, where the ceremony was to be performed, were richly hung with arras and cloth of gold. The entire road from the Royal dwelling to the church was strewn with green reeds. The font in the

middle of the church, covered with costly velvet, was of silver and three steps high. Over the font hung a canopy of crimson satin, fringed with gold.

At two o'clock, the infant Princess, the unconscious cause of all this pomp and splendour was borne with great ceremony from the Palace to the church. At the head of the long procession marched the forty citizens of London, two by two, next came the gentlemen and Chaplains, the Aldermen and Mayor, then the King's Council, the King's Chaplains, the Barons, Bishops and Earls. The Earl of Essex bore the covered gilt basins, the Marquis of Exeter a taper of virgin wax, and the Marquis of Dorset carried the salt. Lady Mary of Norfolk bore the chrisom, made of stone set with pearls. After her proceeded the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, bearing the Royal infant, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a long train furred with ermine. The Duke of Norfolk, holding the Marshal's rod, walked on the right side of the Duchess, while the Duke of Suffolk went on the left. The Countess of Kent carried the long train of the baby Princess, while between the Countess and the child walked the Earl of Wiltshire and the Earl of Derby, supporting the train on the left and right. Four other Lords bore a canopy of crimson velvet over the Princess.

In this order, the imposing procession reached the church door, where it was met by the Bishop of London with other ecclesiastics, all in gorgeous State-array, and the sacrament was begun.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed the ceremony, was also god-father, while the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk and the Dowager Marchioness of Dorset were the godmothers. The Royal infant was given the name of her paternal grandmother, Elizabeth of York.

After the child had been carried to the font and solemnly christened, the Garter-King-at-Arms cried, "God of his infinite goodness send a prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!"

Then the trumpet blew loudly, and the Princess was brought to the altar and confirmed; after which, the Archbishop presented a standing cup of gold, as his gift to the daughter of the King. The Duchess of Norfolk gave a cup of gold, fretted with pearls, and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three gilt bowls.

After a solemn banquet, the procession returned to the Court in the same order as before, with the addition of four other Nobles who followed the Royal Elizabeth, bearing the costly presents that had been given her. The splendid retinue accompanied the child to the door of Queen Anne's apartments, where the King met it and gave his thanks for the honours paid his youthful daughter.

Shortly after this, Henry, acceding to the wishes of the Queen, had an Act of Parliament passed, whereby Elizabeth was solemnly recognized as the heir to the Throne, and the title of

Princess of Wales was conferred upon her.* Thus the claims of the Princess Mary, the daughter of the King by his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, were abruptly set aside.

A Royal residence was then provided for the little Princess and her attendants. Soon after, the King entered into negotiations for a marriage between her and the Duke of Angoulême, third son of the French Monarch. But Henry added so many stipulations to the marriage treaty that the affair came to naught.

The brilliant career of the young Princess of Wales, which had opened amid such pomp and splendour, was rudely checked, before she was quite three years old, by the tragic death of her mother.

Rapid as had been Anne Boleyn's rise from the post of maid of honour to Katherine of Aragon to the exalted position of Queen of England, still more rapid was her disgrace and dreadful fall from the lofty pinnacle to which she had been raised by the hand of her capricious Lord, the King. She was accused of misconduct and treason, and, after a judicial farce, hardly worthy the name of trial, went to the scaffold, and, protesting her innocence to the last, died with queenly dignity.

Henry's resentment against the unfortunate Anne Boleyn and his persistent disbelief in her

* This title was somewhat irregular and could only be presumptive, as Henry still hoped for a son by Anne.

innocence, had been strengthened by his passion for Jane Seymour, one of Anne's own ladies-in-waiting, whom he married on the very day after the execution. The King had an Act of Parliament passed annulling his marriage with Anne, and rendering the little Elizabeth illegitimate and incapable of inheriting the Crown.

When a son, Edward, was born later to the Royal pair, he was hailed as the heir to the Throne. The Princess Elizabeth, then four years old, borne in the arms of the Earl of Hertford, carried the chrisom to the splendid christening which was soon followed by the death of the new Queen.

The little Princess was a child of such remarkable promise and such pleasing manners that her father softened toward her, and allowed her to be brought up with the young scion of the Royal House. The neglected child of Anne Boleyn, far from cherishing feelings of envy against the little usurper of her royal privileges, conceived a very tender affection for him, which he heartily returned. On his second birthday she presented him with a cambric shirt, worked by her baby hands.

Elizabeth and Edward were brought up in the Protestant faith, while the elder sister, Mary, was a strict Catholic, as her mother had been. The winning manners and endearing caresses of the little Princess caused even Mary, who, at first, felt bitter jealousy toward the child of her mother's rival, to warm toward her.

The tutors of Elizabeth were very enthusiastic in their praises of her. John Aylmer, her first tutor, said that he learned more of her every day than she of him. "I teach her words," he writes, "and she teacheth me things. I teach her tongues to speak, and her modesty and maidenly life teacheth me words to do. For I think she is the best inclined and disposed of any in all Europe."

Her Italian teacher, Castiglione, says: "I find in her two qualities which are never lightly yokefellows in one woman; which are a singular wit and a marvellous meek stomach."

When Elizabeth and Edward were separated in 1546 by the removal of the former to Enfield and the latter to Hertford, the young Prince was so grieved that she wrote to him, begging him to be comforted and to keep up a correspondence with her.

Sir Robert Naunton, speaking later of the affection between the two younger children of Henry VIII writes: "Besides the consideration of blood, there was between these two Princes, a concurrency and a sympathy in their natures and affections, together with the celestial bond, conformity in religion, which made them one and friends, for the King called her his sweetest and dearest sister, and was scarce his own man, she being absent, which was not so between him and the Lady Mary."

It is said that Queen Elizabeth throughout her life, whenever she tried a new pen, customarily

wrote the name of Edward, her dearly loved brother.

The young Princess found such favour in the eyes of Anne of Cleves, her father's fourth wife, that Anne declared "she should esteem it a greater happiness to be mother of Elizabeth than Queen of England." After Henry and this new wife had been divorced by mutual agreement, the King granted Anne's request, seconded by the pleading of his daughter, that the Princess should visit her frequently.

Elizabeth was treated with equal affection and consideration by her next step-mother, Katherine Howard, own cousin to Anne Boleyn. At all the banquets and fêtes in honour of her marriage, Katherine insisted that Elizabeth be seated by her side and called her "cousin." It was also her intention to ask the King to have that Act of Parliament repealed, which had rendered the Princess incapable of inheriting the Crown. Elizabeth, however, while she manifested a loving regard for her partial young step-mother, spent as much time as her father would allow, with Anne of Cleves, for whom she always showed a deep and sincere affection. Indeed, she ever remained constantly faithful throughout her life to the friends of her youth, aiding and advancing them to the best of her power and their own abilities.

After the disgrace and execution of Katherine Howard, the Princess Elizabeth lived for a time with her sister, Mary, at Havering Bower.

On the marriage of King Henry to Katherine Parr, a woman of strong character and rare scholarship, Elizabeth and Mary took their proper places in the Royal household. The younger Princess was ten years old at this time. The new Queen showed a motherly interest in both her stepdaughters, but particularly in the little Elizabeth, whose studies she personally directed and encouraged.

It was upon history that the young Princess bent her thoughts in particular, and spent three hours of each day in the pursuit of this study, in which she began to interest herself when only five years old.

She read works on this subject in all languages, and used to give especial attention to the lives of the rulers. She was studying to be a worthy Queen, for, from her earliest youth, the glittering vision of the Crown shone before her eyes, to attain which was the aim and object of her life. And those who were brought in personal contact with her said that Heaven in endowing her with such remarkable gifts certainly destined her for some high office.

During the last illness of the King, Elizabeth and Edward again resided together and their affection for each other grew even stronger. When their father's death was announced to them, they burst into such passionate tears that all those present were deeply moved, and Heywood writes, "Never was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their

faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."

By the conditions of Henry's will, sanctioned by Parliament, the Crown was to pass to Edward, then to Mary, if he died without heirs, and, in default of heirs to Mary, to Elizabeth, and from her to the children of their father's younger sister, Mary, Duchess of Suffolk. Lady Jane Grey was the oldest of these children. And so, by the tardy justice of her father, the daughter of Anne Boleyn was restored to her proper rank as Royal Princess and reversionary heiress to the Throne. She was given an income of three thousand pounds a year and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, provided her marriage was approved by King Edward and his Council, otherwise she would lose her dowry.

The ambitious Lord Admiral Seymour, brother to the Protector Somerset and uncle to the young King, made a daring, but unsuccessful attempt to unite himself in marriage to the fourteen year old Princess Elizabeth, exactly a month after the death of Henry VIII.

Upon Her Highness' refusal Seymour promptly married his former fiancée, Katherine Parr, the Queen Dowager, who had been appointed the guardian of Elizabeth and with whom the Princess was then living.

Mary and Elizabeth were both displeased at their step-mother's hasty marriage, which seemed derogatory to their father's memory, but Eliza-

beth continued for a year, at least, to reside with Katherine Parr. Here she was treated with the royal dignity befitting the sister of the King and was attended by a retinue of ladies and officers of State.

Seymour, a man of unprincipled character and boundless ambition, now attempted to obtain a hold upon his wife's young Royal ward by indecorous romping and undue familiarity. Katherine prevented any mischief arising from these evil designs, fostered by ambition, by insisting that the young Princess and her establishment remove from the house. Elizabeth then lived chiefly at Hatfield and Ashbridge.

Katherine Parr, however, remained her faithful friend and guide until her death, writing to her frequently in a friendly and affectionate manner. In her will she left her half her jewels and a heavy chain of gold, admonishing her to cultivate the great qualities bestowed on her by God and strive to improve them, for she believed she was destined by Heaven to be Queen of England.

After the death of Katherine, Seymour again paid his addresses to Princess Elizabeth. These advances were seconded by Mrs. Katherine Ashley, Her Highness' governess, and by other officials of her household, who favoured the Lord Admiral for their own interests. These intriguing persons were constantly praising Seymour to their fifteen year old mistress, who had no disinterested woman friend or relation to advise her at that critical

period. Seymour, although twenty years her senior, was a handsome man of engaging manners, and the youthful Princess, while she did not see or directly correspond with him after the death of Queen Katherine, received his messages and dropped some encouraging remarks regarding him. One of Elizabeth's ladies, however, so constantly and persistently importuned her to marry the Admiral that the Princess, after a vain attempt to silence her, threatened "to have her thrust out of her presence if she did not desist."

Seymour's bold project of marrying the King's youngest sister and his daring intrigues to overthrow the Regency and get the power into his own hands, brought him to the scaffold in March, 1549. The principal people in the household of the Princess were arrested and strictly examined by the Council to see how far they and their Mistress were involved in the schemes of Seymour. For a time, Elizabeth was treated as a prisoner of State and detained at Hatfield, under the charge of Sir Robert Tyrwhit. When the execution of the Admiral was reported to the Princess by spies of the Council, who were eager to see if she would betray any emotion, she said, calmly, "This day died a man with much wit and very little judgment."

For a year or more after this, Princess Elizabeth was in high disfavour with the Council who succeeded, to a certain extent, in alienating from her the affections of the young King.

Her Highness, during her enforced retirement, devoted herself to her studies, and particularly to the classics and theology, under the guidance of Roger Ascham, who enthusiastically sounded the praises of his Royal pupil to John Sturmius, Rector of the Protestant Academy at Strasburg.

“Numberless honourable ladies of the present time,” writes Ascham, “surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning; but, among them all, my illustrious Mistress, the Lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues and learning than by the glory of her Royal birth. She has accomplished her sixteenth year and with so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, that the like has never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English, Latin with fluency, propriety and judgment; she also speaks Greek with me frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in Greek or Roman characters. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight.”

Although the commendation of this famous scholar helped to restore the Princess to her

brother's favour, he, at last, through the baleful influence of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, who had succeeded Somerset as Protector, became no less estranged from her whom he was wont to call "his sweetest Lisbeth" than from the Lady Mary. On his death-bed, the boy-king was induced by Northumberland to set aside his father's will and to bequeath the Crown to his young cousin, Lady Jane Grey, the daughter-in-law of the wily Duke.

Mary, however, was not the woman to yield without a struggle, and when, upon the death of Edward, Jane was proclaimed Queen, she marshalled her forces and promptly advanced to seize the Crown that was rightfully hers. The defenceless position of the Princess Elizabeth and her nearness to London placed her in great danger, and it was only by displaying extreme prudence and caution that she escaped being dragged to the Tower by Northumberland's party. She pleaded a fit of illness, real or assumed, as an excuse for not joining in the hot struggle for the Crown, and thereby showed her sound good sense. She really took sides, however, with her sister Mary and gave her what aid she could. As Mary advanced toward the Capitol, one thousand horsemen rode to the Princess Elizabeth and placed themselves under her command. Thereupon she speedily forgot her illness, and putting herself at the head of the formidable array, ordered them to proceed and join forces with Mary.

At Wanstead the Royal sisters met, and Mary was very gracious toward every lady presented by Elizabeth.

On Queen Mary's triumphal entry into London, the sisters rode side by side in the splendid cavalcade. The beauty of the Princess Elizabeth, then in the fresh bloom of twenty, and the grace of her tall, majestic figure, made Mary, who was almost double her age, short, thin, and worn by sickness appear at great disadvantage.

Less than a month after the Queen's accession, the seeds of discord were sown between Mary and the Princess. The trouble was mainly on the ground of religion. Elizabeth persistently refused to attend Mass, even when ordered to do so by Mary and her Council. The Protestants, admiring her courage and firmness, placed all their hopes in her, as the leader of their party; while the Queen regarded her as the greatest obstacle in restoring the Papacy in England. She tried in vain alternate threats and entreaties to force the Princess to attend Mass. Then, writes the French Ambassador, De Noailles, "the Queen caused her to be preached to and entreated by all the great men of the Council, one after the other, but their importunity only elicited from her, at last, a very rude reply."

But, at length, the Princess Elizabeth realized that she must make, at least, a show of temporizing, if she was to be recognized as the heiress presumptive to the Throne. With this end in view,

she attended, but with visible signs of distaste, the celebration of the birth of the Virgin. By this and similar means, she succeeded in being formally recognized as reversionary heiress to the Crown.

Mary, however, had, at the meeting of her first Parliament, declared the validity of her mother's marriage, and, although she did not attempt to alter the conditions of her father's will in respect to the reversionary claims of the Princess Elizabeth, she allowed the Duchess of Suffolk and her children to take precedence over her. This tacit slur on her birth, together with further indignities, so displeased the Princess that she refused to attend Mass again and shut herself up in her chamber. She was now looked upon with such suspicion that her every movement was watched by spies of the Council.

Elizabeth was in a position of extreme danger. Renaud, the intriguing Spanish Ambassador, and De Noailles, the equally infamous delegate of the French Court, were weaving their insidious plots about her and the Catholic clergy were bitter foes to the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whom they regarded as the fountain head of Protestantism. The Princess found it necessary to employ all the prudence and discreteness with which Nature had endowed her; a single false step would have cost her her life.

III

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

As a result of the machinations of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and his emissaries, who constantly strove to stir up discord between the Catholic Queen and the Protestant Princess, the presumptive heiress to the Throne, Elizabeth, together with Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, were accused of complicity in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt. This Kentish rebel, who aimed at the overthrow of Mary and her party, when arrested, basely accused Elizabeth and Courtney of being instigators of the revolt. The plot was in reality hatched by the French Ambassador, De Noailles, who dreaded the ascendancy the Spanish party was gaining in England through the approaching nuptials of the Queen with Don Philip. He also desired to destroy the heiress to the Throne and bring about the succession of Mary, Queen of Scots, the grandchild of the elder sister of Henry VIII. and the daughter-in-law- of the French King. So he gave aid to the revolt of the Protestant party, whose plans were to marry the weak, but ambitious Courtney to Elizabeth and seat them

jointly on the Throne. The proposed bridegroom was of the Blood Royal, being grandson to Katherine, daughter of Edward IV. His father, the Marquis of Exeter, was beheaded toward the close of the reign of Henry VIII, and the son, though a mere child at the time, had remained a close prisoner in the Tower.

Mary, at her accession, released him, and was so pleased with his handsome face and courtly manners that she created him Earl of Devonshire, and had some idea of marrying him. But Courtney, while aspiring to the hand of the Queen, was indiscreet enough to allow his admiration for the superior charms and lively wit of the Princess Elizabeth to become known. Her Highness was inclined to favour his advances and fan his passion, for she always liked to keep handsome young men dangling about her. There is no reason to suppose that her feelings for him were deeper than those of a young woman, a coquette by nature, who was flattered by the attentions of one honoured with the regard of a Queen. This affair, however, was made much of by her enemies, and soon Mary showed a decided coolness and next active hostility against Courtney. She then affianced herself to Philip of Spain.

At the instigation of the conspirators, secretly backed by the treacherous De Noailles, Courtney entered into an engagement of marriage with Elizabeth. He was probably well satisfied with the change of brides, so long as the Crown too was

included in the compact. The Princess, however, refused to openly declare her views, and, displaying her usual caution, remained wholly passive. This prudent conduct so exasperated De Noailles that he actually formed a plot to carry Elizabeth away by force, marry her to the Earl, and then convey them to Devonshire, where were powerful friends of Courtney.

Her Highness, aware of the peril she was in, finally obtained leave to retire to her estate at Ashbridge. Courtney, soon after, treacherously betrayed his fellow-conspirators to Gardiner, which precipitated the revolt of Wyatt. This insurrection was promptly quelled with great severity and its leader captured, who, as has been said, accused the unhappy Princess and her weak-minded lover of being the exciters of the bloody rebellion.

Courtney was at once taken into custody and Elizabeth was commanded to return to Court. She pleaded illness as her excuse for not obeying this dangerous summons. Then the Queen, believing she had every cause to distrust her loyalty, sent Lord Howard, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cromwell with a troop of two hundred and fifty horsemen to Ashbridge to bring the Princess to London by force. With this formidable array, went two of the Court physicians to see if Her Highness was really ill or only feigning, for Elizabeth had a way of taking to her bed in order to avoid unpleasant interviews.

The party arrived at Ashbridge at ten o'clock and peremptorily demanded to see the Princess. She sent word that she was sick and in bed, and requested them to wait until the next morning. But the Lords sent back a rough reply that they must see her at once, no matter in what state she was. Before the attendant could deliver this uncivil message, they forced their way into the chamber where Elizabeth lay in bed, really sick.

The Princess, greatly amazed and somewhat alarmed at their unceremonious and rude entrance, demanded why they came in such haste at so untimely an hour. They told her it was the Queen's pleasure that she be at once conveyed to London. She answered that she would be glad to obey Her Majesty, were she not unable to do so on account of her illness.

But the Lords replied that they had instructions to bring her, alive or dead. Then the Princess said sorrowfully, fearing that there must be some dreadful import to this decisive summons, "Your commission is very sore, my Lords."

The two physicians were next called in, and upon testifying that she could travel without danger to life, the Nobles told her that the Queen's litter would be ready for her at nine o'clock on the morrow.

On the next day, precisely at the appointed time, Her Highness, weak and suffering in body and mind, was forced to enter the litter, although she almost fainted several times on the way from

her chamber. This day was the one fixed for the execution of Lady Jane Grey, her own cousin. The knowledge of this fact lent a frightful significance to this abrupt command to return to London. Her attendants stood about weeping and heavy-hearted, for, like their unhappy Mistress, they feared that the scaffold would be the end of this forced journey.

The Princess managed to preserve an outward calm, although her pale, wan face testified to her sufferings. On the journey, which occupied four days, the litter was surrounded and followed by a multitude of people, who loudly proclaimed their devotion to her and lamented her captivity.

Upon reaching the Court, she was immediately confined in her own apartments and kept a close prisoner for two weeks, seeing neither the Queen nor any friend save the few attendants she was still allowed to keep about her. To add to the terrible suspense she was in, Mary refused to hold even a written communication with her.

On March 16th, about three weeks after the arrival of the Princess at London, Gardiner, together with nineteen members of the Council, came to her and accused her of conspiring with Wyatt. But she fearlessly declared her entire innocence, saying, "I am altogether guiltless therein." A further charge was brought against her, at the same time, of being concerned in the rebellion of Sir Peter Carewe in the West. This, too, she emphatically denied. After a lengthy and relent-

less examination, the Councillors, seeing that it was impossible to coerce or terrify her into incriminating herself, informed her that she must prepare to go to the Tower.

Elizabeth, aghast at the mention of this dismal prison, answered that "she trusted the Queen's Majesty would be a more gracious lady to her; and that Her Highness would not otherwise conceive of her but that she was a true and loyal woman." She went on to say that "she was innocent in all those matters wherein they had burdened her and desired them to speak in her favour to the Queen, saying she would ask no mercy, if she should be proved guilty."

But her inquisitors answered that it was the Queen's commands that she go to the Tower, and there was no help for it. They then departed with their caps over their eyes. This was done as a sign of disrespect.

Directly after this, all her own attendants were removed, and three grooms and three waiting-women in the service of Queen Mary were put in their places.

The next night, the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Sussex informed the Princess that the barge was ready and the tide suitable for conveying her to the Tower. But she, wishing to defer this dreaded journey, begged them to wait until the next tide, as this would be in the day time.

Winchester harshly answered: "Neither time

nor tide is to be delayed." He also refused her request to be allowed to write to the Queen.

But Sussex, who was of a more kindly nature, not only gave permission, but promised on his honour to deliver the letter himself.

So Elizabeth wrote a lengthy epistle, taking care not to bring it to a close until the tide had changed, in this way making it imperative that the journey be put off until the next day. In this letter, she protested her entire innocence, declaring that she would be ready to die a shameful death if she were really a traitor. She ended with an earnest entreaty for a personal interview before going to the Tower. She signed herself "Your Highness' most faithful subject that hath been from the beginning and will be to my end."

At nine o'clock on the next morning, the Princess was forced to depart, although she had received no answer whatever to her letter. As she stepped into the barge, she said "she marveled much what the Nobility of the realm meant by suffering her, a Princess, to be led forth into captivity, the Lord knew whither, for she did not."

The Nobles in their haste to land the prisoner at the Tower, without attracting the attention of the people, whose idol Elizabeth was, arrived too early, and found that the tide was not high enough to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of water was very great. For an hour, the boat hovered around the shore, until the Lords, growing

impatient and fearing that among those who were already gathering on the banks, there might be some friends who would try to rescue the captive Princess, commanded the boatmen to proceed. This they were very unwilling to do, declaring that at this tide it would be exceedingly dangerous and practically impossible to go down the river. Elizabeth, too, entreated them to wait for the next tide, hoping to gain more time and thereby to receive an answer from the Queen.

“Time and tide wait for no man,” was the unyielding reply. Seeing that further delay would not be granted, she resigned herself to the inevitable and said no more. The reluctant boatmen, still protesting loudly at the danger they would incur, were harshly commanded to proceed. The stern of the boat struck violently against the timbers of the bridge, and it was with great danger and difficulty that the rowers prevented the frail barge with its Royal passenger from capsizing.

All through this fearful descent of the river, the Princess preserved outwardly a lofty calm and her usual majestic mien, although her thoughts could not have been other than dark and foreboding, at seeing herself utterly defenceless, surrounded by pitiless foes, while far and wide around her stretched the turbulent waters of the Thames. To add to the dreariness of the scene, a heavy rain had set in.

The lion-like spirit of Elizabeth, although subdued by the peril she was in, was deeply sad-

dened as the boat drew near the towers and battlements of the grim old fortress, which, at near approach, stood out black and threatening above the gloom of the day. The thoughts of the Royal captive must have been bitter indeed when close to that stout prison from which her own mother and many a prisoner of State had come forth to die. Still, she spoke no word and gave no indication of her emotions until she realized that they were about to land her at the Traitor's Gate. Then her proud heart rebelled at this insult, and she cried: "I refuse to land at the stairs where all traitors and offenders customably land, and neither well can I, unless I go over my shoe in the water."

But when she was told it was by the Queen's express command that she was brought there and that she would be permitted no choice, she stepped firmly from the barge onto the wet and slippery landing, declining all assistance and saying: "If it be so, my Lords, I must needs obey, protesting before all your honours, that here now step-peth as true a subject as ever was towards the Queen's Highness. And before thee, O God, I speak it, having now none other friend but only Thee!"

"It is no time now to test the truth of this," was the rough response of her captors, as they urged her forward. "But it is better for you, if it be so."

"You have said well, my Lords," answered

Elizabeth, with majestic calm. "I am sorry that I have troubled you."

She then entered the courtyard of the Tower and passed between rows of liveried men and armed soldiers, drawn up on both sides of the entrance. She inquired the cause of this and was told it was the customary way of receiving prisoners of State.

"And if it be for my cause," said the Princess, "I beseech you that they may be dismissed, for it is not well to stand outside in this inclement weather."

Then these stalwart guards, pleased at this kindly speech and moved with compassion for the forlorn prisoner, knelt down and prayed God to preserve Her Highness.

Elizabeth, her heart touched by this simple expression of good-will, thanked them graciously, with a tremulous smile, and bade them rise.

She then sank upon a cold, damp stone and remained sitting there, regardless of the rain that was pouring down upon her. Lord Chandos, the Lieutenant of the Tower, advised her to come in out of the wet, and, upon her refusal, laid his coat about her shoulders. She dashed it from her, "with a good dash," exclaiming, "Better sitting here than in a worse place. For God knoweth! I know not, whither you will bring me."

At this, her Gentleman Usher, who was one of her most faithful and devoted attendants among the few she had been permitted to keep about her,

burst into tears. Her Highness was moved by the sympathy of this loyal servant and rose from her hard seat, saying, "she knew her truth to be such that no man should have cause to weep for her." As she passed through the gloomy portal, the doors were locked and bolted behind her. She was conducted at once to her cell which, some affirm, was in the Bell Tower, directly under the great alarum bell, so that the whole fortress could be instantly aroused in case of any attempt at escape. Courtney was imprisoned not far distant.

There was a great conference among the Lords as to how they could guard the Princess most strictly. Many harsh measures were suggested, but Sussex advocated close restraint without undue severity. "For just dealing," said he, "is always answerable. Let us take heed, my Lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our King's daughter, and is, we know, the Prince next in blood. Wherefore let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter."

While Elizabeth languished in the Tower, "there was much gaping among the Lords of the Clergy to see the day wherein they might wash their goodly white rochets in her innocent blood," writes Foxe. The Lord Chancellor Gardiner clamoured loudest of all for her death.

A few days after her entrance in to the Tower, the Princess was strictly examined by Gardiner and some others concerning a conversation she

had held with Sir James Croft; they demanded, among other things, to know why she had moved from Ashbridge to Donnington Castle. At first, she denied all knowledge of such a house, and then, seeing that no one was disposed to believe her, admitted that she was the owner of it, but emphatically declared that she had never been there.

Then her examiners, determined to prove her complicity in the plans of Croft, had him brought into the cell and confronted her with him.

Elizabeth, her spirit roused by this persistent inquisition, cried, in indignation: "My Lords, you do examine every mean prisoner of me! Wherein me thinks you do me great injury. If they have done evil and offended the Queen's Majesty, let them answer to it accordingly. I beseech you, my Lords, join not me in this sort with any of these offenders, and, as concerning my going to Donnington Castle, I do remember Master Hoby and mine officers and you, Sir James Croft, had such talk. But what is that to the purpose, my Lords, but that I may go to my own houses at all times?"

The Earl of Arundel, pleased with this intrepid reply and the courageous bearing of the captive Princess, knelt down and asked her pardon for troubling her with such trifling matters.

Her Highness answered, in a milder tone than before, "My Lords, you did sift me very narrowly! But well I am assured you shall do no more to me

than God hath appointed, and so God forgive you all."

Croft, much moved by this conciliatory speech, knelt in his turn and said he was sorry to be brought as a witness against her, and declared his utter innocence of the matter.

Arundel, before this a most determined enemy to the Princess, now began to speak loudly in her favour. Although he was many years her senior, he became her persistent suitor throughout the rest of his life, and was one of the familiar figures at the Court of the Virgin Queen. His attachment was probably sincere, although fostered by ambition, as it began at a time when the object of his affections seemed more likely to ascend the scaffold than the throne.

IV

THE FURTHER IMPRISONMENT OF THE PRINCESS

On April 25, Sir Thomas Wyatt was beheaded. Before laying his head on the block, he made a final statement, completely contradicting his previous one in which he had accused the Princess and Courtney of being fellow-conspirators. He said: "Concerning my Lady Elizabeth's Grace and the Earl of Devonshire, here I take it upon my death that they never knew of the conspiracy, neither of my first rising; and, as touching any fault that is laid to their charge, I cannot accuse them. (God I take in witness.)"

In spite of the exoneration by the rebel leader, Her Highness and Courtney were as closely confined as before. Her attendants, fearing that an attempt would be made to do away with her secretly through poison placed in her food, besought the Council that some of her own servants might be appointed to carry the food direct to her, instead of allowing the soldiers of the Tower to convey it as had been the custom. This request was granted, and, after that, one of the gentlemen of the Princess' suite, her clerk of the kitchen,

and two purveyors brought her food to her once a day. This had been cooked, from her first entrance into the Tower, by her own servants, but there was opportunity for foul play offered in the former handing of it over to the guards of the Tower. This danger was now eliminated, and the men bearing the food were accompanied and closely watched by Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower.

After Elizabeth had been imprisoned a month, she sent for Gage and Lord Chandos and asked their permission to take a daily walk in the open air, for the close restraint was telling upon her health. They refused this request, saying that they had commands to the contrary which they dared not disobey.

Then the Princess requested that she might at least walk in the Queen's Lodgings, an apartment reserved for the use of Royalty. But her jailers answered that even this would require a special suit to the Queen and her Council.

"Well, my Lords," exclaimed Her Highness, losing all patience, "if the matter be so hard that they must be sued unto for so small a thing, and if friendship be so strait, God comfort me!"

The next day, however, Lord Chandos told her that he had appealed to the Council in her behalf; after a long and stormy debate it had been decided to allow her to walk in the Queen's Lodgings, closely attended by himself, the Constable, and three gentlewomen in the service of the Queen,

but all windows must be tightly shut and locked. The Princess, forced to be content with this small favour, thanked the Lieutenant for his goodwill.

Later on, permission was granted her to walk in a little garden, the doors and gates of which were securely locked. When she took her exercise, the prisoners on that side of the Tower were not allowed to communicate with her in any way, or even to look out of the windows into the garden.

A little boy of three or four years, the son of one of the jailers, used to visit the cells of many of the prisoners and bring them flowers. Elizabeth and Courtney were among the number whose solitude was cheered by the coming of the child.

The enemies of the Princess, wishing to prove that she and the Earl kept up a correspondence by means of this child, called him to a room in the Tower, and bribed him with fruits and candy to answer their questions, all of which were intended to incriminate the Royal captive and her weak-minded lover.

They first asked the boy when he had last seen Devonshire. He replied that he was going to see him by-and-by. They then demanded when he was with Elizabeth. "Every day," he said quickly. The next question, following close upon this, was what messages or tokens the Earl sent to the Princess.

The child, perhaps divining the malicious intent of this persistent questioning, answered, "I will

go at once and find out what he will give me to carry to her."

"This is a crafty boy," said Sir John Gage. "What say you, my Lord Chandos?"

"I pray you, my Lord, give me the sweets you promised me," pleaded the child.

"Nay," was the harsh reply, "rather shalt thou be whipped if thou come any more to the Lady Elizabeth or the Lord Courtney."

But the loyal child fearlessly answered, "I will bring the Lady, my Mistress, more flowers."

The Lords, enraged at the innocent boy, ordered his father to keep him out of the prisoners' rooms.

The next day, as the Princess was walking in the garden, the little fellow peeped through a key-hole and cried, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers."

She smiled sadly and bitterly, but said nothing, for she understood the cause full well.

The Constable, discovering this further friendly act of the child, rebuked the father harshly, and ordered him to put the boy out of the Tower, saying, "It is a crafty knave, let me see him here no more."

While Elizabeth was in the Tower, Gardiner "sent a secret writ, signed by a few of the Council, for her private execution, and, had Mr. Bridges, the Warden of the Tower, been so little scrupulous of dark assassination as this pious prelate was, she must have perished. The warrant not having

the Queen's signature, Mr. Bridges hastened to give Her Majesty information of it, and to know her mind." (Foxe, "Acts and Monuments.")

On May 5, Sir John Gage was replaced as Constable by Sir Henry Bedingfield, who arrived accompanied by a troop of one hundred soldiers. This sudden change of officers amazed and alarmed the Princess, causing her to think that the Council had now fully determined on her death. She inquired if the Lady Jane's scaffold had been taken down. On being told it was, she seemed somewhat relieved, but asked what sort of man Sir Henry was and if he was of the nature that would secretly murder her, were he so commanded. The Wardens answered that they did not know what sort of man he was, but they did not believe God would permit such wickedness.

"God grant it be so!" she cried. "I beseech Thee, O God! to hear me Thy creature which am Thy servant and at Thy commandment, trusting by Thy grace ever so to remain."

Shortly after this, Her Highness was informed that she was to be carried from the Tower under escort of Sir Henry and his soldiers. But she, distrusting this sudden removal, requested permission to remain where she was.

Lord Chandos told her that she had no alternative, but was to be taken at once to the manor-house of Woodstock. When she asked him the cause of her departure, he said that other pris-

oners were to be brought to the Tower, but who he did not know.

On May 16, Elizabeth, together with her attendants and personal belongings, was removed from the Tower.

Under escort of Bedingfield and his soldiers, she was conveyed by water that day as far as Richmond, where she passed the night. Here, all her own men were removed, and the soldiers of Sir Henry appointed in their place to attend her. This made her suspect that there was a plot brewing against her life, and, as she was retiring to her chamber, she called her Gentleman Usher and bade him and her other attendants pray for her. "For this night," she said, "I think to die."

The Gentleman Usher gave what small comfort he could, but, having like fears, hastened at once to the court where Sir Henry and Lord Williams of Thame were walking and besought them to declare their intentions regarding the Princess, saying that he and their companions would give their lives to save hers, which they feared was in danger.

Lord Thame answered quickly, "God forbid that there be any such purpose! Rather than that it should be so, I and my men are ready to die at her feet also."

The next morning the party passed on to Windsor. The rest of the journey was made on horse-

back, and, as Elizabeth rode through the villages, the people testified their love and sympathy for her by presenting her with various gifts and ringing the bells in joy at her coming among them. While these demonstrations cheered and delighted the heart of the prisoner, showing her what a favourite she was with the nation at large, they greatly displeased Bedingfield. He called them "rebels" and "traitors," and caused some of the more jubilant of the bell-ringers to be seized by his soldiers and placed in the stocks.

The next night was spent at the house of Lord Thame in the village of Thame, where the Princess was entertained in a manner suiting her dignity. Here many Lords, Ladies and the neighbouring gentry paid their court to her.

Bedingfield was mightily offended at this and bade them remember that the object of their flattering attentions was the Queen's prisoner, and nothing else, and that they had best beware the results of such treasonable adulation.

But Lord Thame said his instructions were that Her Grace should be made merry and comfortable in his house and he intended to carry out his commission.

Sir Henry, to show his further authority and utter lack of respect due to the Princess, went up to her rooms and, sitting down in a chair especially provided for her, and stretching out his legs as though he were master of the apartment,

insolently ordered his valet to pull off his boots.*

The guests, when they heard of this, accused him of undue harshness and complete lack of courtesy toward the Queen's sister. This championship of the Princess, however, only enraged Bedingfield, and, as soon as supper was finished, he called the host and ordered him to clear the house of all the company.

Lord Thame, angered at this command and persistent rudeness toward their Royal charge, replied that the house should be cleared of all, including Sir Henry himself and his soldiers.

"Nay," roared Sir Henry, "my soldiers shall watch all night and whether there be need or not, shall do so out of distrust for the company."

So an evening that would otherwise have passed pleasantly for the Princess, was spoiled by the discourtesy and suspicious watchfulness of the over-zealous Bedingfield.

On May 20, Her Highness reached Woodstock, where she was as closely guarded as when in the Tower. Soldiers were stationed both inside and out. But she was allowed to walk in the gardens, though under strict surveillance. Each gate to these gardens had several locks, and Sir Henry kept the keys to every one in his own possession and would trust them to no one.

* This anecdote has been discredited, according to F. A. Mumby.

One day, Elizabeth, annoyed by his close attendance, sharply rebuked him, calling him her "jailer." At this he knelt down and said he meant no offence, but was only doing his duty as one of her officers.

"Good Lord, deliver me from such officers!" she exclaimed vehemently.

Foxe tells us that one of her attendants, who was somewhat of a wag, and greatly amused at the elaborate system of locks and bolts employed by Sir Henry to ensure the safety of the captive and prevent her from communicating with any one outside, once saw a goat in the garden where Her Highness was walking. He picked up the animal, threw it over his shoulder, and carried it to the Princess who asked what he had there.

He answered, "An it please Your Grace, I cannot tell, for I am uncertain whether he be one of the Queen's friends or not. But I will carry him to Sir Henry Bedingfield to know what he is."

This he did at once, and to Sir Henry's half-angry question as to what the creature was, he replied, "I cannot tell what he is. I pray you examine him, for I found him walking in the place where my Lady's Grace was and I do not know what talk they have had together. I do not understand him, but take him to be some stranger; as I am the Queen's subject and it is her will that no stranger have access to the Princess, I hold it my duty to bring this stranger to you to examine as you see fit."

Sir Henry, not perhaps possessing a sense of humour, was greatly displeased and ordered the fellow to depart with the goat.

Lord Thame constantly showed himself a good friend to the Princess, and, finally, as the result of his intercession, obtained permission for her to remove from Woodstock to his house where she might be treated with less harshness. Her Highness, delighted at the proposed change, made all her preparations to depart. But her persistent enemy, Gardiner, interposed his authority, and at the last minute letters were sent to stop the journey.

Elizabeth became much depressed at this, feeling that she was indeed in the hands of her foes, and that it was well-nigh useless for her friends to try to aid her. One day, hearing a milkmaid singing merrily in a pasture near by, she sighed and said: "That milkmaid is better off and her life more happy than mine in the state I am now in." A sad admission indeed for the proud-spirited Tudor Princess!

Another day, Her Highness scratched upon a window-pane with a diamond the following lines:

"Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, the prisoner."

This was, to be sure, the attitude of the Council toward the sister of their Sovereign. There was suspicion in abundance, but proof was not forthcoming.

During the Princess' imprisonment at Woodstock, several attempts were made to murder her. A fire was discovered one night in the room beneath the one she slept in and was extinguished with difficulty. Soon after this, Paul Perry, a ruffian, whose bloody sword was always for hire, was appointed to assassinate her. When this attempt also failed, Bassett, a creature of Gardiner, then undertook the sanguinary deed. He went to confer with Bedingfield about it, but as Sir Henry had gone to London and left strict orders that no one should be admitted in his absence, Bassett, too, failed of his purpose.

After a year at Woodstock, Her Highness craved the permission of the Council to be allowed to write to the Queen. After a long delay this was at last granted. But Sir Henry brought the pen and ink, stood by her while she wrote and then told her that he would carry the letter to the Queen. But the Princess said she would have one of her own men, "for she neither trusted him nor his soldiers."

He replied that no one of her men would dare to carry the letter of one who rested under such a cloud of suspicion as she did.

To this the Princess answered, with all her wonted spirit, "I am assured I have none so dishonest that would deny my request, but will be as willing to serve me now as before."

He assured her, however, that even were this

true, his commission was to the contrary and would not allow it.

“ You charge me very often with your commissions,” she cried, passionately. “ I pray God you may justly answer for the cruel dealing you use toward me.”

This rebuke caused Sir Henry to kneel again and protest that he was only doing his duty in obeying the Queen, but that he would as willingly serve her were it possible. Still he did not allow her letters to be carried until nearly a week after the writing, and then one of her own gentlemen was at last dispatched with them.

Elizabeth bore no enmity to Bedingfield for his severity toward her. Upon her accession she allowed him to keep his life, lands and liberty, laughingly administering the simple rebuke that he should have the custody of any prisoner of State whom she should desire to be strictly guarded. Later on, she even paid him a visit at his country seat during one of her progresses, and once again, though this time in merriment, hailed him as her “ jailer.”

It is probable that Bedingfield was so strict a guard through fear of some secret attempt to murder his charge, and was determined that she should remain safe while in his custody, at least.

In the beginning of the summer the Princess fell ill, and two Court physicians were sent to attend her. They returned with very favourable accounts

of her loyalty and gracious demeanour. The Queen was pleased at this and sometimes now was heard to speak of her as "sister," but the Bishops, always relentless enemies to the child of Anne Boleyn, said, "they marvelled she did not submit herself to Her Majesty's mercy, seeing she had offended Her Highness."

When this was reported to Elizabeth, she flew into a rage, exclaiming, "I will never submit myself to them I have never offended. For, if I have offended and am guilty, I then crave no mercy but the law, which I am certain I should have had ere this if I could be proved guilty, for I know myself, I thank God, to be out of the danger thereof, wishing that I were as clear out of the peril of my enemy!"

Shortly after the Queen's marriage on July 3, 1554, the Bishops and Lords discussed a plan for marrying off the Princess, who, however, seemed averse to any marriage whatsoever. The Spanish party suggested that she wed some foreigner in order that she might leave the Kingdom altogether. These plans were soon abandoned on account of the difficulty of finding a husband who would please the Princess. Elizabeth scornfully rejected the idea of leaving England; she wished to be on English soil when the Throne should become vacant.

Finally Mary, urged by Philip to release her sister, at last summoned her to Hampton Court in July, 1555. She left Woodstock again under

escort of Lord Williams, Sir Henry and his soldiers.

On the journey the Princess was met by fifty or sixty of her gentlemen and yeomen, who had not been allowed to see her since her imprisonment. They hailed her with welcoming shouts and demonstrations of joy which would have moved her to make some fitting reply had not Sir Henry interposed and sternly commanded them to depart in the Queen's name. So they were forced to withdraw without speaking to their Mistress, who seemed as grieved as they.

Next day Her Highness reached Hampton Court and was conducted up a back stair case to the Royal lodgings. The doors were tightly locked behind her, and for two weeks she was guarded night and day by armed soldiers without receiving any communication from the Court.

Then, finally, came Lord William Howard, who treated her with a respect that she had not been accustomed to of late. His deferential manner emboldened her to ask permission to speak with the Council.

In answer to her request, Gardiner, the Earl of Arundel, and two other Lords visited her soon after and greeted her with a show of humbleness that surprised her.

"My Lords! I am glad to see you!" she cried. "For methinks I have been kept a great while from you desolately alone. Wherefore I desire you to be a means to the King's and Queen's Maj-

esties that I may be delivered from prison wherein I have been kept a long space, as is known to you."

Gardiner knelt down, and told her if she submitted herself to the Queen's Grace she would be mercifully dealt with.

But the Princess answered haughtily, "Rather than do so, she would lie in prison all the days of her life. For she craved no mercy at Her Majesty's hand, but rather the law, if she had ever offended her in thought, word, or deed."

"In yielding," she concluded, "I should confess myself to be an offender, which I never was towards Her Majesty, and therefore I say, my Lords, it were better for me to lie in prison for truth than to be abroad and suspected of my Prince."

The Councillors promised to give her message to the Queen and departed.

The next day Gardiner came again, and told her the Queen marvelled that she should declare she had not offended her, for then it would seem she had wrongfully imprisoned her.

"Nay, it may please her to punish me as she thinketh good," answered the Princess, quickly, careful to make no false step.

"Her Majesty willeth me to say you must tell another tale ere you be set at liberty," said the implacable Gardiner.

"I had as lief be in prison with honesty and truth as to be abroad suspected of Her Majesty,

and what I have said I will stand to, for I will never belie myself," cried the Princess, the Tudor temper getting the better of her caution.

"Then Your Grace hath the vantage of me and the other Lords for your long and wrong imprisonment?" queried Gardiner, insinuatingly.

"What vantage I have, you best know, taking God to witness. I desire no vantage at your hands, but for your so dealing with me, may God forgive you and me also," said the Princess, thinking it prudent to soften her tone somewhat.

A week later, at ten o'clock at night, she was summoned to the Queen's presence. As Elizabeth had not seen her sister for two years, she was inclined to distrust this summons.

Sir Henry Bedingfield, watchful as ever, brought her into the garden and up a flight of steps to the Queen's apartments. Her Highness was followed by her own gentlewomen, while her Gentleman Usher and her grooms went before, carrying torches. At the top of the stairs, all the attendants, with the exception of one lady, were forbidden to accompany the Princess further.

Upon entering the Queen's bedchamber, Elizabeth kneeled down and prayed God to preserve Her Majesty. Before rising, she added an earnest desire that her sister should believe her as true a subject as any she had, regardless of the false reports that had gone abroad concerning her.

"You will not then confess your fault," asked

the Queen, "but stand stoutly in your truth? I pray it may turn out so."

"If it does not, I request neither favour nor pardon at Your Majesty's hands," was the proud reply of the Princess.

"Well then, since you still persevere in your truth, probably you will not confess but that you have been wrongfully punished," said Queen Mary.

"I must not say so, if it please Your Majesty, —to you," answered Her Highness, naïvely.

"Why then, belike you will to others," cried Mary, angrily.

"Nay, if it please Your Majesty, I have borne the burden and must still bear it. I humbly beseech Your Majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me to be your true subject, not only from the beginning, but forever as long as life lasts," answered Elizabeth.

After the Queen spoke some conciliatory words in reply, a half reconciliation between the Royal sisters took place, after which the Princess retired again to her lodgings.

King Philip was thought to have been hidden behind the tapestry during the whole interview. At any rate, he used his influence with Mary to induce her to pardon the Princess for whom he evinced considerable admiration. Thomas Cecil says that Philip, after his return to Spain, remarked that "whatever he suffered from Queen Elizabeth was the just judgment of God, because, being married to Queen Mary, a most virtuous

and good lady, yet in the fancy of love he could not affect her; but as for the Lady Elizabeth, he was enamoured of her, being a fair and beautiful woman."

A week after the interview with Mary, the Princess was set free and given permission to reside in royal state at her favourite dwelling, Hatfield House in Hertfordshire. But Sir Thomas Pope, one of the councillors, was sent to live in her household and keep close watch on her actions during the remainder of Mary's reign.

For prudence's sake, the Princess Elizabeth was forced to conform outwardly, at least, to the Catholic religion. But the Queen, who doubted her sincerity, had her questioned regarding her belief in the presence of the Divine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The quick-witted Princess, without hesitation, replied in these extempore and ambiguous lines:

" Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what his word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

This clever avoidance of a theological difficulty silenced her questioners and they forebore to examine her further on points of belief.

Although the Princess still continued to be closely watched, after the death of Gardiner, her danger steadily decreased, and she succeeded in ingratiating herself with the Queen, while at the

same time, she skilfully evaded the numerous offers of marriage with which she was harassed. She continued on good terms with Mary up to the last who, a few days before her death, sent the Crown jewels to Elizabeth together with her dying requests that she be good to her servants, pay back the sums lent on privy seals, and continue the Church as she had established it. The first two of these requests, the Princess carefully carried out.

V

THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

“ This Queen of Queens was openly proclaimed the 17th day of November, 1558, being then twenty-five years of age, abundantly adorned with the gifts of nature and princely education, having gained by experience and adversity wisdom above her age, and induced by God’s special Grace, with true Zeal to Piety and Religion,” writes Camden in his “ History of the Most Renowned and Victorious Princess Elizabeth, Late Queen of England.”

When the death of Queen Mary was announced in the Parliament Chamber, where there happened to be a session at the time, there was a moment of silence in respect to the memory of the late Sovereign. Then the whole building echoed and re-echoed with shouts of “ God save Queen Elizabeth, reign she most long, reign she most happily! ”

Immediately after this, the Parliament breaking up, proclaimed her in the Palace of Westminster and throughout the City of London as “ Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defendress of the Faith.” The streets were filled with throngs of

people, shouting with joy at her accession and offering prayers for a lengthy and prosperous reign. The bells in all the London churches were rung night and day, huge bonfires were kindled, and tables set out on the streets, where there was eating, drinking and merrymaking until the early morning hours. On Saturday, the *Te Deum Laudamus* was sung and chanted in all the churches, which were thronged with people giving thanks for the accession of a popular Sovereign, who, from her childhood, had been the darling of the nation.

During her entire life, says Camden, no ruler was so attended by affectionate demonstrations and enthusiastic acclamations, as Queen Elizabeth upon all her appearances in public.

After the proclaiming of the new Queen, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Clinton, the Earl of Pembroke, and others rode post haste to Hatfield House where Elizabeth was living in retirement, pursuing her studies under the guidance of her tutor, Roger Ascham. When the death of Mary and her own accession was announced to the Princess, she fell on her knees, after drawing a long breath, exclaiming, "*A Domino factum est istud et est mirabile in oculis nostris—it is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in our eyes.*" According to Naunton, this saying was afterwards placed on the gold coins of her reign, and on the silver coins another saying of hers, "*Posui Deum adiutorem meum — I have taken God for my helper.*"

On November 20th, the new Sovereign held her first Privy Council at Hatfield. She showed her good sense in the choice of her Councillors; retaining from her sister's Cabinet the Lord Howard of Effingham as Lord Chamberlain, and eleven other Catholics. This wise measure enlisted upon her side many of that religion who might otherwise have opposed her. She also included among her advisors seven Protestants, all men of wisdom and judgment and heartily devoted to her. Chief among these were William Cecil, who had also been Secretary to Her Majesty's brother, King Edward VI, and whom she, later, created Lord Burleigh, and Nicholas Bacon, who was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal. The political tie between the sagacious statesman, Cecil, and his Queen was not severed, though at times strained, until the death of the former, which was a bitter grief to the Royal Mistress he had served so faithfully throughout the greater part of his long life.

On his installation into the Council, Elizabeth addressed to him the following instructions: "I give you this charge that you shall be of my Privy Council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my Realm. This judgment I have of you that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that counsel which you think best, and if you shall know anything to be declared to me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and assure your-

self I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein and therefore herewith I charge you."

That very day Her Majesty accepted his advice on some important matters and appointed him the principal Secretary of State.

The first act of the new Sovereign was the restoration of the Protestant religion in whose tenets she had been brought up. But she resolved to proceed gradually, though none the less securely, and determined not to imitate the violent and fanatic example set her by Mary in changing the State religion. She recalled all the exiles and freed all the prisoners detained on account of religion. A certain Rainsford jestingly told the Queen that he had a petition to present to her in behalf of other prisoners, namely, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. She instantly answered in the same merry strain that she must first consult the prisoners themselves and learn from them if they desired that liberty which he asked for them.

The Church she established was midway between the Roman Catholic and extreme Protestant. She did not inquire nor probe into the consciences of her subjects, as had been done in the preceding reign; but merely demanded outward conformity to the Church of which she was the head in England, requiring, simply, attendance at service once a week, under penalty of a fine. As a consequence of this moderation in an age where toleration was seldom practised and almost unknown, there was little religious discontent among her subjects.

Immediately upon the proclaiming of Elizabeth, her brother-in-law, the King of Spain, realizing that by the death of Queen Mary he would lose his authority over England, sent to the new Sovereign an offer of marriage, provided she would uphold the Catholic religion. He never dreamed of the possibility of her refusing his offer, for he held the universal opinion that without his protection she could not maintain her Throne against a French invasion in the interests of the Queen of Scots. For the French King, by the marriage of the Dauphin to Mary Stuart, intended to unite the Crowns of England and Scotland and ultimately annex them to France. But Queen Elizabeth shrewdly surmised that Philip of Spain's own interests would force him to prevent the carrying out of the French King's scheme, and she had no intention of becoming dependent upon her ugly, domineering, little brother-in-law. After considerable fencing, she replied that she intended to remain unmarried, and that she did not fear France.

A month after her accession, the Spanish Ambassador wrote to his master: "She orders and does what pleases her as absolutely as did her father, Henry VIII."

It was deemed expedient that the Coronation take place as soon as possible, in order that Elizabeth might have the allegiance of the whole country, Catholics as well as Protestants. It was very difficult to find an ecclesiastic to perform this cere-

mony, as the Archbishop of Canterbury was dead, and the next dignitary in order of rank, the Archbishop of York, refused to crown her as supreme head of the church; the remaining Catholic Bishops refused to perform the function and also to consecrate any Protestant Bishops. Finally, at the last moment a compromise was reached, whereby Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, and also the presiding Bishop at the Royal Chapel promised to set the crown on the Queen's head if she would take the same oath that Catholic Sovereigns took. As there seemed to be no choice in the matter, Elizabeth consented and preparations were hurriedly made for the ceremony.

The Catholic Peers, who but lately had been her bitterest foes, paid humble and flattering submission to Queen Elizabeth as their Liege Lady. Her Majesty exhibited a large-souled magnanimity in her treatment of these former relentless persecutors of hers who had so ardently thirsted to shed her Royal blood. Her manner toward them was gracious and she showed herself great enough to be able to overlook the insults and injuries heaped upon her defenceless head when she was only a Princess. It would seem that these men themselves must have been surprised at this clemency, which they certainly had no right to expect from one whose life they had sought with untiring zeal.

But, although Her Majesty could forget the injuries done to the Princess Elizabeth, she did not forget the few scant favours; and, in due

time, rewarded all those who had served her. During her entire imprisonment, Sir William Cecil was working constantly, and as persistently as he dared, to alleviate her sufferings and procure her freedom. He, as has been seen, received a fitting recompense. Thus Elizabeth remembered and kept near her Court those who had shown themselves faithful friends in the dark days of uncertainty and danger before her accession.

On Wednesday, November 23, Her Majesty removed from Hatfield to Charter House in London where she was entertained for a few days by Lord North.

On Monday, the 28th, Queen Elizabeth rode from Lord North's to make her formal entrance into the Tower. All the streets through which the Royal train was to pass were newly graveled, bands of musicians, gaily decorated arches, banners and flags were stationed along the way. Vast throngs of people crowded the streets, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting with joy. First in the Royal cortège came the heralds, clad in magnificent vestments loaded with gold and silver lace, then the gentlemen, Knights and Nobles, all in gorgeous array, then the Lord Mayor, holding the sceptre, and after him rode Her Majesty, appareled in purple velvet, with a scarf of gold lace about her neck. She was mounted on a handsome charger trapped with crimson velvet; behind her rode Lord Robert Dudley, recently made her Master of the Horse, and after him came the Guard carrying

their halberds. As the splendid cavalcade set forth from Lord North's, the artillery in the great fortress was shot off and kept up a continuous booming for over half an hour.

As the Queen entered the Tower, not through the Traitor's Gate this time, but through the grand State entrance, she turned to her retinue and said, with grave intonation: "Some have fallen from being Princes of this land to be prisoners in this place. I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be Prince of this land. That dejection was a work of God's justice; this advancement is a work of his mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other."

When Queen Elizabeth reached the Royal apartments, she fell on her knees, saying, "Oh, Lord, almighty and everlasting God, I give thee most hearty thanks that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this joyful day; and I acknowledge that thou hast dealt as wonderfully and as mercifully with me as thou didst with thy true and faithful servant, Daniel, thy prophet, whom thou didst deliver out of the den from the cruelty of greedy and raging lions. Even so was I overwhelmed, and only by thee delivered. To thee, therefore, only be thanks, honour, and praise forever. Amen."

VI

THE ROYAL PROGRESS ON THE DAY BEFORE THE CORONATION

On Saturday, January 14, 1558, about two o'clock, Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by a train of Lords and Ladies, richly attired, rode from the Tower of London through the city toward Westminster. The vast concourse of people gathered in the streets expressed their great joy and devotion by welcoming shouts, prayers, and loving words.

The Queen smiled graciously upon those at a distance from her, and made affable and gentle answers to those that stood near. To the ones that cried, "God save Her Grace!" she replied, "God save you all!"

On every side her subjects testified their loyal and loving attachment to her and their great delight at her accession. She accepted gratefully the offerings of flowers and the like given by even the lowliest of her people, and often stopped her chariot to listen to private requests. A poorly clad woman handed her a branch of rosemary which the Queen set up high in her chariot, and kept there throughout her whole journey to Westminster.

Thus, amid the joyful acclamations of her subjects, Elizabeth passed on to Fenchurch, where a platform richly decorated was erected. A child stood upon it to welcome Her Majesty in the name of the city. As the child began his speech, the first line of which ran, "O peerless Sovereign Queen," Elizabeth ordered the chariot to halt that she might hear the words plainly. At the last line, "God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well," the people raised a great cheering.

The Queen gave the city gracious thanks for their good wishes, and was visibly touched by the loving speech of the little child.

From here she rode on to Gracechurch Street, where another stage was set up, extending across the street from one side to the other. On the lowest level was a royal throne upon which were figures representing Henry VII and his wife, Elizabeth of York. Over the head of the former appeared a red rose, the emblem of the House of Lancaster, and over the latter the white rose, the symbol of the House of York. The hands of the figures were joined to represent the union of these two rival houses.

Branches from these roses led up to a second platform on which sat a representation of Henry VIII and his second wife, the Lady Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth.

From this stage a branch went up to the third tier on which was a throne with a personage sit-

ting there representing Elizabeth herself, crowned and royally appareled.

As the train of Her Majesty drew near, a child stepped forward on the platform to explain the meaning of the pageant. But the noise from the multitude of spectators was so loud that the Queen could not hear the child distinctly, nor see the figures clearly. When the meaning was finally explained to her, she ordered her chariot to be driven back that she might have a good view of the exhibition. Then again she thanked the city in her most courteous manner.

Thence she rode on toward Cornhill, still accompanied by the loyal shouts of the people. The next pageant was called "The Seat of Worthy Governance," and upon the chair was a child, representing the Queen's person. The throne was built in such a way that it seemed to be supported by the four virtues, Pure Religion, Love of Subjects, Wisdom and Justice, who were treading under their feet the corresponding vices respectively, Ignorance and Superstition, Rebellion and Insolency, Folly and Vainglory, Adulation and Bribery. Each of the figures portraying these qualities had their names plainly written on their breasts. The title of the pageant was set forth in a wreath in front of the platform. There was a band of musicians above the two sides, who began to play after a child had finished explaining the show. The theme of this was that Her Majesty would sit firmly on her throne so long as she upheld the vir-

tues and put down their opposing vices. Elizabeth gave hearty thanks for this pageant and promised to make her seat secure by the means suggested.

The next pageant was that of the eight Beatitudes. Children represented the blessings, and one child as before, explained the meaning to the Sovereign. All these eight Beatitudes were applied to the Queen, who received this flattery most graciously and listened very attentively to the explanatory speech, after which she gently thanked the people for their pretty compliment.

At Cheapside was a pageant signifying Time. "Time!" said Her Majesty, "and time hath brought me hither!"

In the opening address, the Queen was told that a Bible in English would be presented to her later on by a child portraying truth. She seemed much pleased and said she should often read it. So she passed on through the city to the upper end of Cheapside.

Here the Recorder of the city gave her a purse of crimson satin embroidered with gold, and containing a thousand marks.

Elizabeth lifted it into the chariot with both hands, for it was very heavy, and then said, "I thank my Lord Mayor, his brethren, and you all! And whereas your request is that I should continue your good Lady and Queen, be ye ensured that I will be as good unto you as ever Queen was to her people. No will in me can lack, neither do I

trust, shall there lack any power! And persuade yourselves that for the safety and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to shed my blood! God thank you all!"

This right royal speech caused a great shout of rejoicing to arise, all hearts beat high with devotion for their "Sovereign Ladye deare." And so Her Majesty, amid the unceasing acclamations, continued on her journey until she came to the next pageant, fashioned in two tiers.

On one level was the representation of a dead tree, its branches all withered, and at its foot the effigy of a poorly-clad man, of forlorn and dejected appearance. Over his head was written:

Ruinosa Respublica
A Decayed Commonweal.

On the second tier was another tree, flourishing and bearing fruit. Under this stood a vigorous-looking personage, and over his head was written,

Respublica Bene Instituta
A Flourishing Commonweal.

An old man, portraying Father Time, came out of a cave between these two stages as the Queen approached. He led by the hand a female figure splendidly attired. She represented the Daughter of Time, and on her breast was her name, Veritas, truth. In her hand she carried a book,

Verbum Veritatis, the Word of Truth. After she had expounded the meaning of this pageant to Her Majesty she handed the Bible, the Word of Truth, to the Queen, who received it, kissed it, and laid it upon her breast, again promising to read it frequently, and always to hold it most dear.

At St. Paul's School a child, who had been appointed by the master, delivered an oration in Latin to which the Sovereign listened with great attention. Then the child kissed the paper on which the speech was written and handed it to her.

Some one of the Royal train near the person of the Queen remarked what an expense the city had gone to in preparing these exhibitions, and Elizabeth replied that "she did well consider the same and should remember it."

The fifth pageant was a stage with four towers and a square platform of gradually ascending height. At the very top was a throne with a tall palm-tree behind. On the chair was a personage attired as a Queen, with crown and sceptre, and on a tablet above her head was written, "Deborah, The Judge and Restorer of Israel." On the lower tiers of the stage, were six persons portraying the nobility, clergy and common people. A child came forward at the lowest end of the platform, and explained that the pageant represented Deborah consulting with the different classes of her people for the welfare of Israel, and that the subjects of Elizabeth prayed that she would emulate the good example of the worthy Deborah.

From here the Queen and her party rode on towards Temple Bar. At Christ's Hospital, a school established for charitable purposes, the children with their teachers stood outside in a group. As Her Majesty noticed that one of the children was about to speak, she halted her chariot and commanded silence. The child then spoke in Latin to the effect that as this institution had been founded and advanced by the Queen's brother, Edward VI, they doubted not that she too would show them clemency and kindness, and wished her a long and prosperous reign. Queen Elizabeth received the copy of the oration with a gracious smile from the hands of the child and promised to relieve and aid them.

At Temple Bar, which was draped and festooned in honour of Her Majesty, stood two gigantic figures representing Gotmagot, the Albion, and Corineus, the Briton. They held in their hands a tablet on which was written in Latin and English a description of all the pageants prepared, together with their meaning. On the south side of Fleet Street was a group of children singing, and one of them dressed, as a poet, delivered some farewell verses to the Queen in the name of the whole city.

In these lines were expressed wishes that she would reign worthily and trample all vices under foot. Several times during the speech, Her Majesty raised her hands to Heaven and bade the people say "Amen"!

At the conclusion of the address she said, "Be ye well assured, I will stand your good Queen!"

Then she passed on through Temple Bar to Westminster, followed by the shouts of her subjects and the firing of the ordnance guns. Thus the Royal Elizabeth rode proudly on through her loyal city of London, whose people were full of delirious joy at her accession, which had been so long and ardently desired.

VII

THE CORONATION

On Sunday, January 15th, Queen Elizabeth, in the presence of a great company of high dignitaries, Lords and Ladies, was crowned at Westminster Abbey by Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle. Her Majesty partook first of a regal banquet in Westminster Hall, which was richly hung and decorated.

While the Sovereign was at dinner, Sir Edward Dimmocke, in a full set of armour, rode into the hall, mounted upon a handsome charger trapped with cloth of gold. He flung down the gauntlet, offering to fight any one who should deny that Elizabeth was lawful ruler of England. No one accepting the challenge, Her Majesty took a gold cup filled with wine, and, after touching her lips to it, passed it to the knight as his fee. Then the Lord Mayor of London filled another cup and carried it to the Queen, who, after going through the same ceremony as before, returned the cup to the Mayor as his fee.

The banquet finished, Her Highness took her seat upon a chair of State placed in front of the

high altar. After she had been proclaimed Queen of England at four different places by a Bishop, the trumpets sounding loudly at each proclamation and mingling with the acclamations of the spectators, she arose from her chair, and kneeling before the Bishop, made an offering which he placed in a golden basin. Then she returned to her seat under the canopy and listened to a long sermon delivered from the pulpit. At the close of this, Her Majesty knelt by the chair and said the Lord's Prayer. Upon rising, the Bishop presented to her a book on which she took her oath of office. After the Bishop had read passages from various books, the Queen retired to change her attire.

A magnificent carpet covered with cushions of gold was now spread before the altar, the Bishop standing at the left side.

Elizabeth, having put on more elaborate apparel, now entered, all the majesty of her high position reflected on her fair, proud face. She wore "a mantle of cloth of gold, tissued with gold and silver, furred with powdered armyons (ermine?) with lace of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels to the same." Under the mantle was "a kirtle of the same tissue, the train and skirts furred with powdered armyons, the rest lined with sarcenet, with a bodice and sleeves to the same."

As she knelt before the altar, on the golden cushions, a red silk robe was spread over her. When the Bishop had solemnly anointed her, a

sword with a girdle was put upon one of the shoulders of the Maiden Monarch and another under her other shoulder, while two richly embroidered garters were placed upon her wrists and a third sword was hung by her side.

The trumpets sent forth a triumphant blast and the historic old Abbey resounded with shouts of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" as the crown was placed on her head. Directly after this, the Bishop slipped a plain gold ring upon her finger in token of her marriage and the consecration of her life to the Kingdom of England; at the same time the sceptre was delivered into her hand. After this, Her Majesty, still kneeling, laid the sword of State upon the altar. When the Bishop had read a few more passages, the Queen again took her seat upon the throne. Then, first the Lords and next the Bishops, going up to the Sovereign, knelt before her and kissed her on the left cheek, according to the Coronation custom. This ceremony over, Mass was said, Her Majesty holding in her right hand the sceptre, in her left the mound or globe of the world. The Gospel was read first in Latin and then in English, after which she kissed the book.

As Queen Elizabeth again knelt before the altar and made a second offering, three naked swords and one in the scabbard were held before her. When Mass was finished, Her Majesty, retiring behind the high altar, divested herself of her Coronation robes, and then, followed by her retinue,

set out for Westminster Hall, where another banquet was prepared.

On the next day, jousts and tournaments were given in honour of the Coronation. On the twenty-fifth of the month was held the first Parliament, the Queen riding to it in all the splendour of her Parliamentary robes, attended by the Lords, spiritual and temporal, likewise in their State array.

Her Majesty's costume consisted of "a mantle of crimson velvet, furred throughout with powdered armyons, the lace on the mantle being of silk and gold, covered with buttons and tassels. The kirtle and surcoat were also of crimson velvet, with a train and skirts of the same material, furred with powdered armyons. The rest was lined with sarcenet. The silken cap was striped down with passamaine lace of gold from which hung down golden tassels; this, too, was furred with powdered armyons, as were likewise the hood, bodice and sleeves, all of crimson velvet."

The Parliament was opened by a unanimous declaration that "Queen Elizabeth was, and ought to be, as well by the word of God, as the common and statute laws of the Realm, the lawful, undoubted, and true heir to the Crown, lawfully descended from the Blood Royal, according to the order of succession settled in the thirty-fifth of Henry VIII."

Just before the dissolving of the Parliament, the Speaker of the House of Commons, together with some other members, came forward, and kneel-

ing before the Queen, in deferential and humble manner, entreated her to marry in order that the succession might be settled later without dispute or risk of civil war.

But she answered that from her earliest youth she had resolved never to marry, for she believed that by remaining free from such worldly cares she might best perform to the glory of God those duties to which she had been appointed. She said also that she had, moreover, given her hand in wedlock to a husband, and he was the Kingdom of England. Then she showed them the wedding ring which she had placed upon her finger at the Coronation, and added, "As many as are Englishmen are children and kinsmen to me." She promised, however, that if she ever did take a husband he should be one approved by her people. She concluded her speech, saying, "To me it shall be a full satisfaction, both for the memorial of my name and for my glory also, if, when I shall let my last breath, it be engraven upon my marble tomb, 'Here lyeth Elizabeth, which reigned a Virgin and died a Virgin.'"

VIII

THE RECEPTION TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

On the 12th of July, 1564, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University received a letter from Sir William Cecil, the Chancellor of this institution as well as Secretary of State, announcing that Queen Elizabeth intended to visit the university and remain there three days, the 8th, 9th and 10th of August. The secretary also sent instructions to arrange suitable lodgings for Her Majesty and to prepare some entertainment.

Thereupon the Proctors of the establishment, consulting with Cecil himself, the Bishop of London and others, planned an imposing entertainment for the Sovereign. They were further encouraged in their preparations by the receipt of a letter from Lord Robert Dudley, afterward the celebrated Earl of Leicester, assuring them that all their exercises for the Queen's diversion would be accepted in good grace by her.

Elizabeth decided to arrive on Saturday, August 5th, and that day the bells of the colleges and of the town were rung most of the afternoon.

Her Majesty proceeded from a Mr. Worthing-

ton's house in Haslingfield, where she had passed the night. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, the Bishop of Ely and other Nobles met her on the way and accompanied her to the town of Cambridge.

Robert Lane, the Mayor of the town, the Aldermen, Burgesses and Recorder, all on horseback, met the Royal party at Newnham. There they alighted, paid their respects, and the Recorder delivered a speech in English. Next the Mayor passed his mace, together with a costly cup, to Her Majesty, which she received graciously and handed back the mace. The cup she gave to one of her footmen.

Then the progress toward Cambridge was continued, Robert Lane holding his mace, rode before the Sovereign. Meanwhile, Sir William Cecil, mounted upon his horse, was waiting before Queen's College. The trumpeters, with loud and solemn blast, proclaimed the approach of the illustrious guest. After them followed the Lords of the Realm, in the order of their rank, next the Royal Almoner, the Bishop of Rochester, bareheaded, and with him the Bishop of Ely, then the Garter King-at-Arms, richly appareled and accompanied by many Sergeants-at-Arms, then Lord Hunsdon, a cousin to the Sovereign, carrying the Sword of State in a magnificently wrought scabbard. After him rode Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, attired in "a gown of black velvet pinked, a caul upon her head, set with pearls and precious

stones, and a hat spangled with gold and a bush of feathers." She was attended by a great company of ladies and maids of honour.

When Her Grace came to the middle of the scholars, two of them stepped forward, and kneeling before her, kissed the papers they held and passed them to her. These were two congratulatory orations, one in prose, the other in verse. The Queen, after receiving them graciously, delivered them to one of her footmen. Then two Bachelors of Arts and two Masters of Arts came forward and went through the same ceremony. When the Royal train came among the Doctors, the Lords and Ladies dismounted, only Her Majesty remaining on horseback.

At the gate to King's College, Sir William Cecil knelt down and made a speech of welcome. The beadles, likewise kneeling, kissed their staffs and handed them to the Secretary Cecil, who also kissed them and then passed them to the distinguished visitor, who was unable to hold so many. She, laughing merrily, gave them back, bidding the magistrates of the University "minister justice uprightly, as she trusted they did, or she would take the matter into her own hands and see to it"; adding with another laugh that "although the Chancellor did halt (he happened to have a sore leg at the time), yet she trusted that justice did not halt."

Next, the Orator of the college stepped up, and

making three low bows, knelt down and delivered in Latin a speech which lasted for nearly half an hour. First, he praised many virtues in the Sovereign, at which she shook her head and cried out, "Non est veritas, et utinam—it is not true, would that—". Then he spoke of the joy felt by the University at her coming.

When he had finished, the Queen lauded him highly and declared he must have a remarkable memory to deliver such a speech, adding that "she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin; and then they would all laugh at her." As a signal mark of her esteem, she called him to her and gave him her hand to kiss.

Then she alighted from her horse and asked the degree of every Doctor there.

Four of the principal Doctors held a canopy over her as she entered the church and knelt down at the altar. The Lady Strange had the honour of carrying her train, and the other ladies followed, according to their rank.

The Provost made his obeisance with three low bows and inquired if Her Majesty wished to pray publicly. But as she preferred a silent prayer, he did likewise, after which the chorus sang a carol in English.

As Queen Elizabeth took her seat under the canopy, she declared that this chapel was more beautiful than any other in the Kingdom. This

naturally pleased her entertainers, as did her gracious and interested demeanour throughout her entire visit.

After the singing of the "Te Deum" in English Her Majesty, with her ladies, retired to the lodgings prepared for her.

On the next day, Sunday, after the morning prayer, all the Doctors, in their scarlet gowns, stood at the court gate to await the coming of the Queen. She went on foot to church, preceded by all the gentlemen under the degree of Knights, then the Doctors, the Knights and the Lords. Her Majesty said "the sermon was the first she had ever heard in Latin and she thought she should never hear a better."

After the evening prayer, the "Aulularia" of Plantus was presented upon a great stage, extending from one side of the church to the other. Elizabeth, with certain Lords, Ladies, gentlewomen and pensioners, took her seat upon the platform and heard the play to the end. The parts were taken by men chosen from the different colleges.

On Monday, a great debate on art was held in St. Mary's Church. On the east end of the great church an ample space was allotted for the august visitor. It was hung with arras and cloth of gold, in every respect a regal bower. All the debators were to stand at that part of the stage.

At the ringing of the University bell Queen Elizabeth entered, accompanied by her train of Lords and Ladies. As she took her seat, the grad-

uates knelt and cried, "Vivat Regina — long live the Queen!" She showed great interest in all the proceedings and asked many questions concerning those taking part.

Four Masters of Arts so pleased her with their orations that when the Proctors rather abruptly ended their speeches, she appeared much annoyed, frowning and saying, "if she had the moderation, they should not have been so abridged."

As she could not hear the Doctors plainly, she said, "*Loquimini altius* — speak louder," and when that did not avail, left her seat and stood near them.

On Wednesday, she rode about to the different colleges and was received with orations and gifts of gloves and candy. On her progress, Her Majesty talked with many scholars in Latin, and, upon reaching her apartments, dismissed them in the same language.

At the conclusion of the entertainment in St. Mary's Church she was entreated by the Lords, and in particular, by the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Robert, to address the University in Latin. At first, she refused, saying that "if she might speak her mind in English, she would not stick at the matter." When Cecil told her that the University could not be addressed in English, she bade him speak as he was "the Chancellor and the Chancellor is the Queen's mouth." But he replied that "he was Chancellor of the University and not hers."

Finally, after being urged on all sides, she spoke at some length, saying that her "womanly modesty" was subdued by the pleading of her Nobles and her own affection for the University. She besought the scholars to continue their studies diligently and promised to leave some famous monument to learning before she died.

The auditors, greatly astonished and delighted at the excellence of Her Majesty's Latin and the expression of her good will towards them, cried loudly, "Vivat Regina — long live the Queen!" But Elizabeth, with her usual quickness, replied "Taceat Regina — silent be the Queen," and wished that "all they that heard her oration had drunk of the flood of Lethe."

Then in a merry and cheerful mood, she took her leave of the company and went to her apartments.

On Thursday, August 10th, Her Majesty departed from Cambridge. About nine o'clock in the morning she mounted her horse and was met at the gate of her lodging by the Provost and some of his colleagues. He made an excellent farewell address which so pleased the Queen that she openly called him "her scholar," and offered him the Royal hand to kiss.

As she rode from King's College past the schools, Dr. Perne and others of the University knelt and wished her in Latin a safe and auspicious progress. She replied gently, "Valete omnes — good-by to you all."

The Mayor, on horseback, carrying his mace, and followed by the Aldermen, accompanied Her Grace toward Magdalen College where the Master and students stood ready to deliver an oration. But she excused herself for not waiting to hear it, pleading the heat of the day and the throngs of people who were gathering. She asked, however, for the paper on which it was written, and then rode away, blessed by the prayers and good wishes of all.

IX

ANECDOTES OF THE QUEEN AND HER COURTIERS

Conspicuous among the brilliant throng of courtiers who surrounded the Virgin Queen, was Lord Robert Dudley, son of the once all-powerful Duke of Northumberland, who, in the beginning of Mary's reign, atoned on the scaffold for his treasonable ambitions. Lord Robert was said to have been born in the same hour with Elizabeth, and was a prisoner in the Tower at the same time she was. He was married to a wealthy heiress, Amy Robsart, whom he had wedded with great publicity in the reign of Edward VI. The Lady Amy, however, was kept in seclusion by her Lord and was never seen at Court.

Soon after her accession, Queen Elizabeth made the handsome Dudley her Master of the Horse and for many years he stood high in royal favour. But it is not likely that Her Majesty entertained any feeling stronger than friendly regard for her proud favourite. She made no secret of her liking for good-looking young men and her dislike for homely ones. The ardent admiration Dudley professed for her was flattering to the woman and

gratifying to the Sovereign. Edward Spencer Beesly says: "Elizabeth, it is my firm conviction, never loved Dudley, or any other man, in any sense of the word, high or low. She had neither a tender heart nor a sensual temperament. Further, she believed that his devotion to her person would make him a specially faithful servant. I do not doubt that Elizabeth estimated his capacity at about its right value. What she over-estimated was his affection for herself and consequently his trustworthiness."

In 1560 Lady Dudley died at Cumnor Hall under suspicious circumstances, and Lord Robert was suspected of having caused her death, although there was not a particle of evidence to prove it. It was now feared by many that the Queen would marry the dashing and ambitious widower, described by Naunton as being of "a very goodly person, tall, and singularly well favoured, but who, toward middle age, grew red-faced and corpulent." This belief became so widespread that the English Ambassador in France wrote Her Majesty that "he had heard reported at Duke Montmorance's table that the Queen of England had a meaning to marry her horse-keeper." Even the prudent Cecil ventured a jesting reproof to the Queen on this subject, when he was telling her of the *mésalliance* of her own cousin, the Duchess of Suffolk, with her equerry. "What!" cried Queen Elizabeth, in amazement, "has she married her horse-keeper?" "Yea, Madam," replied the Councillor, "and she

says you would like to do the same with yours."

Shortly after this the English Queen recommended Dudley as a husband to the Queen of Scots, promising Mary that if she would marry him she should by Act of Parliament be declared heir to the Throne. Elizabeth then created Dudley Baron of Denbigh, and on the day after, Earl of Leicester at Westminster, in the presence of Sir James Melville, the Scottish Ambassador. Her Majesty helped to put on his ceremonial robes, according to Melville, and, as he knelt in solemn state before her, placed her hand under his chin and asked Melville how he liked him.

After Dudley was made a belted Earl, Queen Elizabeth took the Scottish Ambassador up to her chamber and opened a little desk "where there were divers little pictures wrapped up in paper, their names written with her own hand. Upon the first she took up was written, 'My Lord's picture.' This was Leicester's portrait. I held the candle, and pressed to see my Lord's picture. Albeit she was loth to let me see it, but I became importunate for it to carry home to my Queen; she refused, saying, 'she had but one of his.' I replied, 'she had the original.' She was then at the farther end of her bedchamber talking with Cecil. Elizabeth then took out my Queen's miniature and kissed it," writes Melville in his memoirs.

Mary, however, declined the husband offered her by the Maiden Queen, and shortly after, married Lord Darnley, the young son of the Countess of

Lennox, who was the nearest relative to Queen Elizabeth on the Royal Tudor side.

Although Leicester enjoyed a high degree of royal favour, he was by no means exempt from sharp rebukes from the Queen when his overweening pride and arrogance seemed to necessitate a check. One day, Bowyer, of the black rod, who had been commanded by Queen Elizabeth to attend to the admissions to the Privy Chamber, prevented a follower of Leicester from entering, on the ground that he was not known nor was he a sworn servant to the Queen. This man stood high in the esteem of the Earl, and, relying on his patron's favour at Court, threatened to have Bowyer discharged. The noise of this brawl reached the ears of Leicester, who came up, and, when he learned the cause, in a loud voice called the gentleman of the Black Rod a knave and reiterated his follower's threats of having him discharged. He then started toward the Queen, but Bowyer ran ahead of him, and, while all present trembled at his audacity, fell on his knees before Her Majesty, and, demanding to know whether Leicester were King, or Elizabeth Queen, related the whole story.

As he concluded, Queen Elizabeth sprang to her feet with flashing eyes and threatening mien, the lion-like spirit of Henry VIII thoroughly aroused in the breast of his daughter by this affront to her authority. Turning to the Earl of Leicester, she cried, in loud and angry tones, "God's Death, my Lord, I have wished you well, but my favour is

not so locked up for you that others shall not partake thereof, for I have many servants, unto whom I have and will, at my pleasure, bequeath my favour; and likewise resume the same, and, if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have here but one mistress and no master, and look that no ill happen to him, lest it be severely required at your hands."

"After this," writes Naunton, "Leicester's feigned humility was for a long time one of his best virtues."

At the time of the festivities at Kenilworth, which Scott has rendered famous, the Earl was living in secret wedlock with Lady Sheffield, but later refused to acknowledge her as his wife, and, in 1578, married Lettice Knollys, the widow of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. There were suspicious circumstances connected with the death of Essex, which led to the belief that he was poisoned. As he and Leicester were open enemies, some people hinted that an attendant of Leicester had put poison in his wine. Elizabeth first learned of this marriage through Simier, an agent of the Duke of Alençon. Then, in a rage, she ordered Leicester to remain in the Tower of Greenwich until she had him conveyed to the Tower of London as a punishment for his audacity in marrying without her consent. It was an established rule under Elizabeth and her predecessors that none of the nobility could marry without the consent of the Sovereign.

The Earl of Sussex, although Leicester's great-

est enemy, dissuaded the Queen from punishing him further, for he saw that it would now be impossible for Leicester to wed Her Majesty, a possibility which he and the other Nobles had long feared. It is reported that Leicester in revenge hired a man to shoot at Simier while he was in the Royal barge with the Queen, the Earl of Lincoln, and Sir Christopher Hatton. One of the boatmen was shot through both arms and fell almost at Her Majesty's feet. Queen Elizabeth, although she believed the shot had been aimed at her, completely retained her presence of mind. She took the scarf from her neck and gave it to the boatman to bind up his wounds, bidding him "be of good cheer, for that he should never want, for the bullet was meant for her, though it had hit him." Her coolness and courage were greatly admired by those present. When the offender was captured and brought to trial he declared that the gun had gone off by accident. Upon hearing this, Queen Elizabeth not only pardoned him, but even interceded with his master to retain him in his service, remarking that "she would not believe anything against her subjects that loving parents would not believe of their children." By public proclamation, however, she declared that the French Envoys and their servants were under her special protection and any one molesting them would do so on peril of his life.

In 1586 the Queen, with the approval of all her ministers and, in especial, of Walsingham, ap-

pointed Leicester as Governor to the revolted states of Holland, which had appealed to her for aid against Spain. He not only paid all his personal expenses, but, by mortgaging his estates, advanced large sums for military purposes. Although he made many serious mistakes, which brought him into disfavour with all parties, they were not of a military sort. In addition to this, his assumption of royal dignity and his attempt to hold a court there that should rival his Sovereign's, so enraged Queen Elizabeth, when she heard of his arrogant behaviour, that she cried, "I will let the upstart know how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." She then sent him a letter of sharp rebuke, commanding his instant return to answer the articles of impeachment prepared against him in England, and did not withdraw her active displeasure against him until he had expressed the most humble contrition for his conduct. Upon his hasty return, he flung himself at her feet, and, with tears in his eyes implored her "not to bury him alive whom she had raised from the dust." His abject humiliation so softened Queen Elizabeth that she forgave him, and, when he came off triumphantly at the inquiry conducted by the Council, she visited her displeasure upon Lord Buckhurst who had denounced him.

The last important act of the Earl of Leicester was attending the Queen at Tilbury at the time of the Armada in August, 1588. On Sep-

tember 4, he died of a fever, brought on, it was said, by his chagrin at not receiving the Lord-lieutenantship of England and Ireland, an office which the Queen, for a short time, had contemplated bestowing upon him. His hot anger at failing to obtain this, brought him into a violent dispute with Queen Elizabeth. She became so enraged with him that she refused all overtures of reconciliation and he left the Court in a fit of rage and despondency.

It is asserted by some that his end was hastened by a draft of poison administered by his wife and that he had intended this very potion for her.

Sir Richard Baker writes of him, "This Earl was an exquisite statesman for his own ends. He was in so great favour with the Queen that some thought she meant to marry him, yet when he died, his goods were sold at an outcry to make payment of the debts he owed her."

When the Earl of Sussex, Queen Elizabeth's trusted servant and kinsman, lay dying, he said to his friends: "I am now passing into another world, and I must leave you to your fortunes and the Queen's grace and goodness, but beware of the gypsy (meaning Leicester, who was dark of hair and complexion) for he will be too hard for you all; you know not the beast so well as I do."

Sir Christopher Hatton, another conspicuous figure at the Court of the Maiden Monarch, was of a family more ancient than wealthy. He studied for the law but came to Court when he was

young and of fine appearance. He took part in a masque upon his entrée to Court, where his handsome person, gentle manners and graceful dancing so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she made him one of her Gentlemen Pensioners, then a member of the Privy Chamber, a Captain of the Guard, one of the Privy Council, and lastly, Lord Chancellor of England.

The favours bestowed on Hatton by the Queen aroused the jealousy of the whole Court. Leicester, in order to depreciate Sir Christopher's terpsichorean skill which had drawn royal attention to him, offered to introduce a dancing master to the Queen and assured her that Hatton's attainments in that art would appear very inconsiderable in comparison with his protégé's performances.

"Pish," replied Her Majesty, scornfully, "I will not see your man, it is his trade."

Hatton's appointment as Chancellor had been warmly recommended by rival courtiers who thought that by absence from the Court and by his supposed incapacity for his difficult office, he might commit some blunders that would be offensive to the Queen. But the dignified and successful way in which he filled his office proved that his Sovereign's liking for him was founded on something more substantial than mere skill in dancing.

Hatton imitated the example of his Liege Lady and never married. He used to follow the Queen

about with almost doglike devotion, and, by studying her moods, learned when the time was ripe for pressing a suit of his own or that of one of his friends.

One day he came out from the Royal Presence looking troubled, and, pulling Sir John Harington by the girdle, said: "If you have any suit to-day, I pray you put it aside. The sun doth not shine."

"'Tis this accursed Spanish business, so I will not adventure Her Highness' choler, lest she should collar me also," replied the sprightly Harington.

Hatton was a man of such considerable intellectual ability and so great a patron of learning that he was made Chancellor of Oxford. He died in 1591. His death was due partly to grief because the Queen insisted upon the immediate payment of a large sum of money which he owed the Royal treasury. His belief that she considered this a defalcation hastened his end.

Says Fuller, "It brake his heart that the Queen, who seldom gave loans and never forgave due debts, rigourously demanded present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, but did only desire to be foreborne, failing herein in the expectation, it went to his heart and cast him into a mortal disease."

But the Queen still insisted "for, though in other things she were favourable enough, yet sel-

dom or never did she remit the debts owing to her treasury."

When Her Majesty was fully informed of the seriousness of Hatton's illness, she repented of her persistence, and, moved with compassion for the dying man, visited him and tried to console him with kind and gentle words. She even went so far as to bring him broth with her own hands. But the displeasure of his Sovereign had broken the Chancellor's heart and he died soon after.

Queen Elizabeth took pleasure in talking with that ingratiating Scottish Ambassador, Sir James Melville, who often conversed with her on the subject of dress and never lost an opportunity to compliment her. She told him, one day, that she had costumes made in the fashion of all countries, and that she sometimes dressed *à l'anglaise*, *à l'espagnole*, *à l'italienne*, and sometimes *à la française*. Melville said she appeared most beautiful to him *à l'italienne*, for the Italian coiffure showed best her lovely hair. She then asked him whether she or Mary Stuart was the most beautiful. He replied that in England there was no woman comparable to her, and in Scotland no woman comparable to Mary.

After dinner, Lord Hunsdon led Melville into a gallery adjacent to the Queen's apartments, where she was playing upon the harpsichord. Hunsdon asked him to make no noise, and, softly raising a *portière*, he gently pushed him into the room where the Queen was. Her back was turned

and she continued to play. When she turned her head and saw Melville, she rose abruptly from the harpsichord, and, coming toward him, struck him lightly with her hand, saying, "I never play before men. How did you come in here?"

He answered that while he was talking with Hunsdon, he had heard such beautiful music that he could not resist the temptation to hear it at nearer range. He said that at the Court of France these little familiarities were not displeasing, but that he was ready to submit to the punishment he deserved, and went down on his knees. Queen Elizabeth then offered him a cushion to sit upon — this was an extraordinary mark of favour — for Burleigh was the only man who was allowed to sit before her, and he was not granted that privilege until he became old and gouty. Her Majesty inquired if Mary played on the harpsichord better than she did. Melville truthfully replied that she did not. As the conversation continued, the Queen complimented him on his manner of speaking and asked him if he spoke Italian. He replied that he had been but two months in Italy and had not had time to learn the language. She then began to speak to him in German, but he knew that even less than Italian. She inquired next who were his favourite authors, and if he preferred stories of adventure or books of history and theology. He said that all kinds pleased him.

Upon leaving her, he announced that he was

going to depart from England immediately. Queen Elizabeth made him promise to wait two days to see her dance at a Court ball, in order that she might learn from him whether she or Mary danced best. After the ball was over, truth forced Melville to admit that Mary was not so graceful a dancer as the English Queen.

In her daily conversations with the Scottish Ambassador, Elizabeth repeatedly affirmed her intention of remaining a Virgin Queen, unless Mary should force her to marry by not following her advice in regard to her own marriage, or by failing in her duty. At the departure of Melville, she said to him, "Assure your Mistress that I love her dearly; tell her it is my wish that we live henceforth better friends than we have been up to this time, and I forever banish from my heart all jealousy and all suspicion."

Queen Elizabeth's motto was "*Semper Eadem*" — always the same, and this saying, together with "*Dieu et Mon Droit*," appeared upon the Royal standards.

One day, says Fuller, one of the Councillors, he of the white staff, came into the Queen's presence and was commanded by her to confer a position then vacant upon one of her servants whom she recommended.

"Pleaseth Your Highness, Madam," replied the Lord, "the disposal thereof pertaineth to me by virtue of this white staff conferred upon me."

"True," replied Queen Elizabeth, "yet I never

gave you your office so absolutely, but I still reserved myself of the *quorum*.

“But of the *quorum*, Madam,” returned the Councillor, hoping to gain his point by this sally.

But Her Majesty, not to be won over by his Latin punctiliousness, impatiently snatched the staff from his hand, and cried, “You shall acknowledge me of the *quorum*, *quorum*, *quorum* before you have it again.”

“The Lord waited staffless almost a day (which seemed so long unto him as if the sun stood still) before the same was re-conferred upon him.”

Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, greatest of the Queen’s statesmen, was Secretary and Lord Treasurer for over thirty years. His fidelity and sterling worth were deeply appreciated by his Sovereign, although, in a burst of Tudor-like passion, she once called him “a froward old fool,” and, upon another occasion “a coward and miscreant.”

In 1571 when Cecil was made Baron Burleigh by letters patent, Queen Elizabeth announced that “as well for his long services in the time of our progenitors, Kings of England, as also for the faithful and acceptable duties and observances which he hath constantly performed from the very beginning of our reign — we have of our special grace and of our own certain knowledge and mere motion raised, created, and advanced him to the state, dignity, and honour of Baron of Burleigh,

and have conferred, given, and bestowed upon him the name, style, and title of Baron of Burleigh to have and to hold to him and his heirs male issuing from his body forever," etc. The next year he was created Lord High Treasurer.

In 1583, Burleigh, feeling the infirmities of old age approaching and worn out by the vexations and difficulties of his position, or, as some assert, grieved by a reproof from the Queen, or by the fault-finding of certain members of the Council, petitioned Her Majesty that he might resign his office, leave Court, and henceforth lead a private life.

But Queen Elizabeth, unwilling to lose this faithful friend and trusty servant, wrote him with her own hand, this sprightly letter which caused him to continue in his State duties:

Sir Spirit:

I doubt I do nickname you. For those of your kind (they say) have no sense (feeling). But I have of late seen an *Ecce Signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it so soon. I will recant you from being spirit, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the King, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you rather desire the righting of such wrong by making known their error than you be so silly a soul as to foreslow that you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much as not

to regard her trust who putteth it in you. God bless you and long may you last.

Omino

E. R.

May 8, 1583.

At the latter end of that month, the Queen, with a numerous retinue, visited Burleigh at his estate of Theobolds and stayed there five days. On this visit Her Majesty remarked, that "his head and her purse could do anything."

At the time of the Spanish Armada, Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Burleigh at his house in the Strand, where he was lying sick of gout. As Her Majesty advanced to enter the sick room, a servant, noticing that the doorway was very low and the Queen's head-dress very high, said humbly, "May Your Highness be pleased to stoop."

Queen Elizabeth's answer showed her warrior spirit. "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain's," she replied proudly, and, bending her regal form, passed into the chamber.

In 1589, at the death of his beloved wife, which was a great blow to Burleigh, he grew very melancholy and again craved permission to withdraw from active life. The Queen granted him all the indulgences possible to his infirmities and took his son Robert into special favour, but could not bear to consent to the resignation of her aged minister.

When Burleigh was dying in 1598, Queen Elizabeth devoted her attention to watching over and soothing his last hours. She was deeply grieved at the first news of his illness and at once dispatched Lady Arundel to ask about his health, and sent him by this lady an excellent cordial, together with the message that "she did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life — else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too. For her comfort had been in her people's happiness and their happiness in his discretion." Such was the generous tribute borne by Lady Arundel from the great Queen to her dying Premier.

Burleigh in his last days said of his Sovereign: "In all graces, by nature, by calling, by long experience, she was of such perfection as none can attain unto." And who could be a better judge of the greatness of the Queen than he who had been at the helm of government with her for forty years? In the last letter which the venerable statesman wrote with his own hand, he spoke feelingly of the kindness Elizabeth showed him in his illness. This letter was to his son, Sir Robert Cecil, and in it he said: "I pray you diligently and effectually let Her Majesty understand how her singular kindness doth overcome my power to acquit it, who, though she will not be a mother, yet she showeth herself by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse, and, if I may be weaned to feed myself, I shall be more

ready to serve her on earth, if not, I hope to be in Heaven a servitor for her and God's Church." In a postscript, he adds, "Serve God by serving of the Queen, for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil."

Her Majesty was so saddened by Burleigh's death, which occurred in the seventy-seventh year of his life, that she often spoke of him with tears in her eyes, and turned aside to hide her grief when others talked of him. She finally forbade his name to be mentioned in the Council Chamber.

Camden says of Burleigh: "Certainly he was a most excellent man, one of those few who have both lived and died with glory."

Sir John Harington writes of him: "When shall our Realm see such a man, or when such a mistress have such a servant; well might one weep when the other died."

Queen Elizabeth was not only averse to marriage herself, but she did not wish her courtiers to marry either. She often asked her ladies if they liked to think of marriage. Those who were discreet said they did not, but the fair cousin of Sir Mathew Arundel was not so wise, and she answered, "she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved."

"You seem honest i' faith," cried the Queen, "I will sue for you to your father."

Mistress Arundel appeared highly pleased at this, but the other ladies had their suspicions of Her Majesty's complaisance.

When Sir Robert Arundel, the young lady's father, came to Court, Queen Elizabeth spoke to him of the affair and urged his consent.

Sir Robert said he would give his consent to anything that pleased Her Majesty.

"Then I will do the rest," said the Queen, and calling the girl, told her that her father consented.

"Then I shall be happy and please Your Grace," cried the delighted maid of honour.

"So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry," answered Queen Elizabeth, "I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession; so go to thy business, I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily."

Mistress Arundel withdrew, discomfited; her truthfulness had lost her a husband.

Says Harington, "I need not praise the Queen's frugality. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state." It happened once that Lady Mary Howard had an elaborate velvet suit with a rich border of gold and pearls. All the other ladies were envious of it, and the Virgin Queen herself was not at all pleased with the idea that a subject should have a gown more costly than her own. So one day, unbeknown to the Lady Mary, she sent for the offending robe, and put it on her Royal person. The kirtle and the border were far too short for the tall Queen, but she wore it into the

chamber where the ladies-in-waiting were sitting, and asked them all "How they liked her new-fancied suit?" She then asked the astonished owner, "If it was not made too short and ill-becoming?"

Lady Mary felt it necessary to assent.

"Why then, if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well," said Queen Elizabeth, emphatically.

Lady Mary was completely abashed and never ventured to wear the dress again.

"I believe the vestment was laid up till after the Queen's death," concludes Harington.

Queen Elizabeth had a propensity for bestowing nicknames on her friends and favourite courtiers. The Earl of Leicester she sometimes hailed as "Robin," the Duke of Alençon she dubbed *grenouille*, frog, on account of his ugly face. Young Francis Bacon, afterwards the famous Baron Verulam, and the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal, Her Majesty termed "her little lord keeper," and predicted a brilliant future for him. The mild-mannered Hatton she termed her "sheep." Lady Margaret Norris, who was dark of hair and complexion, she called her "crow," and, upon the death of this lady's son, wrote her a very affectionate letter of condolence, which she inscribed to "my own crow." Upon the death of Lady Compton, the daughter of Lady Paget, the Queen wrote this gracious let-

ter of sympathy and consolation to the bereaved mother, who was her own kinswoman, as well as a dear friend:

“Call to mind, good Kate, how hardly we Princes can brook of the crossing of our commands; how ireful will the highest power be (may you be sure) when murmurings shall be made of his pleasingest will? Let nature therefore not hurt herself, but give praise to the giver. Though this lesson be from a sely vicar, yet it is sent from a loving Sovereign.”

One Sunday when the Bishop of London preached before Queen Elizabeth and her ladies, he indiscreetly took as his text the vanity of dress, and directed his energy to scoring the women of the age for their love of fine apparel. The Queen, not unnaturally, took this as a covert, though none the less bold, rebuke for her own fondness for splendid attire and display of jewels. She remarked to her ladies, with considerable displeasure, that “if the Bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for Heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff and leave his mantle behind him.”

An especial favourite with the Virgin Queen was Sir Philip Sidney, that “perfect gentleman” and gallant knight of chivalry. As the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, he was attracted to the Court at an early age and won the favour, not only of the Queen, but that of the entire Court as well. He was entrusted by Her Majesty with a mission

to Heidelberg and Prague, and, although he failed of his purpose, received commendation, rather than blame, upon his return.

The people of Poland wished to make him their King, but he replied that "he preferred to be a subject to Queen Elizabeth than a Sovereign beyond the seas."

In 1585 he planned to sail with Sir Francis Drake in an expedition against the Spanish, but was forbidden by his Sovereign for fear "lest she lose the jewel of her dominions." But later in the year, she appointed him Governor of Flushing under the Earl of Leicester. At the battle of Zutphen, he recklessly exposed himself and received a musket-shot in the thigh which, after great suffering, finally caused his death. As Sidney lay burning with thirst on the battle-field, a bottle of water was brought to him. He was about to drink, when he noticed a dying private soldier gazing wistfully at the bottle, and, without waiting even to touch his parched lips to the water, Sir Philip passed it to the soldier, saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

The body of the gentle Sidney was brought back to England and buried with great solemnity in St. Paul's, amid general lamentation in which the entire Court shared, while all the nobility went into mourning for him. "He was sublimely mild, a spirit without spot" is Shelley's eloquent tribute.

Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, navigator and explorer, was the youngest son of an ancient, but

not wealthy family of Devonshire. He was educated at Oxford, and came to Court, after some services in Ireland.

It is related that when Raleigh, splendidly attired, reached the Court, he found Queen Elizabeth walking with her courtiers. As she came to a muddy place, she stopped and hesitated, seeming loth to soil her dainty satin slipper. Instantly Raleigh snatched off his new velvet cloak and spread it upon the ground, indicating that it was for his Sovereign's use. The Queen smiled, and stepped upon it, thanking him graciously, and afterwards "gave him many suits for a reward." But she made him earn by toils and dangers the honours she bestowed upon him, and he made many enemies at Court who persistently opposed his advancement.

Raleigh was "a tall, handsome and bold man. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long faced and sour-eyelidded." He owed his rise at Court largely to a successful study of the Queen's moods and caprices. No one understood better than he just how much flattery Her Majesty would condescend to accept.

One day, noticing that the Royal gaze was resting upon him, he scratched upon a window pane, with a diamond, "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."

Queen Elizabeth, after reading this, deigned to write beneath, "If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

“However,” says Fuller, “he at last did climb up by the stairs of his own desert.”

In 1595 he came into high disfavour with the Queen through an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, whom he afterwards married. He was confined in the Tower for several months. One day, hearing that the Queen was about to pass to Greenwich in her barge, he insisted upon going to the window to “behold at whatever distance the Queen of his affections, the most beautiful object which the earth bore upon its surface.” The Lieutenant of the Tower, who was a particular friend of his, then threw himself between Raleigh and the window. This gave the crafty Sir Walter an opportunity to fly into a violent rage, in which he swore loudly, that he would not be prevented from seeing “his light, his life, his goddess.” Then the Lieutenant and the prisoner struggled wildly, tore each other’s hair, drew out their daggers, and finally it was found necessary to separate them by force. This scene, undoubtedly gotten up for the sake of effect, was duly reported to Queen Elizabeth as an instance of Raleigh’s devotion and frantic adoration of her Royal self.

Soon after this, Sir Walter’s inventive genius was repaid by a release from prison, and permission to marry the lady on account of whom he had been imprisoned. He was not, however, allowed at Court, and finally went on an unsuccessful voyage to Guiana in search of gold. On an expedi-

tion to America, he named Virginia in honour of the Virgin Queen.

Sir John Harington, to whom we are indebted for many interesting descriptions of Queen Elizabeth, was the son of John Harington and Isabella Markham, both of whom, in the reign of Mary, were imprisoned eleven months in the Tower for carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. Their zealous devotion to the Princess placed them high in her favour, so, at her accession, she retained them in her service, and afterwards stood god-mother to their son as a reward for what they had suffered on her account.

The younger Harington was educated at Eton and Cambridge. The report of his scholarship and wit soon reached the ears of the Queen, who summoned him to Court, where he gained the esteem of the courtiers of both sexes. What he thought of a courtier's life may be gleaned from this couplet of his:

“Who liveth in Courts, must mark what they say;
Who liveth for ease, had better live away.”

Harington, being well-versed in Italian, made an anonymous translation of a tale from Ariosto's “Orlando Furioso,” which greatly pleased the ladies of the Court. The Queen's sharp eyes soon lighted upon this poetry and she demanded to know the name of the translator. When she heard it was her godson, she sent for him in all haste, and deeming it proper to show indignation at

some broad passages, accused him "of endangering the morals of her maids of honour by so indecorous a tale." As a punishment, she ordered him to withdraw to his country estate, and not to appear before her again until he had made a complete version of the entire poem.

Harington, taking Her Majesty at her word, at once set to work, and, in a short time, finished the whole poem and dedicated it to the Queen herself. By this characteristic display of audacity, he speedily regained the favour of his Royal god-mother, whom he seems to have dearly loved and highly esteemed, in spite of the fact that he carried on a correspondence with James of Scotland before the death of Elizabeth. This apparent contradiction might be explained as proceeding from the hard necessity of providing for his future maintenance and that of his numerous family, rather than from any lack of affection for his benefactress, of whom he wrote in words of glowing praise some years after her death.

Later on, another work of his, "The Metamorphosis of Ajax," which was a biting satire on his contemporaries, and particularly on the Earl of Leicester, called forth the serious displeasure of the Queen. The author escaped a Star Chamber inquisition more through his Sovereign's regard for him than because he deserved it. Queen Elizabeth banished him from the Court for a time and, at first, seemed irrevocably offended with him, but was finally heard to say that "she liked the mar-

row of the book, and would take the author into favour, but for fear he would write epigrams again on her and all her Court," and added that, "that merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies, sports and frolics."

But, as the favour of the Queen was founded not only on his wit and gaiety, but on the excellence of his character as well, he soon again enjoyed the light of the Royal Presence. The repeated pardons of his indulgent godmother induced the sprightly Harington to increase the number and sharpness of his writings, and he gained for himself both admiration and fear.

He gives us a striking example of Her "Highness' great wit and marvellous understanding." He relates how Queen Elizabeth wrote one letter while she dictated another, and, at the same time listened to a tale that was told her, and made apt answers to it. The letter which she dictated runs as follows:

"A question was once asked me thus, 'Must aught be denied a friend's request? Answer me yea or nay.' It was answered, nothing. And first it is best to scan what a friend is; which I think nothing less than friendship is, which I deem nothing but one uniform consent of two minds such as virtue links, and nought but death can part. Therefore I conclude the house which shrinketh from its foundation shall down for me. For friend leaves he to be, that doth demand

more than the givers grant, which reason's leave may yield. And, if then my friend no more, God send my foe may mend. And, if needily thou must will, yet, at the least, no power be thine to achieve thine desire; for when minds differ and opinions swarve, there is scant a friend in that company. But if my hap be fallen in so happy a soil, as one such be found who wills that be-seems, and I be pleased with that he so allows, I bid myself farewell, and then I am but his."

The letter she wrote was more than twice as long as this, but the tale is not included among Harington's papers, and so its length and tenor cannot be determined.

In 1575, Queen Elizabeth wrote a lengthy speech to be delivered at the opening of Parliament on March 15. In this, she spoke of the difficulties of her high position and expressed her resolution to remain unmarried, wishing that she might "cancel every persuasion to the contrary out of remembrance." Her Majesty sent a copy of this to Harington, who records the receipt of it thus: "These good words were given unto me by my most honoured Lady and Princess, and did bring with them these good advices:

"'Boy Jack,—I have made a clerk write fair my poor words for thine use, as it cannot be such striplings have entrance into Parliament as yet. Ponder them in thy hours of leisure, and play with them, till they enter thy understanding; so shalt thou hereafter, perchance, find some good fruits

thereof when thy godmother is out of remembrance; and I do this because thy father was ready to serve and love us in trouble and thrall.' ”

It was evidently the Queen's earnest desire to turn her godson's thoughts from his brilliant, but biting epigrams to the more serious pursuit of learning, for, upon a later occasion, she sent him an excellent translation which she herself had made of one of Tully's letters, with an injunction to muse on this too.

In 1594, Queen Elizabeth, upon the occasion of a visit to Harington, highly praised his wife's skill in cooking, and, as she rose to leave, bade her godson give her his arm to lean upon. He wrote of this in his “Brief Notes and Remembrances.” “Oh, what sweet burden to my next song! Petrarch shall eke out good matter for this business.”

Upon another visit to Harington, Her Majesty, in merry mood, asked his wife how she kept her husband's good will, and his love for herself and her children. Mistress Harington answered demurely that “she had confidence in her husband's intelligence and courage, founded on her intention not to offend or oppose, but to love and obey.”

“Go to, go to, Mistress,” said the Queen, “you are wisely bent, I find; after such sort do I keep the good-will of all my husbands, my good people; for, if they did not rest assured of some special love toward them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.”

Harington, on account of his favour with the

Queen, was often entreated by many fair ladies to carry various petitions of theirs to their Royal Mistress. Upon one such occasion he writes that he will carry the suits at once "for the Queen loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith 'tis well enough cut."

Some little time after this, Harington writes that he has decided to plead on his own account with the Queen "and that stoutly; she loveth plain dealings and I will not lie unto her." He resolves to go to her at an early hour, before she is busy with State affairs, kneel before her and say, 'God save Your Majesty, I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance.' Thus will I gain her favour to follow to the auditory."

It seems not unlikely that this skilful courtier received his desired boon from the hands of his indulgent Royal godmother, for he hastens to wheedle another favour from her by his usual combination of flattery and audacity. For this purpose he prepares these lines, which he drops behind her cushion, as he leaves her presence:

"To the Queen's Majesty:

Forever dear, forever dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word and every letter
Your gracious reading grac'd my verse the better,
Sith then Your Highness' doth, by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading,
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,

Like as you read my verse, so — read my fortune.
From Your Highness' saucy Godson."

In 1597, a certain Mr. Fenton, recognizing Harington's success in obtaining suits from the Queen, sent a petition to him to save from Her Majesty's displeasure one of her maids of honour, the Lady Mary Howard. Mr. Fenton begins his lengthy epistle: "It seemeth marvellous that our gracious Queen hath so much annoyance from her most bounden servants. Her own love hath so wrought on us all that the heart must be evil indeed that doth pay her its small duty so grudgingly as some have done of late."

It seems that the Lady Mary had refused to carry Queen Elizabeth's mantle at the time she was accustomed to walk in the garden, and, upon only a slight rebuke, made such a saucy answer, that the Queen became very angry. Again, this pert maid of honour was not ready to carry the "cup of grace" during dinner, nor did she attend Her Majesty when she went to prayers. Queen Elizabeth was so incensed at these repeated acts of disobedience that she swore she would dismiss her from the Court. In addition, Lady Mary strove in every way to gain the favour of the young Earl of Essex. This was especially displeasing to the Virgin Queen, as she was constantly exhorting her ladies to follow her example and remain unmarried.

This Master Fenton had tried in person to

soothe Her Majesty's anger against the unruly damsel, but all in vain, for Queen Elizabeth answered, passionately: "I have made her my servant, and she will now make herself my mistress; but, in good faith, she shall not, William, and so tell her."

Fenton suggests in his letter to Harington that Lord Burleigh be asked to intercede for Lady Mary and to tell the girl that she should be obedient to the Queen in all things; that she should, above all, cease her attentions to Essex and try in every way to make amends for her sauciness and insubordination. Fenton also discreetly proposes that Mary should not dress too gaily, "for this seemeth as done more to win the Earl than her Mistress' good-will."

He goes on to say that, considering the great favours Queen Elizabeth has always shown the Howard family, she has just cause to be displeased at Lady Mary's insolence and ingratitude, "for the Queen doth not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont; but, since the Irish affairs, seemeth more froward than commonly she used to bear herself towards her women, but often chides them for small neglects; in such wise as to make these fair maids often cry and bewail in piteous sort, as I am told by my sister, Elizabeth."

Unfortunately, we are not informed whether Lady Mary followed Master Fenton's wise advice, and was received again into Royal favour.

X

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT OXFORD

On Saturday, August 31, 1566, Her Majesty, in an open litter drawn by gaily caparisoned mules, and followed by a numerous retinue of Lords and Ladies, rode from Woodstock to Oxford. At Wolvercotte, the Royal party was met by the Earl of Leicester, who was Chancellor of Oxford University, together with four Doctors of Philosophy, eight Masters of Arts, and three beadles, who knelt and handed their staffs to Leicester. He, likewise kneeling, passed them to the Queen, who handed them back with a few appropriate words.

After this ceremony, Master Marbecke of the University stepped forward and delivered an address of welcome which lasted a quarter of an hour. Queen Elizabeth gave thanks for this speech in her accustomed gracious manner, and extended her slim, white hand to the delegates of the University, who, on bended knees, kissed it reverently.

From Wolvercotte, the Queen, preceded by the beadles mounted on horseback, and carrying their staffs, rode to within a mile of Oxford. Here, the Mayor and his Aldermen, in their scarlet gowns,

together with the chief citizens of the town, received Her Majesty. The Mayor, going through the usual custom, tendered his mace to the Sovereign, who at once handed it back. Then the Mayor made a lengthy welcoming oration in the name of the city and presented the Queen with a "cup of silver double gilt, in value 10 l. in old gold, as it was thought."

After giving thanks for this presentation, the Royal visitor entered the City of Oxford at Northgate. From here to the door of Christ Church Hall all the members of the University were standing, in the order of their degree.

Two scholars of the first degree stepped forward and gave Her Majesty an oration and certain verses in writing, then two Bachelors of Art, two Masters of Art, and lastly two Doctors of Philosophy did likewise. These students, all in their caps and gowns adorned with the insignia of their academic honours, presented an imposing appearance as they stood, drawn up in splendid array, before the keen eyes of their Sovereign.

After a speech by Robert Deale of New College, Queen Elizabeth rode on, and the scholars, kneeling, cried "Vivat Regina — long live the Queen!" She, with a joyful and gratified smile, said often, "Gratias ago — I thank you."

When she came to the middle of the city, the public Reader of the Greek lecture, made her a long speech of welcome in Greek. Her Majesty listened to this attentively, and then gave him

courteous thanks in the same classic language. The restlessness of the mules that bore the Royal litter prevented those who did not stand near the Queen from hearing the whole of her reply.

Still riding on through the rows of scholars, Her Majesty came to the hall door of Christ Church, where the Orator of the University delivered a speech. After thanking him, the Queen stepped from the litter, and walking under a canopy of crimson velvet held over her by four Senior Doctors, entered the church and listened to the singing of the Te Deum by the choir, accompanied by cornets. When the service was ended, Her Majesty was conducted to her lodgings. Upon the college gate, hall door, and walls of the church were posted verses in Latin and Greek, written in honour and praise of the Maiden Queen.

On Sunday, Elizabeth, wearied by the journey and the perpetual speech-making, remained in her apartments the entire day. In the evening, a Latin play was performed in the hall of Christ Church. Many Noblemen were present, but the illustrious visitor felt too fatigued to attend.

On Monday, the Nobility and the Spanish Ambassador, who had come in the Queen's retinue, listened to public lectures and disputations. In the evening, Her Majesty was sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to hear the first part of the English play, "Palaemon and Arcite." This was written by Master Edwards of Queen's chapel and played in the hall of Christ church.

During the course of the play, three people, a scholar of St. Mary's Hall, a cook, and a brewer of the city were killed, and many others severely injured by the crowding of the spectators, who pushed down a piece of the side wall of a stair upon them.

Queen Elizabeth expressed great sympathy and sent her own surgeons to assist the unfortunate men, three of whom were past remedy. With the exception of this deplorable accident, the play was highly successful and was received with great favour by Her Majesty.

On Tuesday afternoon, the disputations which had been deferred on account of the Queen's indisposition, were held in St. Mary's. Her Majesty and the courtiers listened with remarkable patience to endless discussions on natural and moral philosophy. Among other things, the question was debated whether Princes should be elected or hereditary.

The decision was naturally made in favour of the hereditary theory, but one of its opponents boldly declared his readiness to die for his opinions. The Queen, with an ironical smile, applauded him, but the others prudently refrained from expressing their sentiments.

It had been proposed that night to present the second part of "Palaemon and Arcite," but, as Her Majesty was weary, the play was postponed until the next evening.

On Wednesday after dinner, the Queen listened

to disputations on Civil Law, which were held in St. Mary's Church, and lasted for four hours. Elizabeth's excellent and noteworthy reform of the currency was discussed and commended. The Nobles listened to this debate with especial interest. In the evening, the second half of "Palaemon and Arcite" was played in the hall of Christ Church. The refusal of the goddess to grant the heroine's prayer to be allowed to lead a virgin life, was vigourously applauded by the spectators, while the Queen's applause was somewhat stinted, for she probably felt that this was a covert hint to her to marry. However, at the close of the performance, she gave Master Edwards many thanks for the entertainment he had prepared.

On the next day, debates on Physics and Divinity were held in St. Mary's, from two until seven o'clock. The Queen was very attentive, and stayed until the end. The question was discussed whether it was lawful to take up arms against a bad Prince. The decision was decidedly in the negative. Elizabeth herself ended the proceedings, and, at the earnest request of the Spanish Ambassador and her Nobles, made a pleasing and eloquent speech in Latin before the whole University, who loudly and enthusiastically applauded her.

In the evening, the Latin tragedy, "Progne," was played, but was received with much less favour than "Palaemon and Arcite" had excited.

On Friday morning, a sermon in Latin was preached in Christ Church before the Nobles and

the scholars, but the Queen, again feeling wearied, remained in her lodgings until dinner. While at table, the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors presented Her Majesty with six pairs of fine gloves; one or two pairs were also given to the Nobles and officers of the Royal household. These gifts were very graciously received.

After dinner, Queen Elizabeth took her departure from the University. A farewell address was made to her in Christ Church, after which she rode on to St. Mary's where glowing eulogies of her princely self were posted conspicuously on the doors, walls and gates of this building, as well as upon all the dormitories she passed by. The scholars stood in order of their rank from St. Mary's to the east gate. Four Doctors of the University, in scarlet gowns and hoods, rode before Her Majesty; after them came four Masters of Arts, in black gowns and hoods, next the Mayor and fourteen Aldermen in their bright coloured vestments. They attended their Royal guest as far as Magdalen Bridge, where Masters Marbecke and Deale delivered two more farewell speeches. The Queen then took affable leave of her hosts and gave them her hand to kiss.

As she rode away, she exclaimed, "Farewell, the worthy University of Oxford. Farewell, my good subjects here; farewell, my dear scholars; and pray God prosper your studies. Farewell, farewell."

She also remarked that she was sorry she had

not been able to visit the separate colleges, and then added, with a mirthful gleam in her eyes, that she exceedingly regretted not having heard any more sermons.

She left behind her golden memories of her gracious bearing. Charles Plummer, Fellow of Christ College, Oxford, in 1887, says that the praise bestowed upon the Virgin Queen "though fulsome, was richly earned by her, for the condition of England as compared with other countries was truly fortunate." She herself said on her second visit to Oxford that "next to the salvation of her soul, her greatest aim had ever been to preserve England from foreign attack and internal strife." And, says Plummer, "she succeeded, under God, beyond what any one would have dared to hope."

XI

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MARY STUART

The chief promoter of discord in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was the brilliant and beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, the granddaughter of Margaret, elder sister of Henry VIII, who married the King of Scotland. Mary was therefore cousin of the English Queen and the next heir to the Throne. Mary had been brought up in France and had married the heir to the French Throne, becoming Queen Consort of France just after the accession of Elizabeth. She then styled herself "Queen of England, Scotland and France," but did not at that time press her claims to the English Throne. Mary was eight years younger than Queen Elizabeth, well-educated, of attractive personality, and had imbibed from the intriguing French Court a love of scheming, which she employed for purely personal aims and ambitions.

At the death of her husband, Francis II, Mary, finding her life in France unpleasant on account of the jealousy of Catherine de' Medici, the Queen Mother, and urged by her subjects to come home, decided to return to Scotland. She asked Elizabeth's permission to pass through England, but

was refused because she would not sign a treaty giving up her claim to the English Throne, which she believed she had a better right to than Elizabeth herself, since the divorce of Henry VIII from Katherine of Aragon and his subsequent marriage with Anne Boleyn, had not been sanctioned by the Pope.

Mary found her position in Scotland very difficult. She was a Roman Catholic Queen in the midst of a nation, in the main, radically Protestant. Accustomed as she was to the gaiety, luxury and courtesy of the French Court, her pleasure loving nature was fairly choked by the austerity of Scotch Protestantism and the rough, quarrelsome manners of her courtiers.

The inevitable contest with Queen Elizabeth soon began. Her Majesty of England had already, before Mary's return, aided the Scotch Protestants in a rebellion against their Regent. Mary now steadily importuned Elizabeth to recognize her as heiress-presumptive to the English Throne. This the Queen of England as steadily refused to do, for she saw clearly that it would give encouragement to the Catholic party to form a coalition against her, and probably cause some of the more fanatic of its members to seek her life. As she expressed it, "She was not so foolish as to hang a winding sheet before her eyes or make a funeral feast whilst she was alive." She promised, however, that she would not do anything herself or allow Parliament to do anything prejudicial to Mary's

claim as her heir. She held to this promise long after Mary had shown herself an active and dangerous enemy. Ostensibly, the Scottish Queen was clamouring only for the right of succession, but she was in reality plotting to hurl her sister Sovereign from her Throne. In 1562, her marriage to her cousin, Lord Darnley, an English subject and a Catholic, led to a revolt of the Protestant Nobles, under the Earl of Murray, the Queen's illegitimate brother. This rebellion was promptly crushed by Mary, who drove the offenders into England as refugees. The stabbing of David Rizzio, Mary's Italian secretary, by the worthless Darnley and a company of Nobles aroused the Scottish Queen's hot resentment. After the birth of a son, who was named James, a pretended reconciliation took place between Mary and her husband, who had fallen ill. But Mary had fallen passionately in love with the fierce Earl of Bothwell. She brought Darnley to a Royal dwelling, Kirk-a-field, and visited him there daily for a week or more. One night, after she had left him to return to her Palace of Holyrood, Kirk-a-field was blown up with gun-powder, and the bodies of Darnley and his page were found near by. They appeared to have been murdered in an attempt to escape from the building. There were strong suspicions that Mary knew beforehand of her husband's murder; at any rate her lover Bothwell certainly planned the deed, if not actually perpetrated it. All Scotland was roused to indig-

nation against him. Soon after this, the Queen went to Stirling, where she was seized and carried off by Bothwell, with her own consent, it is generally believed. While he held her captive, she married him.

The parents of the murdered Darnley appealed to Queen Elizabeth for vengeance. She at once wrote the following energetic letter to the Queen of Scots: "For the love of God, Madam, use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you innocent of so enormous a crime — a thing which unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of Princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befall you, I should wish you an honourable sepulchre, instead of a stained life."

By her actions, Mary roused the anger of all classes of her subjects. The rebellion ended in a fierce battle, Bothwell was driven into flight, and the Queen seized and imprisoned in the Castle of Loch Leven.

Queen Elizabeth then sent a letter to Mary, blaming her marriage with the notorious Bothwell, but offering to mediate for her, as far as possible, if she would punish the murderer, who had divorced his lawful wife to marry her. But Mary preferred to relinquish the Throne rather than Bothwell, although she was aware that her passionate love for him was not returned.

When Queen Elizabeth heard that the Scotch were proposing to try to execute Mary her anger waxed hot, for she hated rebels, although policy sometimes forced her to favour them. She imperiously told the Scotch Lords that if they deposed or punished their Sovereign, she would take revenge upon them. She bade them, if they failed in trying to persuade her to do what was right, "remit themselves to Almighty God, in whose hands only Princes' hearts remain." This haughty language angered the men in Scotland who favoured English interests. They had expected Elizabeth to approve of their action and send them the money which, as usual, they were clamouring for. Instead, she treated them as rebels and secretly encouraged the Hamiltons to rescue Mary by force.

But Queen Elizabeth was quick to see what advantage could be gotten out of this situation. She dispatched Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to Scotland to try to get the young Prince James confided to her keeping. If she could once get him in England, she would have had a son and heir with which to satisfy the importunities of Parliament, and, at the same time, would have avoided marriage which was so distasteful to her. Then, too, she would have a strong hold upon Mary, in the event of her being released, and, if she should be deposed or executed, she might rule Scotland as Regent. But the Scotch Lords refused to send the infant Prince to England, unless Elizabeth

would formally recognize his title to the English succession. This condition she could not grant, and so Throckmorton's attempt was unsuccessful. The Scotch also refused Queen Elizabeth's demand that Mary should be restored unconditionally and now forced her, under pain of instant death, to abdicate in favour of her son, and to appoint Murray Regent. When Queen Elizabeth was informed of this, she refused to acknowledge Murray's Regency and wrote to Throckmorton: * "Whatever suspicion of guilt there may be against Queen Mary, her subjects have no right to depose her. Such an action is contrary to Scripture and unreasonable, that the head should be subject to the foot. All the examples produced from history are taken from rebels; we forbid you to be present at the Coronation of the young Prince."

After Murray had publicly assumed the Regency, Mary being in rigorous confinement, Elizabeth wrote to Throckmorton,† "The Hamiltons are right that they will not acknowledge the new government till Mary has voluntarily abdicated; I will do what I can for her liberty."

France now courted the alliance of Murray and offered to send an army to support him. But he declined French aid, preferring to wait until Queen Elizabeth's anger waned and she became once more the cool statesman of old.

In 1568, Mary escaped from Loch Leven, and,

* Von Raumer's State Papers.

† Von Raumer.

after the defeat of Langside, fled to England. She had long viewed the Realm of the English Queen with eager longing, for she firmly believed if she appeared there, a party would rally around her and Queen Elizabeth would be hurled from her Throne. When she was in prosperity she had repeatedly asked permission to visit England, and Queen Elizabeth's steady refusal had strengthened her illusion. Mary, now anticipating another refusal from Queen Elizabeth at this crisis, did not wait for the permission she had requested by letter, but immediately crossed the Solway with about twenty attendants, and landed in Cumberland. Necessity did not force her to this haste, for Regent Murray had returned to Edinburgh, and Lord Herreris had guaranteed her safety for forty days at Dundrennan. It was her desire to undermine the Throne of the only Sovereign who had tried to help her that impelled her hasty and unauthorized crossing of the Solway. She was conducted to Carlisle by its Deputy-Governor, and from there wrote at once to the Queen, protesting her innocence of the crimes she was charged with, requesting a personal interview, and asking for money and clothes.

Queen Elizabeth now found herself saddled with a responsibility she had not looked for, and which she certainly did not desire. She had sympathized with Mary in Scotland, not because she believed her guiltless, but in order to maintain the principle of royal authority, founded on hereditary succes-

sion by primogeniture. Consistently with this purpose, she still regarded the Scottish Queen as her presumptive heiress, in spite of what had happened, but she was far from wishing to introduce into her Kingdom such a firebrand as Mary was. So she decided that Mary must be restored to her Throne, but that the real governing should be in Murray's hands to prevent further mischief. Burleigh also desired to send Mary back to Scotland, but as Murray's prisoner, not as Queen.

Elizabeth sent several English Lords and Ladies to attend the Scottish refugee at Carlisle; she also despatched the necessary money to defray her expenses, taking the precaution to command, however, that neither Mary nor any of her attendants should be allowed to escape until her further pleasure. Mary began to complain bitterly of the coolness of Elizabeth's letters and at her long delays in granting her a personal interview; at the same time she was angling for an alliance with France, although the English Queen had offered to assist her only on condition that she would not seek French aid.

Queen Elizabeth decided that before she could come to any reasonable decision in regard to her troublesome charge, it would be necessary to consult with the Scotch Regent. She accordingly wrote him, informing him of Mary's arrival and her complaints of him and his associates. Murray was willing and ready to accept Queen Elizabeth as mediator, but Mary was very reluctant to face

an investigation. She finally agreed to this, as Elizabeth refused to admit her to her presence until her character was cleared.

At the inquiry, a certain silver casket, captured from Bothwell, was placed in the hands of the English Council by the leaders of the Scotch rebels. The casket contained letters and other documents, which seemed without doubt to be in Mary's handwriting and to have been sent by her to Bothwell, before her husband's murder. They showed complete knowledge of all the plans for the murder, together with a treacherous and reckless intention of sacrificing her own and her country's interests to the infamous Bothwell. Mary now found herself the accused instead of the accuser, and abruptly broke off the negotiations, thereby proving her guilt all the more clearly. As the English Council believed Mary's guilt proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, it was plainly impossible for Queen Elizabeth to restore her, even if she still desired to. The negotiations were accordingly dropped without reaching a decision. Mary remained in England and Murray was sent home with a small sum of money.

Soon after this, Pope Pius V announced that Queen Elizabeth was a heretic and had forfeited the Throne.

Queen Elizabeth's refusal to set Mary at liberty was warmly seconded by Burleigh, who ventured to tell her that "she would be abandoned by her best servants, if, by the liberation of Queen Mary,

she wilfully exposed her person and her Kingdom to such evident and too certain danger."

Mary was now endeavouring to have her marriage with Bothwell dissolved in order that she might marry the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the English Peerage. She was eagerly reaching toward the English Crown. Another plot was headed by the Catholic Nobles of the north to depose Elizabeth, place Mary on the Throne, and marry her to Don John of Austria. The Scottish Queen was the very heart of ever thickening intrigues, culminating in the rebellion of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, which was promptly crushed by Queen Elizabeth. Northumberland was executed, Westmoreland escaped to the Netherlands, where he died, and Norfolk was safely lodged in the Tower.

In 1570 Murray was assassinated. This was a great grief to Queen Elizabeth. On hearing of his death, she shut herself up in her chamber, and, with a burst of tears, declared she had lost "the best friend she had in the world." The new Regent was Lennox and she found it necessary to give a little aid to the young King's party, which was weakened by the death of Murray.

Mary now proposed that Elizabeth liberate her unconditionally. For this purpose she wrote her several flattering letters. In one she says, "I wish you knew what sincerity of love and affection are in my heart for you." But, at that very time, she also wrote for other eyes to see, "the Pope is

desired to forgive her for writing loving and soothing letters to Elizabeth; she desires nothing more than the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in England." In addition, she kept up a correspondence with the party of the rebels, Westmoreland and Northumberland, and caused £1,500 to be raised for their relief, writing simultaneously to Queen Elizabeth,* "I rejoice that you have taken so much interest in the state of my health. By the pleasure of God, and the help of your learned physicians, I am perfectly reconvalescent; nevertheless, the principal care and continuance of my health does consist that I might stand in your good favour."

As a result of the discovery of Mary's connection with the rebels, her renewed plans to marry Norfolk, and her attempt to escape by foreign or domestic aid, she was put under much stricter surveillance at Sheffield. The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of her, was to be informed whenever she walked or rode out; no more than four of her attendants were to accompany her armed, and none could leave the town without permission.

Queen Elizabeth allowed the friends of Mary, however, to send her whatever she needed for her clothing, health or other personal uses, besides sums of money. She permitted her to keep male and female attendants, provided they were approved of by the English Council or the Earl of Shrewsbury. She was always to have liberty to

* Von Raumer.

walk out when she pleased, either in company with the Earl or others that he deemed suitable. She continued to have this liberty until the conduct of herself and her agents, as often happened, caused it to be restricted. She was to have as many attendants as she pleased, on the condition that Shrewsbury did not have cause to suspect other such intrigues as had been attempted before by several of her attendants.

Mary's continued intriguing with the Duke of Norfolk brought on the Ridolphi plot. Ridolphi was an Italian banker in London, and a secret agent of the Pope. For two years he had kept up a treasonable correspondence with Norfolk and his friends. The object of the conspirators was to induce Philip of Spain to lead an army into England; by the aid of this, Mary would be liberated and marry the Duke of Norfolk, Elizabeth was to be deposed and Mary crowned, and Catholicism would be restored. But Philip knew the strength of the English Queen and that his great rival, France, was humbly suing for her alliance on almost any terms that were pleasing to her, and so he refused to send a single soldier until he was assured that Elizabeth had been first assassinated or imprisoned. Almost from the beginning Burleigh had been on the scent of this plot. In 1571, he secured definite evidence incriminating Norfolk, Southampton, the Spanish Ambassador, the Bishop of Ross, the Queen of Scots, and two other Peers. Norfolk was again sent to the Tower, and the other

Nobles arrested. The Spanish Ambassador was ordered to leave England. The Bishop made full confession, Mary's liberty was restricted, she was confined to a single room and excluded, for a time, from all communication with the outside world. The universal opinion at home and abroad was that she would be speedily tried and executed. Her treasonable acts warranted but little else. The Scotch became more embittered than ever against her, and her partisans were told that she could never be restored. The casket letters, which had been kept from publication by the desire of Queen Elizabeth, were now given over to public scrutiny.

Queen Elizabeth wrote to Catherine de' Medici, "In Lord Seaton's papers, I have found such matter to prove the earnest contrivance and prosecution of her (Mary's) procedure against us." The Queen Mother thereupon decided that as Mary was so dangerous a person, she and her son would no longer importune Elizabeth for her liberty.

Norfolk alone, of all the conspirators, was brought to trial for his repeated offences. Under any other Sovereign but Queen Elizabeth, who was noted, even among her enemies, for her clemency, all the other Peers would undoubtedly have perished. Norfolk was found guilty and sentenced to execution. He had acted with base hypocrisy and had continued his nefarious plotting, after he had been generously excused for his first offence in the northern rebellion.

The Queen delayed long in signing the death

warrant. She had reigned fourteen years without executing a single Noble (Northumberland at that time was under arrest in Scotland). The scaffold on Tower Hill was falling to pieces from disuse, and it would be necessary to erect a new one. Elizabeth was loth to build the new one. Finally, she yielded to the repeated demands of the House of Commons, and allowed justice to take its course. Upon the scaffold, Norfolk said, "I acknowledge that my Peers have justly condemned me to death, and I do not excuse myself."

Mary now began to complain of the rigour of her imprisonment, declared that her health was suffering from it, and that she was innocent of treason. Queen Elizabeth replied that "she had received so many wrongs of Mary, her life, Crown and Kingdom were in such danger by her attempts, that the present Parliament had frequently desired her to fall upon such ways as might secure herself from such dangerous attempts for the future."

At this Parliament, which Queen Elizabeth called in May, 1572, it was suggested that Mary be prevented from succession to the Crown, and that if she planned treason again she should "suffer pains of death without further trouble of Parliament." It was to be considered treason if she consented to any attempt to liberate her. But Queen Elizabeth was not ready to go to extremities yet. She was still determined to preserve Mary, as she had been from the first, in spite of the loudly expressed

disapproval of Parliament and the Council. She told them that she would not allow the Queen of Scots to be "either enabled or disabled to or from any manner of title to the Crown" nor would she permit "any other title to the same whatsoever touched at all."

There were now many violent publications issued against Mary; Clergy, Parliament, and people were loudly demanding her execution. Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh were the mildest and most moderate of all. Her Majesty had twice refused her consent to the execution, which was desired and approved of by public opinion, and still persisted in preserving the life of her most dangerous foe. Even Burleigh's apprehensions were so aroused that he wrote to Leicester, "If Her Majesty will continue her delays in providing for her own surety by just means given to her by God, she and we all shall vainly call upon God when the calamity shall fall upon us." But Elizabeth continued to treat lightly the fears of her ministers.

The next ten years were comparatively free from political intrigues, although, in 1575, Walsingham wrote to the Earl of Sussex concerning a conspiracy against the Queen and complained that "she makes so light of the matter, which I take to be a kind of watch-word, that our travail therein will be of no purpose."

In the meantime, Mary continued her assertions of innocence and demands for liberation. Her

health had begun to suffer from her long imprisonment, and she had difficulty in walking.

In 1583, the plots of the Jesuits were thickening around Queen Elizabeth and Mary was intriguing for joint sovereignty in Scotland with her son, the young King, who had been declared of age at thirteen. French aid was again desired, and it was proposed to lead a combined Scotch and French army into England, where it would be joined by the English Catholics. Elizabeth would be deposed and Mary placed on the Throne. But James realized it was to his advantage to keep in the good graces of the English Queen and he intended to do so, whatever were his mother's plans.

Queen Elizabeth viewed the formidable plot with intrepid coolness, although her entire Council advocated and urged her to the immediate use of force. She had found out that James regarded his mother as his rival for the Thrones of England and Scotland, and that he really desired that she continue in captivity. She had also discovered that those very Scotch Nobles, on whom Mary depended, were prepared to resist her restoration for their own interests. Therefore, when she saw both the English and French party in Scotland humbly suing for her favour, she felt it would be a safe and cheap policy to let them fight it out among themselves. She did grant a moderate pension to James, however, to keep him good-natured, but not a penny would she give to the leaders of the

Anglophiles, for she knew their own interests would force them to serve her who was the champion of their religion.

While plots against the Queen were agitating all England, it had become the custom for large numbers of people to throw themselves on their knees in the dirt of the roads, whenever she rode out, pray fervently for her preservation, and loudly invoke blessings on her Royal head and confusion to the Catholics. A scene of this sort occurred one day when Queen Elizabeth and Mauvissière, the French Ambassador, were riding from Hampton Court to London in November, 1583. Her Majesty was discussing the recent discovery of several conspiracies among the Jesuits, "When," says Mauvissière, "crowds of people fell on their knees by the way, prayed in divers manners, and wished her a thousand blessings, and that all her wicked enemies may be discovered and punished; she stopped frequently, and thanked them for all their affection. As I was alone with her (she rode a fine horse) amidst this crowd, she said, 'I see that all do not wish me evil.'"

All negotiations with Mary were repeatedly broken off by the discovery of fresh plots against Queen Elizabeth, in which the Scottish Queen was deeply involved. During the last negotiations, while Mary was pretending to be frank and innocent, her commissioner, Morgan, had hired a man, named Parry, to assassinate the Queen. Mary admitted that she had given Morgan a pension,

but would not acknowledge her participation in his guilt.

In the meantime, hot disputes had been arising between the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mary's jailer, and his second wife. The Countess of Shrewsbury was fiercely jealous of the fair prisoner and spread abroad scandalous reports of her, which finally reached the ears of Queen Elizabeth, who would not allow Mary to be slandered with impunity, but instantly ordered an investigation of the matter. The Countess retracted her charges and declared she did not at all believe what she had reported.

In a letter * written by Mary, she says: "The Countess of Shrewsbury was obliged to go upon her knees in the presence of the Queen of England and some principals of the Council, and denied to her the shameful tales by herself spread against me."

Mary, however, to revenge herself on the Countess, with whom she was once very friendly, and, at the same time, to cause annoyance to Elizabeth, very injudiciously repeated to Her Majesty of England the spiteful things the Countess had said against her.

In 1585, Sir Amyas Paulet was appointed jailer to the Scottish Queen. She was now suffering with chronic and neuralgic maladies, which she laid to the dampness and lack of conveniences in her prison-house, but Paulet says, "There is no other

* Von Raumer's State Papers.

house or seat in the neighbourhood to which Mary could be moved." In spite of her maladies and the vigilance of her jailer, she continued her intrigues by means of secret ciphers.

All this time, the Jesuits, undismayed by the severe punishment inflicted upon them, persevered in their plots against the Queen's life and government. The most important of these innumerable conspiracies in its results was the one in which the two Throckmortons, George and Francis, together with Charles Paget, were involved. These three men were carrying on a treasonable correspondence with that same Morgan, who had hired the would-be assassin, Parry. Francis Throckmorton, when put upon the rack, made statements which involved the Spanish Ambassador, Mendoza, in a plot to dethrone Queen Elizabeth: Mendoza indignantly denied the charges, but was ordered to leave England without delay. He still kept up a correspondence, nevertheless, with Mary, Queen of Scots, and her agents.

XII

HER MAJESTY'S SUITORS

Queen Elizabeth's foreign policy was to keep England as long as possible from open war with the two great rival powers, France and Spain, and to prevent a coalition of the two against her. What she, in particular desired, was a defensive alliance with the former. With this purpose constantly in mind, she kept up a series of seemingly endless marriage negotiations extending over a space of nearly thirty years, completely mystifying her own subjects as well as all Europe in regard to her real intentions. Her sex gave her an advantage over the masculine rulers of Europe, and she did not scruple to use this advantage to suit her purposes. The European Princes, against whom she was pitted, were at a loss to know how to consider her, whether as a weak, amorous woman, or as a cool-headed and far seeing statesman. Elizabeth played her cards with consummate skill, and took pains to keep her opponents in doubt as to her next move.

Philip of Spain has already been mentioned as the first Royal suitor after her accession. The Queen's refusal to tie herself to her disagreeable

and arrogant brother-in-law, inspired some of her own subjects with hopes of succeeding where a foreigner had failed. Chief among these eager aspirants for the hand of the Virgin Queen were: the elderly, foppish Earl of Arundel, who had at first been foremost in the death cry against Elizabeth when she was Princess; Lord Robert Dudley; "and a very handsome youth," the Earl of Oxford; also "a very handsome, gallant gentleman," Sir William Pickering. Arundel, the premier Earl of England, was foremost in high rank and noble descent, but a widower, twice married and well advanced in years. He was Lord Steward of the Royal household and so had many opportunities of pressing his suit. To gain the great prize he sought, he was ruining himself by lavish and ostentatious gifts; he borrowed large sums of money and with reckless extravagance scattered costly jewels among the ladies of honour. The shrewd young Queen fed his hopes sufficiently to arouse the jealousy of the courtiers and to obtain his vote and influence in the Council, but she must have laughed inwardly at the thought of becoming the third wife of the empty-headed old coxcomb, who, at her Coronation ceremony had pompously strutted about "with a silver wand a yard long, commanding everybody, from the Duke of Norfolk downwards," and ever since had been offending all the courtiers with his self-sufficient grandeur. But, for a time, Pickering seemed to be the favourite candidate. He was about thirty-six years of age,

“ of some nobility of birth, of moderate fortune, but comely person.” He had creditably performed some embassies in France and Germany, and had received so many marks of favour from the Queen that he was regarded by all the people as her future husband, according to the Italian Ambassador. Sir William now had a suite of rooms in the Palace, took upon himself the airs of a Prince, and preferred to eat alone in solitary state rather than to dine with the other men of his rank. His insolence angered all the greater Nobles and he openly quarreled with the Earls of Bedford and Arundel. But he soon vanished from the scene, leaving the keener-witted Dudley as the foremost of Her Majesty’s English suitors. Queen Elizabeth declared nevertheless, that “ she would die a thousand deaths rather than marry one of her subjects.”

In the meantime, Emperor Ferdinand of Austria offered his son, the Archduke Charles, to the Queen. She said she would marry no man she had not seen and “ she would rather be a nun than marry a man she did not know, on the faith of portrait painters.” She then hinted that she would be glad to have Charles come over to England to be inspected, even if he came incognito. But when there was a likelihood that the Archduke would actually come, Queen Elizabeth hastened to declare that she had not invited him and was not bound to marry him. The fact that he was a Catholic seemed one of the difficulties, although it was the

opinion of Philip's agent, Feria, that she never meant to marry and was simply amusing herself. The Spanish Bishop, Quadra, admitted that he could not understand what the English Queen did intend, nor what sort of a husband it was, if any, that she really desired. She had once observed that she wished a husband who would be "as obedient as her lap-dog," and again, that among other qualities which her husband must possess is that "he should not sit at home all day among the cinders, but should in time of peace keep himself employed in warlike exercises." However, to keep the English Catholics in hand, Queen Elizabeth continued to feed the Emperor Ferdinand with vague hopes and to flatter and befool his dull-witted Ambassador. Meantime, the Scotch suggested that she marry the Earl of Arran, heir-presumptive to the Throne of Scotland. She gave no decided answer, but sent for him, too, to come over and be inspected. To Elizabeth's probable relief, he turned out to be an impossible husband, for he was subject to spells of insanity. So she declined the offer, but in courteous terms, thanking the Scotch Nobles for their good-will in offering her "the choicest person they had."

The King of Sweden, who was of the same religion as the English Queen, offered her his heir, Prince Eric. His brother, John, Duke of Finland, a man of handsome person and pleasing manners, was sent to plead his cause. He was met and welcomed at Colchester, in the name of the

Queen, by the Earl of Oxford and Lord Robert Dudley and was conducted by them to London. There he was given a princely reception by a company of Lords and Ladies and thence proceeded to the Bishop of Winchester's Palace, which had been assigned as his abode. A week later, he came by water to the Court and was received in the Presence Chamber by the Queen, with due honours and great cordiality. Upon all his journeys to the Court, he scattered money freely among the populace, saying, "*He* gave silver, but his brother would give gold."

Queen Elizabeth as usual would give no definite answer, but expressed her customary desire to see the Royal Eric and judge for herself of his good qualities. She sent him a message that "he should be welcome, but she could not yet persuade herself to change her single life, which was most pleasing to her, for a married life." She bade him "try her kindness in any other matter, and though he failed in this suit, yet he was not to think his love ill-bestowed."

Upon the death of the aged King of Sweden, Eric, who succeeded to the Throne, summoned his brother home, for he had become jealous of him and shrewdly surmised that he was wooing the capricious Queen of England on his own account. Eric now sent an Ambassador to renew the negotiations, and to present to Her Majesty from him eighteen large horses and several chests of gold and silver money. The intimation that the Royal

suitor himself "would quickly follow in person, to lay his heart at her feet," caused considerable perplexity to Elizabeth and her Council about the manner of receiving in the Palace the Swedish King, who was accounted the handsomest man in Europe, "the Queen's Majesty being a maid."

Bishop Jewel observes that Eric and the Archduke Charles "are courting at a most marvelous rate." Queen Elizabeth, perhaps to dampen the ardour of Eric, whose suit was becoming too urgent for her purposes, seemed now to encourage the Austrian, and remarked that "among the many most honourable matches propounded, none was more honourable than this with Charles of Austria, but neither the storm of danger before, nor the fair gale of honour now could remove her from the course of life begun. Yet not so far that she would flatly renounce a wedded life, and she hoped that God, upon whose bounty she relied wholly, would, in these and other matters, direct her counsels to her own and her people's safety." The King of Denmark and the second son of the King of Saxony were among the Queen's numerous suitors. While she was amusing herself with these courtships, Adolphus, Duke of Holstein, was sent over by his uncle, the Danish King, to try his luck with the Maiden Monarch. He had been encouraged to come by a letter Queen Elizabeth wrote him, in which she "most lovingly promised him kindness," and wished that "he were joined to England in some nearness as he had been in time past

to the Spaniards." He was young, handsome, and desperately in earnest, and it was rumoured among the Court gossips "that Her Majesty was very fond of him." Nevertheless he was rejected like the rest of her wooers, but she treated him with great distinction, conferred upon him the Order of the Garter, gave him a yearly pension, and, by her kindness, bound him to her as a firm friend. After the return of Holstein, Jewel writes, "The Swede is reported to be always coming, and even now to be on his voyage and on the eve of landing; but, as far as I can judge, he will not stir a foot." After all, Eric never came, believing that his journey would be useless. He finally married one of his own subjects.

It was generally believed in England that Queen Elizabeth refused her Royal suitors because she had promised to marry Dudley, although she declared that "she was as free from any engagement to marry as on the day of her birth, no matter what the world might think or say, but she had quite made up her mind to marry nobody whom she had not seen or known, and therefore she might be obliged to marry in England, in which case she thought she could find no person more fitting than Lord Robert."

The pretensions of Dudley aroused the jealous ire of the old Earl of Arundel, and open quarrels broke out between these two Nobles, in which their servants and followers warmly engaged, so that the Court was filled with the sound of their brawls

and Her Majesty's name was bandied about among them in a manner derogatory to her royal dignity.

In 1564, Catherine de' Medici suggested a marriage between her son, Charles IX, the boy-king of France, who was about sixteen, and Queen Elizabeth, who was now thirty-one. The Queen Mother instructed her Ambassador, Paul de Foys, to urge Leicester's suit if Elizabeth did not favour the marriage with Charles, in order that no powerful foreign Prince might be her consort.

Queen Elizabeth received the Envoy in her Privy Chamber, as he had told her that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and that he wished to disclose it to her in a most secluded place. He read her Catherine's letter, which was filled with fulsome praises of the English Queen. The wily Catherine, who knew how fastidious the Virgin Queen was, took pains to assure her that she would be well pleased both with the body and mind of her son. The Maiden Majesty of England blushed several times during the reading of this flattering letter. At its conclusion, she told de Foys, with much effusion, that she was highly honoured by the offer and regretted that she was not ten years younger. She feared the disadvantages which would result from their disparity of ages, and said she "would rather die than be some day despised and abandoned as her sister Mary had been by the Prince of Spain." De Foys sought to reassure her, but Elizabeth insisted that she could not risk being scorned and

abandoned. She said her subjects would agree to her wishes, although they would prefer her to choose an Englishman, but the only one suitable was the Earl of Arundel, "and he," she affirmed, "is further from it than the east from the west. As for the Earl of Leicester, I have always loved his virtues, but the aspiration to honour and greatness which is in me, could not suffer him as a companion and a husband." She added, smiling, that her neighbour, Mary Stuart, "was younger than she, and might perhaps please Charles better." When de Foys asked her to keep this affair secret, she replied that "she had sufficiently proved in the reign of Queen Mary that she knew how to keep silence; if she had been discovered in anything, it would have cost her her life." She asked for a few days in which to reflect, and then dismissed de Foys.

Queen Elizabeth, however, discussed the offer with Cecil, who raised many objections. Some days later she sent for the French Ambassador, and told him there were three difficulties in the way of the marriage: First, the disparity of ages; then, the King could not live in England, nor she in France; lastly, the English feared the power and influence of the French. De Foys tried to refute these arguments, but the Queen delayed the negotiations, and finally broke them off. The rumour of her contemplated alliance with France had brought her just what she had hoped it would do — another offer from Austria of the Archduke

Charles. She invited his Ambassador, Swetkowitz, to dinner in her private apartments, and played before him on the lute and the spinnet, which was a high mark of favour. De Foys, fearing that Her Majesty was really in earnest this time, urged her to accept the young French king. "You have under your hand, in the person of Charles IX, a veritable shield, why don't you take him?" he asked. Queen Elizabeth quickly replied that "she did not deem herself worthy of such a treasure."

Then, in accordance with Catherine's injunctions, the perplexed Ambassador urged her to accept Leicester as a husband. "I have not yet decided whom I shall marry," she replied, "but, whoever he may be, though he were a man of but small consequence, he would gain much power by the marriage and be enabled, if he were so minded, to execute dangerous plans. I have, therefore, determined not to give up to my future husband any portion of my power, possessions or revenue. Though you counsel me to marry one of my subjects, I shall not accept your advice in the event of my marrying. If, however, I do think of marrying, it is as if some one were rending my heart from my body, so adverse am I to it by nature, and nothing but the welfare of my people could constrain me to it." To awe France, she hinted to him that she could at that time marry a King or powerful Prince, if she pleased.

About three months later, the Queen's favour and friendship for Leicester had increased to such

a degree that he himself boldly told Cecil that he aspired to her hand, and believed he had a good chance of success. Upon learning this, Catherine and Charles asked Queen Elizabeth to send Leicester to France for a time. They wished to cement their own interests with this rising star. The Earl stated to Elizabeth that he "ardently desired to go and humbly requested her permission." But Her Majesty was angry and suspicious at his eagerness to visit France, and said it would not be conducive to the maintenance of her dignity if she sent "a groom to so great a Prince." To soften this ungracious refusal, she added, with a smile, "I cannot live without seeing you every day, for you are like my little dog, as soon as people see him anywhere, they say that I am coming, and when they see you, they may say likewise that I am not far off."

According to de Foys, the Queen promised to give Leicester a definite answer to his suit by Candlemas, 1565. Nevertheless, Candlemas passed by without the promised decision, and de Foys writes that the Earl of Ormond is now in high favour and Leicester very apprehensive. The Archduke Charles was his most formidable rival, but there were two strong objections to him: his religion, and the fact that he would have to be dependent on the Queen for his income. She complained that she did not care "to marry a man whom she would have to feed, and let the world

say she had taken a husband who could not afford to support himself."

There were various difficulties in the way of religion, the Queen was willing to allow him to have Mass privately in his own chamber, but insisted that he must conform outwardly to the Church of England and accompany her publicly to Protestant service. Cecil, Sussex, Bacon and the Duke of Norfolk urged her to marry the Archduke and settle the succession, while Leicester urged his own suit so ardently that the Queen told Sussex "Robert pressed her so that he did not leave her a moment's peace." By favouring alternately the Archduke and Leicester, Queen Elizabeth skilfully played off France against Spain, and Protestant against Catholic, at the same time escaping a husband. Leicester's suit was warmly seconded by France, since Philip of Spain supported the Austrian match, although the Spanish Ambassador privately assured Leicester of Philip's good-will toward him, when it was seen that the Austrian Emperor's terms were really impossible. Whenever matters did not appear to be going to Leicester's liking he would go away in a fit of the sulks, whereupon the Queen would recall him and flatter him into good humour again. The quarrels between him and his enemies became so bitter that Elizabeth imperiously insisted upon his making friends with the Earl of Sussex, and also forced him into a hollow reconciliation with his hand-

some young rival, Ormond. The Court had become a hot-bed of intrigue and uncertainty.

In August, 1566, Leicester, with smiles and tears, tells La Forest, who was then French Ambassador, that he doesn't know whether to hope or fear and that he is more uncertain than ever whether the Queen will marry or not, and, if she does, so many great Princes are wooing her that he fears for himself. Later on, speaking more openly, he declares his firm belief is that she will never marry, for he has known her from the time she was eight years old, and she has always declared that she would remain unmarried. "But," he added, "should she happen to decide upon marrying, and to choose an Englishman, I am almost assured that she would choose no other than me; at least, Her Majesty has done me the honour to tell me so alone several times, and I stand as high in her favour now as ever."

When Parliament met in October, 1566, both Houses, in spite of Cecil's efforts to prevent, drew up and presented to Her Majesty a petition, entreating her either to marry or name her successor. Queen Elizabeth heard them through with marked displeasure and impatience, and, in the spirit of Henry VIII, ordered them to "attend to their own duties and she would perform hers." She was highly indignant when the Commons passed a vote that the bill for the supplies she needed should be incorporated with a bill for settling the succession. So she sent for the leaders of both

Houses and poured upon them the full torrent of her wrath, telling them that "she did not choose that her grave should be dug while she was yet alive; that the Commons had acted like rebels, and the Lords might pass a similar vote if they pleased, but their votes were but empty breath without her Royal assent."

The Duke of Norfolk, the foremost Peer in England, was overwhelmed and crushed by Her Majesty's vehement anger. She called him "traitor," "conspirator," and many other like names. The poor Duke, completely humiliated, could only stammer out excuses for not asking her pardon since he had offended her so. Then, dismissing the embarrassed Norfolk, the irate Queen received in like manner Leicester, Northampton, Pembroke and Howard. Pembroke, who ventured to remonstrate with her upon her treatment of Norfolk, she termed a "swaggering trooper" and "an imbecile who didn't know what he was talking about." Northampton she reproached for his recent divorce, bidding him look after his own matrimonial tangles and not "mince words" with her. Turning to Leicester, she said, reproachfully, "Do you, too, abandon me?" "I am ready to die for you," he cried. "Who asks you to die?" she retorted sharply; "that is not to the purpose."

After this stormy interview, the Lords requested the Spanish Ambassador to urge their angry Sovereign to decide definitely upon the Archduke

Charles. The next day, she summoned the Ambassador and complained bitterly to him of the pressure put upon her by her ministers. She was particularly bitter against Leicester, whom she had banished from her presence. Heated debates and party recriminations continued until the Queen, by alternate threats and flattery, bent both Houses of Parliament completely to her will and got her subsidies voted, without declaring her successor. An extra subsidy was offered her if she would name her successor, but this she refused to do, saying that she would be content with half, since she believed that "money in her subjects' coffers was as good as in her own." This gracious observation so delighted the now cowed and obedient members of Parliament that they hastened to offer a really generous supply, unfettered by any conditions whatsoever. As soon as Queen Elizabeth had gained what she wanted, she dissolved Parliament on January 15th. On this day she made a short speech from the Throne, after the Lord Keeper Bacon had finished his address.

"Whereas, Princes' words do enter more deeply into men's ears and minds, take these things from our own mouth," she said, with majestic dignity. "Do ye think that we neglect your safety and security as to the succession, or that we have a will to infringe your liberty? Be it far from us. We never thought it. But indeed we thought good to call you back when you were running into a pit. Everything has his fit reason. Ye may, perad-

venture, have a wiser Prince, but a more loving towards you ye shall never have. For our part, whether we may see such a Parliament again, we know not; but for you, take ye heed lest ye provoke your Prince's patience. Nevertheless, of this be assured, that we think very well of most of you, and do embrace every one of you with our former kindness, even from our heart."

In 1568, the Austrian match was practically abandoned, although an attempt to revive the negotiations was made in 1570, but the Archduke was already engaged to a Catholic Princess. The Emperor sent back a polite refusal to the English Queen, some compliments and a silver vessel, hoping that "she would henceforward regard the Archduke in the light of a brother." Queen Elizabeth's matrimonial professions were coming to be considered as mere convenient pretences. The Maiden Monarch, however, was greatly displeased at the refusal of her offer, which she had no idea of seriously adhering to, and declared that the Emperor had offered her such an insult that if she were a man "she would have defied him to single combat." Her anger against the Emperor was increased, no doubt, by the fact that just before this he had betrothed his second daughter to Charles IX, whom she, Elizabeth, had definitely refused, saying that he was "too big and too little."

In August of this year, the long civil war in France was brought to an end by the treaty of St.

Germany between Charles IX and the Huguenots. When France was at peace, Queen Elizabeth was always apprehensive that the Guises and the Catholic party in France would carry out their cherished scheme of rescuing the Queen of Scots by force with the aid of the Pope, then marry her to the Duke of Anjou, the brother of Charles IX, and place her on the English Throne. Accordingly, Queen Elizabeth was disposed to look with favour upon the proposal of the two great Huguenot Nobles, the Vidame de Chartres and Cardinal Chatillon, that she herself marry Anjou. When the Queen Mother was approached on the subject, she ordered her Ambassador, La Mothe-Fénelon, to push the matter forward at every opportunity, although she suspected that this was only another trick of Elizabeth's to prolong the negotiations and make use of the French in the meantime. She added that if the Queen of England had a daughter or heiress she would be a more suitable match for Anjou than the Queen herself. Before writing to Catherine, La Mothe had interviewed Leicester, and, hinting that a marriage had been suggested between the Queen and Anjou, asked his aid in the matter, saying that the French regarded him as their best friend. Leicester replied that he had always been opposed to the Austrian alliance, and that as Queen Elizabeth had made up her mind not to marry a subject, he would be willing to sacrifice his own chances and favour Anjou. He said the matter could be discussed at length when the Court

returned to London, but, in the meantime, it would be well to speak to the Queen privately about it. So he introduced La Mothe into the Presence at Hampton Court.

Queen Elizabeth had evidently been forewarned of the Ambassador's visit, for she was dressed even more elaborately than usual. When, after a few words of preamble, Anjou was proposed to her, she made an ambiguous reply, saying that she was growing old, and, if it were not for the lack of an heir, she would be ashamed to think of marriage, as she was one of those women whom men wish to marry for their Kingdom, and not for their persons.

Catherine had commanded La Mothe to preserve strict secrecy in the matter, but Elizabeth discussed it with her ladies and others of the Court, so it soon became common talk.

In another interview with the Ambassador, Queen Elizabeth appeared very favourable to the match, but complained of the disparity of ages — she was thirty-seven and Anjou was just twenty. “So much the better for you,” said La Mothe, laughing. On another occasion, he praised the happiness of Charles IX with his Austrian bride and advised all Princesses, who were desirous of marital bliss, to take a husband from the House of France. The Queen thereupon cited some striking examples to the contrary, and said, “I want my husband not only to honour me as Queen, but to love me for myself.” La Mothe assured her that

Anjou would do both, and she replied she had always heard him spoken of with high praises.

The Queen, after some demurs, referred the matter to her Council. One member only remarked that the Duke seemed rather young for the Queen, but did not urge his objections, as Her Majesty appeared highly offended. The other ministers were silent, overcome with surprise that their critical Mistress should be so determined on this marriage.

The Queen now would talk of nothing else; she discussed it fully with Ladies Cobham and Clinton, and the whole Court was filled with tales of the Duke's personal attractions and his reported gallantries. Cecil favoured the marriage, and Walsingham was sent as Ambassador to France and commanded by the Virgin Queen to send back a description of her youthful suitor. He appears to have been good-looking enough, but completely dominated by voluptuousness and the influence of the monks, who exhorted him not to marry "a heretic woman."

The chief difficulty in the way of the marriage appeared to be the matter of religion. Although Elizabeth this time seemed to be bent upon marrying, she persistently declared she would not allow Anjou the public exercise of his religion. Catherine became suspicious of the Queen's real intentions and would not gratify her desire that Anjou should be sent into England to be inspected. The Duke himself said, "I fear that the Queen of Eng-

land has no other aim but that of amusing us. Unless I get a decisive reply, I do not wish to advance a step further."

But Queen Elizabeth would give no decisive answer, although professing great eagerness for the marriage. La Mothe begged her to reply to a letter Anjou had written her. For a long time she refused, alleging that "the pen would fall from her hands and she would not know what to say to the Duke, because she had never written to any of the Princes who had sought her hand, with the exception of the Archduke Charles, and then in terms far removed from marriage." She finally yielded and wrote a letter which was a curious mixture of shrewd statecraft and amorous frivolity, praising the beauty of the Duke, and, above all, the beauty of his hand, which was considered one of the most beautiful in France. Sighing, she said, "For seven or eight years his good looks will increase, while I shall be old."

She then asked the Ambassador if he had spoken to Anjou of her foot, her arm, and other things which she would not mention. She admitted softly that she found the Duke "very desirable." La Mothe, with courtier-like insinuation, observed that "both were very desirable," and that "it was a pity they could not have become sooner possessors of each other's perfections," and then he departed, full of hope that his mission would succeed.

But the next morning, the Queen's mood had

changed; she received him with an ominous frown, and said that she had just heard that a great Nobleman at the French Court had remarked, before many people, that she had an incurable disease in one of her legs, and that this would be an excellent excuse for Anjou, after the marriage, to give her a "French potion" and then to marry the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth did happen at that time to be suffering from a temporary lameness and was greatly enraged at the perverted report of it. She refused to divulge the name of the narrator, but threatened to renew her relations with Philip of Spain. Her anger finally cooled, but the sore rankled for a time. When she saw La Mothe again, she said "she regretted that he had not come to a ball given by the Marquis of Northampton, for he would have seen her dance, and could have assured the Duke that he was not in danger of marrying a lame woman."

Catherine declared that she was discontented with the religious conditions and that her son, by accepting them, would be virtually changing his religion. As Queen Elizabeth could not afford to lose the support of France, now of all times, when there was no doubt that Spain and the Holy League had determined to crush her, she feigned to be more conciliating on the score of religion than her ministers, and promised to close her eyes if the Duke wished to celebrate a private Mass. To gain time and avoid a definite reply, she affected to be very superstitious and feared lest

something in the marriage ceremony should offend Anjou and cause him to leave her later, or, worse misfortune of all, the wedding ring might fall to the floor.

Suspicious as this fencing rendered Catherine, she was obliged, for her own interests, to keep up ostensibly the negotiations. She did, however, beg for more moderate conditions, as Anjou was firm in declaring that "his conscience" would not permit him to attend English service. With much difficulty, Cecil wrung from the Queen a reluctant authorization to draw up amended marriage propositions. As soon as Elizabeth saw that the French were disposed to give way in the matter of religion, she demanded the restitution of Calais. Full of apprehension at this bold demand, Cecil represented to her that if France refused her conditions a Catholic invasion would undoubtedly take place. She pretended to be convinced of the truth of this and allowed Cecil to continue his work. But Queen Elizabeth, who intended to slip out of the Anjou match ultimately and yet to keep up the fiction until it had served her turn, now brought forward other excuses. She feared she was not well enough, nor was she sufficiently prepared for marriage. She wanted to wait until she was in better health. Catherine became very uneasy at these delays and excuses, nor was she reassured by receiving from the English Queen letters filled with protestations of friendship. She knew her of old. With a view of discovering

just how the ground lay, the Queen Mother sent her agents, Larchant and Cavalcanti, into England to present to Queen Elizabeth a portrait of the Duke of Anjou.

When the Envoys reached London, they were informed that on the preceding night, Queen Elizabeth, while undressing, had sprained her foot, and could not see them for a week.

When they were finally admitted to the Presence, they found the Queen resolute in refusing any concession whatever. She even revoked what she had formerly offered, and now would not allow the Duke to have even a private Mass. Nevertheless, she appeared very gracious and charming and expressed herself delighted with the Duke's picture. She said she was glad to see in Anjou "the maturity of a man," because she did not want to be led to the altar by a man who appeared as young as the Earl of Oxford, for fear their disparity in ages would be too marked. La Mothe-Fénelon, with true French gallantry, replied that "years could not rob her of any of her beauty and charms."

Although she wrote, of her own accord, an affectionate, but ambiguous letter to Anjou, she did not remove the conditions of religion of which Catherine and her son complained. The Queen Mother might have waived these difficulties, but Anjou was obdurate. He showed signs of active disobedience and defiance, and spoke slightly of his proposed consort. Bitter quarrels on this

subject broke out between him and Charles IX. The king told him that he had insulted and deceived the Queen of England, whom, he Charles, esteemed and honoured. He told him that he knew his conscience had nothing to do with it, but that it was a substantial sum given him by the Clergy to be their champion that made him so obstinate. Anjou, not being able to deny the truth of this reflection, shut himself up in his rooms and wept all day, but he would not yield. He knew that Queen Elizabeth would never marry him, and that he was saving himself the indignity of a refusal, and, at the same time, playing into the hands of the Holy League. So, after six months of negotiations, the Anjou match was broken off, but, as Queen Elizabeth had shrewdly calculated, the defensive alliance with France, for which she had been angling, was in no way weakened. Charles IX hastened to assure her that "he would honour her all his life for her upright dealing," and the resourceful Catherine de' Medici had another son to offer her, the ugly, perverse, little Alençon, just seventeen!

XIII

MARRIAGE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE DUKE OF ALENÇON

The hideously ugly, pock-marked imp, François d'Alençon, whom Catherine de' Medici in 1572 gravely proposed as a husband for the dainty Queen of England, was described by the Queen Mother, when he was nine years old, as "a little blackamoor, who had only war and discord in his brain." As a child, he had such bitter hatred for his brother, Anjou, his mother's "idol," that Catherine was obliged to separate the two and bring Alençon up alone. Before he was a man, he attached himself to all those whom Anjou disliked and distrusted.

Immediately after Queen Elizabeth had concluded with France the defensive alliance for which she had been so long negotiating, La Mothe-Fénelon, at the instance of Catherine, proposed Alençon to Burleigh, telling him that the Queen Mother gave assurance that her youngest son "would make no scruple about religion," nor would he consider himself "inevitably damned"—as Anjou did—if he could not have full Mass.

When Burleigh spoke to his Sovereign of the new

offer, she said the disparity of ages was too great, and asked how tall he really was. "About as tall as I am," was the evasive reply. "You mean as tall as your grandson," retorted the Queen, and he dared not reply.

Marshal de Montmorency, together with Paul de Foys, was dispatched to ask officially for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. Cavalcanti, the Italian agent of Catherine, was sent ahead to reconnoitre. He carried with him a very flattering picture of Alençon, which he entrusted to Leicester to give to the Queen. Her Majesty said she did not like this portrait as well as Anjou's, but he seemed better looking than she had expected. She told Leicester that the marks of the small-pox, which Alençon had recently had, might disappear with time, but, as he was seventeen and she thirty-eight, the disadvantages which she had feared in the case of his elder brother would be still more to be feared in his case.

When Montmorency arrived, the Queen received him very graciously, but took care, as usual, to say nothing that would in any way commit herself. She accused the Envoys of talking only generalities, whereas "she desired to enter into particularities, especially on the important subject of religion." They assured her that everything would be arranged to her entire satisfaction. Alençon, they said, would be content with the concessions granted to Anjou.

"I don't recall having made any concessions,"

replied the Queen. "The desire of assuring the security of my subjects is the only thing which can make me overlook the disparity of ages."

The Envoys went on to say that the Duke asked only for a private Mass, and would be willing to attend other services that were not "too contrary to his religion." The Queen asked if he could not get along for a while without even his private Mass if, as was not unlikely, it should cause trouble among her subjects. De Foys intimated that he would, "For every wise Prince," he said, "seeks to avoid the cause of troubles."

Then Queen Elizabeth fell to recounting with evident relish, the personal defects of the ill-favoured stripling, whom Catherine had designated as her future consort. With grave countenance, she demanded of the Ambassador, "what compensation is to be made to her, in the marriage articles, for the injury to his face from the small pox?" and hinted that the restitution of Calais would be a fitting compensation. In spite of the political expediency which rendered it necessary for the English Queen to keep on friendly terms with France, she could not entirely conceal her scorn of the ridiculous offer made her, but discussed the scion of the House of Valois from head to foot, with as little ceremony as though she were bargaining for a pet dog. She then delayed her reply until the next day, when she was as evasive as ever. Although she secretly mocked at the ill-conditioned Alençon, she entertained Montmorency

and de Foys for two weeks with fêtes and banquets.

Upon the departure of the Ambassador, Burleigh writes Walsingham "the Ambassadors did all they could in the matter of the Duc d'Alençon, but got from Her Majesty neither yea nor nay, but the delay of a month, in which she was to make up her mind."

When Lord Admiral Clinton returned from France, where he had been splendidly entertained by Catherine, he told Queen Elizabeth that Alençon was superior to Anjou in appearance and repute. But Her Majesty replied that "he did not approach the Duke of Anjou and his pock marks did not tend to improve his appearance." To satisfy herself, she demanded from Walsingham exact personal details concerning Alençon:—his age, height, religious inclination, and the tastes and amusements of himself and his friends. Walsingham gave a favourable description of his pursuits and pleasures, but was careful to abstain from remarks on his personal appearance. He added to his account, "I have heard from many sides that he has a lively and sincere passion for Your Majesty."

After the month's delay that she had asked for, the Queen wrote to Walsingham: "We cannot decide on the marriage, unless it is accompanied by great advantages to counterbalance the ridiculous judgements that will be passed on it." In this letter, she hinted that she would like to see

Alençon with her own eyes, because none of her subjects dared tell their real opinion. Catherine said she would consent to an interview, if she was assured of success. Elizabeth, of course, would bind herself to no promise. So the negotiation rested in suspense.

Then Alençon sent his most intimate confidant, La Mole, to the Queen, ostensibly to thank her for the magnificent reception she gave to Montmorency, and also to announce the marriage of his sister Marguerite to Henry of Navarre. When La Mole arrived, Queen Elizabeth was preparing for one of her customary progresses, and so put off seeing him for a few days. When she did admit him to her presence, she appeared delighted with his suave and courteous manners. She told him that she desired to see Alençon only to find out if she were really loved. She took the ingratiating La Mole, and also La Mothe-Fénelon, in her suite to Kenilworth, where Leicester had prepared a sumptuous banquet in her honour. On the next day, she led the gallant Frenchmen to the house of Lord Burleigh, where she was again the honoured guest at another great dinner. On this occasion, she said that "Walsingham had misinterpreted and badly expressed her thought; she had never said her marriage with the Duke was impossible, but had only alluded to certain difficulties." She continued to show extraordinary marks of favour to the Envoys, even playing before them on the spinnet. In the presence of her ministers, she told them

“in a sweet, sympathetic voice,” that “she is resolved to marry, but desires to see her suitor first.” Everything appeared favourable and everybody urged Alençon to come when, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, occurred the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew on August 24, 1572.

The Queen was hunting at Kenilworth when the dreadful news arrived. She seemed stunned at the blow which appeared to be aimed at herself, as well as at the Protestants of France. All rejoicings and merriment were abruptly stopped, mourning garb was put on, and anxious conferences held. The very name of Frenchman was abhorred, La Mole fled in haste from England, and La Mothe was commanded by Elizabeth to keep strictly within his house, until she was assured that her Ambassadors in France were safe. It devolved upon La Mothe, who was deeply mortified and grieved at this atrocious act of Charles IX and his mother, to explain and extenuate it as much as possible. But Queen Elizabeth would not see the luckless Ambassador until September 7th, when she finally consented to receive him at Woodstock on her way to Windsor. He was conducted to the Privy Chamber, where he found the Queen, clad in deepest mourning and surrounded by her Councillors and the principal ladies of her Court, all of whom wore the same sombre garb as their Mistress. There was a solemn and ominous silence as the Ambassador entered in fear and trepidation, then, after a short pause, Queen Elizabeth advanced toward him, with

grave, stern mien, but with her customary courtesy. Leading him apart from the rest, she asked him in cold, deliberate manner, "If it were possible that the strange news she had heard of the Prince whom she so much loved, honoured, and confided in of all the world, could be true."

La Mothe made the most plausible excuse that he could; repeated the story that Coligny had plotted with the Huguenots to seize the Louvre; and pleaded that the massacre was unpremeditated, and that the King had sacrificed Coligny only to save himself. The Queen interrupted the Envoy in the midst of his attempts to explain, telling him that she knew too much of the affair to be deceived or to give entire credence to the King's excuses. "I fear," she said, "that those who have made the King abandon the Protestants will also make him abandon my friendship." She then dismissed La Mothe.

Soon after the massacre, Catherine de' Medici sought to rectify the mistake she had made by again favouring the Huguenots and again urging the Alençon match. Alençon, so far from taking a share in the massacre, had publicly and loudly condemned it, and taken the part of the Huguenots; but the atrocious act had rendered the negotiations for the Queen's marriage to a Frenchman and a Catholic most distasteful to the English people, and so they were apparently dropped, although tender missives continued to arrive from Alençon, and a secret communication between Eliz-

abeth and the Court of France was still carried on through La Mothe.

On November 12th, Castelnau de la Mauvissière came over and succeeded in inducing Queen Elizabeth to stand sponsor to the infant daughter of Charles IX. She said she would not, however, proceed further in the matter of the marriage, unless good terms were offered to the Huguenots and peace made at Rochelle, which was heroically resisting its Catholic besiegers, under the Duke of Anjou, and the young Alençon, who had been forced, much against his will, to accompany his brother. Catherine and Anjou were only too glad to come to terms with the Protestants, for they were heartily sick of the unsuccessful siege. Soon after the treaty was ratified, Anjou was elected to the Throne of Poland and a year later ascended that of France.

At the beginning of the year 1574, Mauvissière arrived to try to persuade the Queen to conclude the matrimonial treaty between herself and Alençon. The Ambassador begged her to send him a safe conduct to visit her and plead his cause in person. But she feared that if she and the Duke had no liking for each other, it might impair the alliance between England and France, and so refused to grant him a public interview, but suggested that he come over "in some sort of disguise and not accompanied with any great train, for, if there follow no liking between us after a view taken the one of the other, the more secretly it will be

handled, the least touch will it be to our honours."

This plan of Elizabeth's for privately inspecting Alençon did not please the Court of France, who desired to force her to commit herself irrevocably in the marriage negotiations. While other plans were being discussed, a political plot of which Alençon was the head was suddenly discovered. Charles IX was dying of consumption. His brother, Henry, King of Poland, who was his next heir, was absent, and the hopeful youth, Alençon, was intriguing with the Protestant leaders for the Crown of France. This conspiracy was detected by the Queen Mother, who promptly imprisoned her youngest son and the King of Navarre in the Castle of Vincennes.

To make peace with his own family, Alençon betrayed his allies, La Mole and Corconnas, and abandoned Protestant interests. The discovery of this plot caused an abrupt halt in the marriage treaty. When Catherine de' Medici asked Queen Elizabeth if she would go on with it, she replied that she could not think ill of a Prince who thought so well of her, but that she would not take a husband "with irons on his feet." Upon this hint, he was released and employed by the English Queen as a willing tool for annoying the French government.

Upon the accession of Henry III, when Alençon was proposed again, Queen Elizabeth said that she would not marry him until he was on good terms with the King. "It is necessary," she observed,

“that he be a good son and a good brother before being a good husband.” Catherine retorted that the best way for peace to be brought about, was for Elizabeth to cease encouraging the rebels. Queen Elizabeth then offered to take upon herself the duty of mediator, but the Queen Mother preferred to manage her affairs herself and refused this offer.

After a semblance of peace had been made in the Royal family, the French Ambassador again urged the marriage, but Queen Elizabeth cut the interview short, and would promise nothing but a good reception to the Duke if he came to see her. “The Duke only is to blame for this negotiation remaining two years in suspense,” she declared. “I have no other reply to make than that which I have made so many times. I shall never marry a Prince whom I have not seen. If, after we have seen each other, I do not accept the Duke and if he takes my refusal for an offence, it is better that he does not come. If, on the contrary, his protestations are sincere and if, in any event, he will remain my friend, let him come, but without a retinue . . . let this be only a simple visit.”

Alençon, who had now received the title of Duke of Anjou which Henry III had formerly borne, had been offered the protectorship of the Netherlands. Queen Elizabeth herself had been first implored by the persecuted Protestants in the Netherlands to become their Sovereign. She refused their offer for she was not yet ready for open war

with Philip of Spain, but she privately supplied them with money and at last concluded with them an offensive and defensive alliance. When she learned of the protectorship of Alençon, she feared that it might bring on annexation to France, and was determined to prevent it. She decided that the cheapest way would be to revive with zest the long neglected marriage comedy, which had been proposed six years before, and see if she could not make a tool of Alençon and force him to do her work. In this manner, she could still cling to her policy of not actually throwing down the gauntlet to Philip.

Alençon now said that he would marry either the Queen of England or the Netherlands, and if she would not have him he would join the Spaniards. He informed her that if she would conclude the marriage "he would be directed by her in all his actions in the Low Countries."

The clever Queen hastened to assure him of her affection and good intentions and made great efforts to show special honour to his Envoys. She was on one of her progresses at the time of their arrival. At a banquet given in their honour, she thought there should have been more silver on the side-board to impress the visitors with her wealth and magnificence. She angrily asked Sussex, who was Lord Steward, why there was no more. He replied that he had always accompanied the English Sovereigns on their progresses and they had never carried so much as she did. But the Queen

was not to be mollified; she bade him hold his tongue, called him a "great rogue," and said the more she did for people like him the worse they acted. She asked the opinion of Lord North, who was a friend to Leicester, and he, of course, agreed that there was not enough silver and threw the blame on Sussex. The latter now became angry in his turn; he waited outside for North, called him a "knave" and threatened to thrash him. Leicester was obliged to intervene, and the whole Court was stirred up to the infinite delight of the Spanish Ambassador, who immediately acquainted his master with all that had occurred.

After Queen Elizabeth returned from her progress, Alençon sent to her Jean Simier, his master of the wardrobe, to plead his suit. He carried with him a letter from Catherine and Henry III, and a tender epistle from the young Duke, complaining of the tiresome life he was leading since he was deprived of seeing "the most perfect goddess of the Heavens." Leicester and Hatton became violently jealous of the insinuating Frenchman, who proved so agreeable to the Queen that she invited him three times a week to her private parties and seemed to take great delight in his company. Aside from the fact that policy required her to be unusually gracious to the French Envoy, she appeared to be really charmed by his irresistible French gallantry and termed him her "faithful monkey." She played her part so well and showered so many favours on the "monkey" that

Leicester declared he had bewitched her. His constant attendance upon Her Majesty caused comment among the ill-disposed and remonstrances from others. But Elizabeth was determined to convince Alençon this time of her sincerity in the matter of the marriage, and so continued to bestow her delusive smiles upon his agent. Castelnau de la Mauvissière, in a despatch to Catherine de' Medici, wrote: "His words rejuvenate the Queen, she has become more beautiful and more light-hearted than she was fifteen years ago."

But Simier kept his master's interests at heart and demanded three conditions to the marriage: the crowning of the Duke soon after the ceremony; a sort of joint control in the administration and distribution of charges and offices; and 60,000 livres annual income reversible in case of the predecease of the Queen.

Elizabeth promised to give an answer in two days. In the meantime, she consulted Leicester, Sussex, and Cecil. They all unanimously rejected the second article and suggested that the other two be submitted to Parliament.

When Simier learned of this decision he said he would waive the matter of the second article, but complained to the Queen that he was not being treated fairly. She swore that she would not be influenced by her Council and was determined to marry. She then wrote a letter to Alençon, calling him her "very faithful friend"; but after many protestations of affection, she concluded by

bidding him be content with her unalterable love, which perchance was better than marriage for him and for her.

The Duke took alarm at this, acquiesced in the decision of the Council, withdrew his conditions, asked only for private Mass for himself and his friends, and said he would come soon to claim his bride.

This eager haste did not suit Queen Elizabeth's plans and she anxiously inquired of her ministers if she could honourably refuse the interview, or, in case the Duke did not please her, if she could reject him without giving offence. They replied that the Duke's offer to visit her should be accepted and that she could not, with honour, refuse him until she had seen him. She decided to follow their advice and Simier wrote to Alençon that he had at last convinced her that she was loved for herself and not for her Crown and that she said: "I do not doubt that if I am Monsieur's, he will esteem and honour me, but I fear he will love me only a year or two, nevertheless, I can promise him before God that if he is a good husband, no one shall be a better wife than I." She now dressed herself and her Court after the French fashion and appeared more gracious than ever to "her little monkey," Simier. When one of her ministers reproached her because of her friendship for the ingratiating foreigner, she answered that "he was no longer a stranger to her, but a faithful servant of her husband, knowing his secrets which she

wanted to learn in order to be of more service to him when they were together."

But soon after this the Queen began to cool and bring forward objections again, so that Catherine and even Simier doubted her sincerity. When she heard that Alençon would arrive in the early part of August, she gave no orders for his reception, and Leicester was high in favour once more. It was then that Simier resolved to discredit the Earl who seemed the chief obstacle in his master's path, and revealed his secret marriage with the Countess of Essex. The disclosure had the desired result and "mounseer," as the Duke was termed in England, made all haste to cross the seas in disguise, attended only by two servants, and suddenly appearing at the gates of Greenwich Castle, demanded permission to fling himself at the feet of the Virgin Queen.

Queen Elizabeth professed to be charmed with the romantic gallantry of her impatient suitor, who was small of stature and large of head, with a face disfigured by smallpox, and a nose ending in a huge knob that made it look like two noses. In addition to his other charms he had a harsh, croaking voice. The only pleasing thing about him was his conversation at which he was an adept. As Queen Elizabeth had no intention of marrying him, it cost her no pang to declare that she was enamoured of him and that he was just the sort of husband she should choose. He became very friendly with her and passed all the days of his

visit in constant attendance upon her. She dubbed him her "frog" and kept him at her heels for a week, until his distrust of her real intentions was banished and he was convinced that she was actually smitten with him. Upon one occasion he was hidden behind a curtain to view her dancing, and all the courtiers pretended to be ignorant of his presence, although he was only half-hidden by the arras. In the course of the dance, the Queen posed and made signals to him in order to make him think that she desired him to be smitten with her dancing. When Alençon departed from England he flattered himself that he would have no difficulty in bending a love-sick Queen to his political designs. Little did he know his opponent. On his departure, in order to keep up the tenderness, he wrote a series of amorous letters, sufficient, says Castelnau, "to set fire to water." In his first he wrote that "he was envious of his letter which would reach her hand and that he could not write at length because he was not himself, for he was ever staunching his tears which flowed without intermission." He swore that "he would love her forever and would remain her most faithful and affectionate slave on earth." "As such on the shore of this turbid sea I kiss your feet," he concluded.

At the same time Simier sent a letter to the Queen, which runs: "Madam, I must tell you how little sleep your 'frog' had last night, for he did nothing but sigh and weep. At eight o'clock he

made me get up to talk to him of your divine beauty and of his great grief at leaving Your Majesty, the jailer of his heart and the mistress of his liberty. I expect he will have a fair voyage, unless he swell the waves with the abundance of his tears. The monkey takes the liberty of kissing your lovely hands."

Other extravagant love missives of like tenor followed in close succession and Queen Elizabeth professed herself delighted with the Duke's ardour. On both sides there were protestations of undying affection, sweet promises, and much deceit. Unfortunately, the Queen's acting was so realistic that it deceived her own subjects as well as the French, and there was lively opposition in England to the marriage, for hatred of Frenchmen was a ruling passion with most of the English.

Toward the middle of September Simier succeeded in dragging from Queen Elizabeth and her Council a draft agreement of the marriage articles, and departed for France, laden with gifts. In October of that year, 1579, the Council decided that the possible dangers exceeded the benefits of the match, and begged the Queen to state her inclination "and they would endeavour to make themselves conformable to it." Upon this, Her Majesty wept and railed at them, and reproached them for their long discussions "as if it were doubtful whether there would be more surety for her and her Realm, than if she were to marry and have a child of her own to inherit, and so to continue the

line of Henry VIII." She peremptorily ordered them not to trouble her again until afternoon. When they again approached her she blazed forth into greater indignation. Says Burleigh: "Her answers were very sharp in reprehending all such as she thought would make argument against the marriage, and though she thought it not meet to declare to them whether she would marry or not, yet she looked from their hands that they should, with one accord, have made special suit to her for the same."

Francis Bacon, like his father, was a great advocate for the celibacy of the Queen. "Female reigns," he says, "are usually eclipsed by marriage and all the glory transferred to the husband; while those Queens who live single have none to share it with them. And this was more peculiarly the case of Queen Elizabeth, for she had no supporters of the government but those of her own making,—no brother, no uncle, nor any other of the Royal family to partake her cares and assist her government. The ministers whom she advanced to places of trust she kept so tight a reign upon, and so dispensed her favours, that they were continually solicitous to please her, while she ever remained mistress of herself."

No one could discover the Queen's real intentions, but the people, who could only judge by appearances, plainly showed their intense dislike of the marriage. The Puritan Stubbs published his book entitled "A Discovery of a Gaping Gulf

wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French Marriage." Elizabeth vented her rage on the author, who had boldly told her of the dangers attendant upon marriage at her age. He was sentenced to have his hand cut off. After his right hand was cut off, he pulled off his hat with his left, and cried loudly, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" All London, like him, was opposed to the marriage and loyal to the Queen.

Meanwhile presents and love-letters continued to speed between the Courts of France and England. The Queen had quarrels with all her ministers and even her "faithful sheep" Hatton was sent into the country to rusticate for a week, because he ventured to express his dislike of the marriage. Soon Elizabeth herself began to cool a little and sent Lord Stafford to demand of Alençon some restrictions in the exercise of his religion. This rendered Henry III suspicious again, and the Duke did not prove so yielding as he had been thought. He held to the articles brought over by Simier. Catherine wrote a very affectionate letter to excuse her son's scruples, and Alençon, seeing that Queen Elizabeth stood firm, finally yielded. It was only the interests of his own fortune that had made him hold out — he had been receiving money from the Catholics in Flanders. But he would not lead an army to help the revolted Netherlands, as Elizabeth urged him to do, until he had gained the marriage, and Henry III, although ready and willing to assist him, refused to stir

until the marriage was consummated and the English Queen should openly declare herself his ally in war against Spain.

Although all Europe was alarmed by the apparent increase of Spanish power through Philip's conquest of Portugal, the French King ignored Queen Elizabeth's constant exhortations that it was his special duty to check the encroachments of Philip and persisted in his refusal to stir without the marriage. In this year, 1580, the match was generally belived to be abandoned, but the Queen saw the necessity of keeping up the farce if she was to have her way with the French King, so she concluded another treaty of marriage, but with the proviso that she should be allowed six weeks for the passing of private explanations between herself and Alençon. This was granted her, and to keep up the hopes of the French, she asked the French Ambassador to fix a date for the coming of the marriage commissioners. The "frog" and the "faithful monkey" waxed ardent again, and the latter wrote: "As for your frog his flame is immortal and his love for you can never end either in this world or the next. By God, Madam, lose no more time . . . allow Monseigneur soon to approach your charms. This is the daily prayer of your monkey who kisses the shadow of your footsteps." The Queen, as was her wont, sent back sweet words, but no decisive answer. She did, however, furnish Alençon with money and urged him to make a sudden attack on the Prince of Parma,

who was besieging Cambray, near the French frontier. She was determined to make him her tool in Flanders or not have him there at all. If she failed in this, she would be satisfied with a perpetual alliance between France and England, or an open rupture between France and Spain.

Alençon, thinking that the Queen was now sincere, collected an army. His undertaking was secretly encouraged by Henry III. When Elizabeth thought they had sufficiently committed themselves she sought to evade the marriage, telling them that it must again be deferred as her subjects disapproved. She said she could only join them in a defensive alliance, but would give a "reasonable" amount of money secretly. The French King was not so far committed but what he could draw back in time to escape a heavy war, but the luckless Alençon, marching at the head of 15,000 troops, was ashamed to withdraw and had to continue on his way to Cambray.

The embassy extraordinary, consisting of 500 persons, which was sent from the Court of France to that of England, failed to win anything from the wary Queen but smiles and fair words. The Prince Dauphin of Auvergne was the chief notable in the embassy, which included many great Lords. They were met in the Thames with the greatest honours at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and landed at the Tower amid a volley of artillery. They were received by the Queen at Westminster in the vast banqueting hall, which was hung with

cloth of silver and gold. From festoons of ivy, rosemary, and flowers hung pendants of fruits and vegetables. The ceiling was painted to represent the sky with stars and sunbeams intermingled with escutcheons of the Royal arms. The entire apartment was illumined with glass lustres. Upon the elevated throne, surmounted by a silk-covered dais, sown with roses and pearls, sat Queen Elizabeth, attired in an elaborate robe of cloth of gold, ornamented with a border of diamonds and rubies. Her Majesty was surrounded by the ladies of her Court. All the members of the embassy, in rich apparel, bowed low in passing before the throne. The Queen arose as they entered, descended the dais, and, according to the custom, kissed the Dauphin on the mouth. The others she greeted with gracious words of welcome. The Dauphin, in token of respect, remained with his head uncovered, and twice the Queen bade him put on his hat, but he courteously replied that it was not meet for him to do so in her presence. The crowd was so great and the heat so stifling, that Queen Elizabeth did not remount the dais, but stood near a window opening on the Thames.

The Envoys presented to her Lansac, an artist, who had been charged by Catherine de' Medici to paint her picture. Her Majesty said, smiling, that he would have to paint her with a veil over her face so that she might not appear too old.

That day and the next was filled with entertainments, banquet followed banquet, but still no defi-

nite answer could the Envoys wring from the Queen. At a grand ball given at Whitehall, she urged a closer alliance between England and France, but refused to advance with the marriage till she had heard again from Alençon. So the embassy was forced to depart, knowing as much, and no more, of Elizabeth's intentions, as when they had started.

Walsingham complained bitterly of the situation in which he found himself as Ambassador to France. "When they (the French)" he said, "press Elizabeth to marry, she holds before them the league, and when they ask her for money, she comes back to the marriage."

When the Queen was assured that Alençon was surely coming to visit her again, she knew that she had him in her toils, and sent word that she would not allow him now even a private Mass. But Alençon felt that a personal suit might yet win for him his reluctant bride, and trusting to his powers of love-making, he made haste to cross the seas once more. He felt the more confidence because he had forced the Prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray. The determined wooer arrived early in November, 1581.

The Queen feigned to be delighted at his arrival, receiving him with smiles and blandishments, and hailing him as her "little Italian," and her "little frog Prince." In spite of his constant attendance upon her, Alençon wrote her daily love letters, filled with extravagant protestations.

The Netherlands were urging the Duke to return to them and be installed in the sovereignty. Queen Elizabeth, too, added her pressure, but he was unwilling to leave her until he had gained the marriage. For three months then she tried every means and went to great lengths to convince him of her sincerity. She told the French Ambassador to write to his master that Alençon should be her husband, and then, in the presence of her whole Court and the foreign Envoys, kissed her "Frog Prince" on the mouth, and, taking a ring from her own finger, placed it on his. This occurred on the anniversary of her Coronation and was regarded by those present as a definite pledge that she would marry Alençon. The French and the Dutch, who were promptly informed of this scene by their Envoys, showed their delight by kindling great bonfires and setting off the ordnance guns.

The English received the news in very different manner. Leicester, Hatton and Walsingham stormed and remonstrated, the ladies of the Court lamented and bewailed. Cecil alone was undismayed. "Thank God," he said, "the Queen has done all she can, it is for the country now to take the matter in hand."

Queen Elizabeth passed a sleepless night amid her weeping and wailing ladies. The next morning she sent for Alençon. She looked pale and shed a few tears. "Two more nights such as the last," she said, "would bring me to the grave." She told him she was torn by the conflicting emotions of love

and duty and that "although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people."

Alençon flung himself out of the room in a great passion, throwing the Queen's ring upon the floor, and bitterly railing against "the lightness of women and the inconstancy of islanders." He then demanded instant leave to return to the Netherlands, but Elizabeth knew she could not afford to let her rejected suitor depart in anger, so she implored him to remain, telling him she intended to marry him "at a more auspicious moment, but at present she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings."

The Duke allowed himself to be deceived again and tarried for several weeks, hoping against hope. While he lingered the Queen continued to lavish upon him endearments and the most flattering attentions, but finally, at the end of January, she resolved to be rid of her importunate wooer. Taking his hand in hers, she told him, in her sweetest voice, of her repugnance at marrying a Catholic. Thereupon he offered to become a Protestant.

"We cannot command our hearts," she answered, and, lowering her eyes, confessed that "she no longer felt the same love for him." The Duke, rendered desperate at seeing the prize on which he counted slipping from him, cried out that "he had endured all the anguishes of passion and offended the whole Catholic party for her sake and that he

would die with her rather than leave England without her."

"It is a shame for you to threaten thus an elderly woman in her own kingdom," said the Queen, indignantly. "You are a fool and you talk like a fool." At this the tears rolled down his cheeks, whereupon she gave him her handkerchief to dry them, and calmed him with a few caresses. But he understood that this was a definite dismissal and that he had proved no match for the clever Queen, who had completely bent him to her own purposes. He was ashamed to return to France without his bride or his Belgian possessions, so he accepted Elizabeth's solemn assurance that she would marry him when the "auspicious moment" should arrive, and allowed her to ship him off to the Netherlands.

Queen Elizabeth then told Sussex that "marriage had always been distasteful to her, and now she hated it more every day for reasons which she would not divulge to a twin soul, if she had one, much less to any living creature."

To hasten Alençon's departure, the Queen armed some vessels and ordered levies to be raised for him. Publicly, she affected to deeply regret his leaving her, and presented him with a gift of £25,000 to keep him good-natured. She told him that "a wound on his little finger would pierce her heart," and urged him to obtain help from Henry III against Spain. She was determined, if possible, to carry out her cherished plan of embroiling

France in a war with Spain. She forced Leicester and Hatton to attend the Duke on his journey to Holland, threatening them with dire penalties if they showed any disrespect to "the person she loved best in the world." By Leicester she sent secret instructions to the Prince of Orange to keep Alençon in the Netherlands and never to allow his return to England. She herself, however, accompanied the luckless youth as far as Canterbury and promised to marry him if he returned in a month. She took an affectionate farewell of him, wept, and even put on mourning, but really rejoiced at regaining her treasured liberty.

Tender missives still continued. The Queen wrote that "she wished her dear frog were disporting in the clear waters of the Thames rather than in the sluggish streams of Holland," and declared that she would marry him if only Henry III would keep his promise of giving aid against the Spaniards. But the French King refused to budge without the marriage, the failure of which Elizabeth now blamed him for.

Alençon rendered himself odious to the Netherlands by acts of treachery. Parma was capturing town after town, and in 1583, Alençon, full of shame at his ill-success, and dying of consumption, left Holland forever. He died a year later.

With the death of Alençon, the final curtain was rung down on the long marriage comedy, from which the Virgin Queen, as the principal actor, had derived so much amusement, security and power.

The long negotiations had brought so much advantage to England that the comedy could be dropped for all time. The once mighty Philip was broken and weak, Henry III was enervated and incapable, and Catherine de' Medici, so long the power behind the Throne, was dying. The great Protestant Queen was now firmly seated at the helm of government, whence, at the commencement of the marital drama, there was danger of her being hurled by her own Catholic subjects in conjunction with the Catholic powers on the Continent. Her popularity was unbounded among all classes of her subjects, and her power and influence were predominant in Europe.

XIV

THE CONDEMNATION OF THE QUEEN OF SCOTS

Throckmorton's plot impressed every one with the great danger in which Queen Elizabeth stood, as long as Mary continued to live. Accordingly the Privy Council drew up a "Bond of Association." The subscribers to this promised that if the Queen was murdered they would not accept any one as her successor "by whom or for whom" the assassination would be perpetrated, but, on the contrary, would "prosecute such person to death." Even Mary herself desired to be among the eager signers of the document and no one of her partisans ventured to withhold their signature. But, as this bond meant nothing without the sanction of Parliament, it was made a statute in 1585, and enacted that "any person, by or for whom rebellion should be excited, or the Queen's life attacked, might be tried by commission under the Great Seal and adjudged to capital punishment. And, if the Queen's life should be taken away, then any person, by or for whom such act was committed, should be capitally punished, and the issue of such person cut off from the succession to the Crown."

The Queen of Scots, who had no intention of waiting for Elizabeth's natural death, regarded this new decree as a bill of exclusion, and consequently grew more reckless and desperate. She found out now that James had never purposed to share his sovereignty with her, as she had fondly believed, but had actually urged the English Queen not to release her, and was enjoying an annual pension from her of £4,000.

For some time past, Walsingham had found a way of inspecting all of Mary's most secret correspondence, and he discovered in 1586 that she was actively encouraging Babington's plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. The new alliance which, after long negotiation, James had concluded in this year with the Queen of England, without making any mention of Mary's name, had highly offended the Scottish Queen, and driven her to desperate straits.

Anthony Babington was a wealthy Catholic, who had been a page to Mary when she was a prisoner at Sheffield. He was induced to place himself at the head of this dastardly plot by the persuasions of Ballard, a Catholic priest, and Savage, a ruthless desperado. This Savage — whose name seems singularly appropriate, — proposed to murder Queen Elizabeth with his own hands. But Babington, who knew that the Queen was not of the sort to fall without a struggle, insisted that the deed ought not to be intrusted to a single man, but that five others should lend their united

strength to assist Savage in assassinating the Maiden Monarch. Some of these conspirators, although they were known to be radical Catholics, were employed at Court by Queen Elizabeth, who still persisted in her reckless confidence.

The project of these unprincipled desperadoes was warmly seconded by Mendoza, who was now Spanish Ambassador in Paris, and it was hoped that at the time of the assassination the Duke of Parma would land Spanish troops in England to aid Mary. Babington intended to release the Queen of Scots himself and received from her letters, approving of the murder, planning its details, and, above all, praising Babington's coterie of hired assassins and holding out to them the prospect of large rewards.

Walsingham, through his spies, kept watch on every move of the conspirators, but allowed them to continue their plotting until he was assured by actual proof that the Queen of Scots was deeply entangled in their murderous schemes.

Elizabeth, although she preserved her usual intrepid mien, did not like the dangerous situation in which she stood, with a band of desperate fellows at large, who had sworn to take her life, and she urged the immediate arrest of Ballard and Babington. With sound good sense, she said, "it was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies, while it was in her power to do so, lest by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy, rather than manifest her trust in His protection."

But Walsingham prevailed on her to let the affair continue for a few days longer.

But when he had intercepted the letters of Mary to the French and Spanish Ambassadors asking them to procure from their masters men and money to aid her schemes, he thought it time to crush the conspiracy once for all. So he ordered the arrest of Ballard and Babington, and published accounts of the plots which aroused the people to a frenzy of alarm and indignation against all foreigners and Catholics. When Babington and several of his accomplices were brought under strong guard to the Tower, the people who followed them shouting with joy and singing psalms, testified their overwhelming delight at the Queen's escape from their snares. Bells were rung, great bonfires were kindled, and every one was filled with the most ardent devotion toward their Sovereign.

Mary was removed to Fotheringay, her papers seized and her secretaries, Nau and Curl, taken into custody. The Queen of Scots was thrown into a great rage at these acts, using very insulting language of Queen Elizabeth and demanding that her attendants protect her. Finally she was led away forcibly by Paulet, and the secretaries placed under arrest in Walsingham's house. All their papers and memoranda were examined and deciphered in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. She kept the King of Scotland informed of all the proceedings through a man named Baillx. Nau and Curl confessed the genuineness of the letters and

that they were indited by Mary. Babington also acknowledged the letters and ciphers which had passed between him and the Queen of Scots.

On September 13, 1586, seven out of the fourteen conspirators were impeached. They confessed their guilt and the whole fourteen were put to death. The lives of the two secretaries were preserved.

Many persons were dissatisfied with the composure and indifference which Queen Elizabeth manifested at this time. Walsingham complained that she would not do what was necessary for her safety and Secretary Davison desired that Burleigh should "advise her to be more circumspect of her person."

Mary was now in the position provided for in the recent statute. But Queen Elizabeth was still unwilling to bring her to trial, and the urgency of all her ministers was necessary before she would give her consent. She did not want to be forced to execute Mary, but would have been content with a private investigation, if the Scottish Queen would admit her guilt and sue, in all humbleness, for mercy.

But Mary would not humble herself and still loudly protested her innocence. A trial was therefore a necessity.

1 An English lawyer, Robert Beale, in a letter dated September 25, 1586, says: "Concerning the manner of dealing with her . . . she should be charged on two points, the actions with Norfolk,

and the conspiracy now. For I take it that she is not yet discharged of the first, the favour which has been showed her being rather a merciful suspension of Her Majesty, than a pardon or acquittal. Besides, new proofs of her guilt have since then been discovered, which may be made use of. . . . She is not an independent Queen, but subject to the laws, and from these laws she will derive advantage or suffer injury according to her behaviour, nor has she, as a prisoner of war, any right to excite conspiracies." This was one of the many and varied opinions regarding the manner of proceedings to be advanced against Mary.

A special commission in accordance with the new statute was appointed consisting of forty-five men, Peers, Privy Councillors and Justices, who went to Fotheringay to try the Queen of Scots. On October 6th Elizabeth sent a letter to her informing her that since she still protested her innocence of Babington's conspiracy and ". . . forasmuch as we find, by clear and most evident proof, that the contrary will be verified and maintained against you, we have found it therefore expedient to send unto you divers of our chief and most ancient Noblemen of this our Realm, together with certain of our Privy Council, as also some of our principal Judges, to charge you both with the privy and assent to that most horrible and unnatural attempt. . . . And therefore we do both require and advise you to give credit and make answer to that which the said honourable persons so authorized

by us, shall from time to time, during their abode there, object or deliver unto you in our name, as if it were ourself."

On the next day, Queen Elizabeth sent Burleigh and Walsingham instructions as to the course of procedure. "If Mary," she directed, "wishes to negotiate more confidentially with some than with all, this is to be permitted; as many persons may be troublesome through curiosity, or attempt to force themselves in with bad intentions, they are to decide who are to be permitted to the examinations; as also whether in case she desires to hear her servants Nau, Curl and Parker personally, to testify those things they have otherwise confessed against her, it shall be necessary to have them there, or to proceed otherwise without them."

Mary was not, however, confronted with her servants. On October 12th, the Commissioners opened their court at Fotheringay. When Mary entered the hall and saw that a throne with a canopy over it had been placed for Queen Elizabeth, though absent, and next to it a chair for herself, she became angry and declared she had a right to sit under a canopy "since she had been married to a King of France." She refused to make any answer to the charges, saying "she was a Queen, that she recognized no superior upon earth, and would answer nobody but the Queen herself." To this speech she added some other angry expressions.

When this was reported to Queen Elizabeth, she immediately wrote a letter to Mary without the

superscription of sister or cousin, as was customary. This letter is as follows:—

“ You have, in various ways and manners, attempted to take my life, and to bring my Kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded so harshly against you, but have, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you and all made manifest.

Yet it is my will that you answer the Nobles and Peers of the Kingdom as if I were myself present. I therefore require, charge and command, that you make answer, for I have been well informed of your arrogance.

Act plainly, without reserve, and you will sooner be able to obtain favour of me.

ELIZABETH.”

The Queen of Scots still refused to answer the Lords, but did tell them that “ she had tried by every means to gain her liberty, and would do so as long as she lived, but she had never plotted against the life of the Queen, or had any connection with Babington and the others for this purpose, but merely for her liberation. If Elizabeth questioned her she would tell the truth.” She admitted, however, that she had plotted with Babington to bring a foreign army into England.

After sitting two days at Fotheringay, the Commissioners adjourned their Court to Westminster, where the Queen of Scots was pronounced guilty on October 25th. The rights of her son to

the English succession were not affected by this decision. The conspirators persisted in their depositions up to the moment of their death and these agreed fully with the voluntary confessions of Nau and Curl. These affidavits, together with the letters found, proved Mary's complicity in Babington's plot, and that she had made the Pope and the King of Spain offers that would have ruined England and made it entirely dependent upon them. By her own confession, she had wished and encouraged an insurrection in the Kingdom and the landing of foreign troops.

The verdict of the Commissioners was known at once, but was not proclaimed until Parliament was consulted on October 29th. Here all the proofs were gone over again. An address was presented to Queen Elizabeth, petitioning her to consent to Mary's execution. The Speaker rehearsed the offences of the Scottish Queen and cited instances of the putting to death of an anointed Sovereign. He concluded his speech by assuring her that "her compliance with the petition would be most acceptable to God, and that her people expected nothing less of her." She gave a lengthy and ambiguous reply speaking of her great love for her people, her extreme reluctance to allow her kinswoman to be executed, in spite of the grave danger to which her own life was continually exposed through Mary's plots, and urged them to find some other expedient, besides the death of the Scottish Queen for preserving peace in the Kingdom. The

Parliament, obeying her commands, again considered the affair, but, finding no other possible expedient, renewed their solicitation, arguments and earnest entreaties, declaring that "the Queen's safety could no way be secured as long as the Queen of Scots lived," and that "mercy to her, was cruelty to them, her subjects and children." They further affirmed that it was injustice to deny the execution of the law to an individual, and far more so to the whole body of the people who were unanimously beseeching her for this proof of "her parental care and tenderness." Yet Queen Elizabeth hesitated to give her consent. In reply she complained of the difficult situation she was in, how uneasy their importunities rendered her, reiterated her professions of affection for her subjects, and then dismissed the parliamentary committee in great doubts as to what her final decision would be.

Elizabeth's reluctance to put the Queen of Scots to death seems most genuine. She was neither vindictive nor cruel, and cherished no enmity against her foes. For fifteen years, at great risk to her own life, she, and she alone, had stood between Mary and the scaffold. She was, moreover, noted for her clemency; so far in her long reign only two Nobles had been executed, although several had amply deserved it. She was singularly careless of her personal safety, appearing to take pride in employing about her person those whose intentions there was reason to suspect. She had,

too, a natural disinclination to shed the blood of an anointed Queen — a dangerous precedent — and her own kinswoman at that. Furthermore, she dreaded the undeserved censure that she clearly foresaw would be visited upon her for sanctioning what was demanded of her by her ministers and the majority of her subjects. Even now she would have preserved Mary's life and continued a target for assassination, as she had been ever since the Scottish Queen entered her Realm, without waiting for her permission, had she not been fully convinced that to do so would be an act of supreme and culpable folly. "I swear by the living God," she solemnly affirmed to the Scottish Ambassador, Sir William Keith, "that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance." But the removal of the Royal intrigante had become a State necessity, not only for the preservation of Elizabeth's life, but for the preservation of the Kingdom itself. It was impossible to spare longer the very fountain head of treason.

A warrant for the execution was drawn up after Parliament had adjourned, and all through December and January Queen Elizabeth's ministers were ceaselessly urging her to sign it. Still she delayed, she would and she would not allow justice to take its course. In the meantime the French and Scottish Ambassadors were protesting against the execution. James made some blustering, but half-hearted attempts to save his mother, but he

had learned of a plan of hers for kidnapping and disinheriting him because of his rigid Protestantism, and so he was forced to regard her as an enemy.

Finally on February, Queen Elizabeth was prevailed upon to sign the warrant in the presence of Davison, whom she had lately made co-secretary with Walsingham, and ordered him to have it sealed. What other directions she may have given him will always remain shrouded in doubt, for the four written statements of Davison and his answers at his trial differ in important details from one another, as well as from the Queen's account. Elizabeth evidently intended the execution to take place, but was reluctant to give the necessary definite orders for carrying it out. Davison admits that she managed to evade this responsibility, "For in the first place she had told me she would hear no more of the matter till it was over; she had done what the law and reason required of her . . . only she thought that it might have received a better form, because this threw the whole burden upon herself."

Here Davison, lacking positive orders, and fearing that the responsibility might be shifted upon his shoulders, laid the matter before Hatton and Burleigh, although the Queen had commanded strict secrecy, "because if it became known prematurely, her danger might be the greater." Davison's apprehensions had been roused by the directions Queen Elizabeth had sent him on the morning after she had signed the warrant. She bade him

not to have the seal affixed until she had spoken with him. When he informed her that it was already done, she said, "Why such haste?"

Burleigh assembled in his own room ten of the Privy Councillors: the Earls of Leicester and Derby, Lords Hunsdon, Cobham, and Howard of Effingham, Hatton, Walsingham, Knollys, and Davison. He told them Davison's account of what had happened at the two interviews with the Queen. They all agreed that she had done as much as honour, law, and reason could expect, and that they would, and ought to, take the remaining responsibility upon themselves without informing her. Accordingly a letter was written to the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent directing them to carry out the execution. All ten signed this letter and despatched it along with the warrant.

When the news of the execution arrived on February 9th, Burleigh and the other Councillors decided not to inform Queen Elizabeth suddenly, but gradually to prepare her for it. The whole day passed and not one of the Council ventured to tell her what had happened at Fotheringay. In the evening as the news spread, people seemed delirious with joy; bells were rung and bonfires kindled all over London and vicinity.

Queen Elizabeth asked "why the bells rang out so merrily?" When she was told the cause she remained a while in silence. Says Camden, "As soon as the report of the death of the Queen of Scots was brought to Queen Elizabeth, she heard

it with great indignation ; her countenance altered ; her speech faltered and failed her, and through excessive sorrow she stood in a manner astonished, insomuch that she gave herself over to passionate grief, putting herself into a mourning habit and shedding abundance of tears. Her Council she sharply rebuked, and commanded them out of her sight."

"Elizabeth sorroweth not a little, and greatly rebuketh the popular rejoicings, by banquetings and bonfires made throughout her Realm, for that case, and heartily wisheth that the occasion never had been given," says a contemporary writer. "The only cause for the great grief that Her Majesty hath conceived . . . is to think that she, of all Christian Princes, should be made the first author of so strange a precedent in justice, and so far discrepant and contrary to her nature, to her sex, to the manner of her life, who had always professed peace, amity, mercy and indulgence to all offenders, even her greatest enemies, so now to be driven, after the process of a long and glorious reign, to imbrue her hands in the blood of a Queen, a kinswoman, a prisoner of so many years' preserving, of which to lose all the thanks and glory in a day must needs be very grievous. Besides, Her Majesty seeking all the days of her life to get good renown by clemency and lenity, to make herself in the end famous by an action of so apparent cruelty and by so dolourous a sentence as no heart that was not made of marble or flint or not suffi-

ciently informed of the said lady's evil merits, but might worthily seem to mourn and take to ruth."

Queen Elizabeth was naturally infuriated that ten of her Council had dared to take matters into their own hands and act independently of her commands. She was all the more angry because she realized that they had joined together in self-defense. For a time she forbade Burleigh to enter her presense and did not receive him into favour again until he had written the most abject letters, entreating her forgiveness. Walsingham, too, came in for a large share of her anger and complained to Leicester "behind my back Her Majesty giveth out very hard speeches of myself, which I the easier credit, for that I find in dealing with her I am nothing gracious; and if Her Majesty could be otherwise served, I should not be used. Her Majesty doth wholly bend herself to devise some further means to disgrace her poor Council that subscribed, and in respect thereof she neglecteth all other causes."

The heaviest burden of blame fell upon the luckless Davison for revealing to the Council what he had been commanded to keep secret, and for giving up to them the warrant which had been entrusted to his special care. For these offences, he was stripped of his offices, tried before a special commission, sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and imprisoned for a time in the Tower.

About this time Burleigh writes: "Her Majesty was altogether ignorant of the deed (the exe-

cution of Mary) and not privy thereto until a reasonable time after the same was done. Besides her royal solemnly given word that she is ignorant of this transaction, there are many proofs which testify her dislike to the measure. . . . Now for the time and manner of the fact done she was also ignorant, and so all of her Council that had any knowledge thereof did afterwards confess, that though they were abused by one of the Council, being her secretary, whose office was in all affairs to deliver unto their knowledge Her Majesty's liking and misliking, yet in very truth no one of them was able to show any other proof of knowledge of her liking but the report colourably uttered by the said secretary. . . . She fell into such grief of mind, and that accompanied with vehement unfeigned weeping, as her health was greatly impaired. And then she charged all her Councillors most bitterly that were privy thereto; and though they did affirm that they thought that she assented, as they were informed only by the secretary, yet she furtherwise commanded the secretary to the Tower, who confessed his abuse in the report, having no such declaration to him made of Her Majesty's assent; and commanded the greater part of her principal Councillors to places of restraint, banishing a great part of them from her, notwithstanding the great need she had of their presence and service all the time; a matter seen in her Court, universally misliked to see her so greatly grieved and offended for a matter that was in jus-

tice and policy most necessary. . . . She called to her five of her judges and men learned in law, and directed them to use all means possible to examine her secretary of the grounds of his actions, and how many were privy of his abuse, and also the most part of her Privy Councillors; and to that end gave a like commission to a number of Noblemen of the Realm, though not Privy Councillors, and to the two Archbishops, and to all the chief judges of the Realm, who did very exactly proceed against the secretary, upon his own confession, in public place of judgment; and did likewise examine the rest of the Council upon sundry interrogations, tending to burden them as offenders, and finding no proof against them of anything material, but of their credulity to the secretary, the judges of the commission only proceeded against the secretary for his imprisonment in the Tower, and a fine of 1000 marks for his contempt against Her Majesty, the process of which sentence is to be publicly seen in the Court of Chancery."

Davison's principal defense consisted in his statement that he believed the danger to Her Majesty's person was so imminent by her allowing Mary to live that "he was provoked in his conscience to procure justice to be done without Her Majesty's consent or knowledge." The Earl of Sussex spoke in Davison's favour to Queen Elizabeth and told her how patiently he bore his punishment. She seemed affected at hearing this,

praised his former conduct, but would make no promises to restore him to favour. On another occasion she said to Burleigh, "I can do nothing for Davison without exciting suspicion that he is innocent."

James was, at first, very angry at hearing of his mother's execution, but he was soon appeased, for his own interests drew him close to the English Queen and his subjects gave him but little sympathy. But Queen Elizabeth, apprehensive lest a coalition should be formed against her by Spain, Scotland, and France for the invasion of England, sought to pacify their respective Courts by writing them letters in which she vehemently protested her grief and indignation at the execution of the Queen of Scots. The relations of Mary, especially the Duke of Guise, spoke so violently against Queen Elizabeth that Unton, the English Ambassador at Paris, challenged him three times to a duel. The Duke, however, was more active with his tongue than with his sword and did not care to fight for his opinions.

Chateaufort, the French Ambassador, in a report to Henry III writes: "I did not wish to speak of the Queen of Scotland; but Queen Elizabeth seized my hand, and led me into a corner of the apartment, and said, 'Since I have seen you, I have met with the greatest vexation and the greatest misfortune that has happened to me in the whole course of my life; I mean the death of my cousin.' She swore by God, and with many

oaths that she was innocent of it. She said the sentence had indeed been signed by her, but only to quiet her subjects, and on the same ground she had withstood the intercession of the French and Scottish Ambassadors. 'But in truth,' she went on, 'I never intended that she should be executed; only if a foreign army had been landed in England, or an insurrection had broken out in favour of Mary, in such case, I confess I might perhaps have suffered her to die, but never in any other case. My Councillors, among others four who are now in my presence, have played me a trick, whereof I cannot quiet myself. As true as God lives, if they had not served me so long, if they had not done it in the persuasion that it would tend to the welfare of their country and their Queen, I would have had their heads cut off! Do not think that I am so malevolent as to throw the blame on an insignificant secretary if it were not so, but this death for many reasons, will be a weight upon my mind as long as I live.' "

On July 3rd, occurred at Peterborough the solemn obsequies of Mary, Queen of Scots, with many Lords, Ladies and clergymen in attendance. The Countess of Bedford acted as Queen Elizabeth's proxy, and officiated as chief mourner. The body of Queen Mary was interred on the right side of the choir, opposite the tomb of Katherine of Aragon. Prior to the funeral, the secretaries, Nau and Curl, were set at liberty and all their possessions restored to them, after they had signed

a declaration before the Council that their testimony was true “and given without force, violence or bribe.”

Thomas Wright says, in referring to the tragedy of the ill-fated Queen of Scots: “There is perhaps in all history no greater moral lesson than that furnished by these two Queens,—the one, ascending the Throne with the good-will of her own subjects, and supported by the Pope and the most powerful nations in Europe, lost her Crown by her own crimes and vices, threw disgrace on the cause she was expected to have made victorious, dragged on a large portion of her life in a prison and ended it on a scaffold; while the other, surrounded on every side by the bitterest enemies, with none but God and her own comparatively weak resources to depend upon, by her virtue and prudence, raised her Kingdom to a high state of glory, made her subjects rich and happy, and lived to see all the schemes of her enemies broken.”

NOTE.—The story, sometimes repeated, that Queen Elizabeth urged Paulet and Drury to execute Mary privately and that they refused, rests solely on the more than doubtful evidence of two letters—and *copies* at that—alleged to have passed between the secretaries, Walsingham and Davison, and Paulet. There seems no doubt that letters had passed relative to putting Mary to death, but as the real letters have never been found it is not possible to tell what manner of execution was urged. The charge that it was a private murder is based only on two alleged *copies*

of the original letters, which had probably been destroyed. These copies did not appear until 1722, when they were brought forward by Dr. George Mackenzie, a fiery partisan of Mary. He says that a *copy* of them was found among Paulet's papers and sent to him. Two years later they were printed by an Oxford Jacobite, and he too states that he got them from a *copy* sent him by a friend who copied them in 1717 from a letter-book belonging to Paulet. Then there is also a MS. *copy* of these oft-copied letters in the Harleian library, and this is full of erasements and corrections. This letter-book of Paulet's is missing as well as the originals of these two letters. These copies cleverly fit in with Davison's statement, and seem to have been constructed in 1717 for the very purpose of putting a bad meaning on the statement. (See Beesly's Queen Elizabeth.)

XV

“ THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA ”

The execution of the Queen of Scots brought on the long-threatened and inevitable war with Spain. For thirty years Queen Elizabeth had dealt her great enemy, Philip of Spain, repeated and covert attacks, just enough to cripple his power, without actually rousing him to war. If the Queen had allowed herself to be guided by the ablest of her ministers, she would have entered upon this struggle twenty-five years earlier, at a time when England was unarmed, disunited and burdened with the debts of three preceding reigns, but, with shrewd sagacity and dexterous management, she firmly and successfully staved off the final contest until England had reached a summit of prosperity and strength never before attained to. During all these years of expectation, the English Queen had been steadily bettering the condition of the country, paying off the debts of her predecessors, amassing a modest surplus, enrolling and training a large militia and creating a navy, which, though it would be considered small in these days, aroused the admiration of her subjects. Henry VIII was the only Sovereign who

had any idea of maintaining a navy, but, under Edward and Mary, this, like everything else, went to ruin. So the royal navy was fairly created by Elizabeth, and proved adequate for all her purposes. These ships, which were under the personal supervision of the Queen, were kept in excellent trim and were ready for active service at short notice. The Queen, though economical in this, as in other respects, raised the wages of the officers and sailors and saw that everything was kept in readiness for action. At the time of the Armada, however, some terrified persons seemed to fear that there was undue economy exercised in regard to the navy.

While Queen Elizabeth was arming and strengthening England, she was at the same time arousing the ire of Philip by the encouragement she gave to his Netherlands rebels and her tacit consent to Drake and other rovers of the sea, when they attacked Spanish vessels and carried off their treasure. In addition to these other incentives, Philip was urged on by the Pope to depose the excommunicated Queen of England, and he would have declared war long before he did, had it not been for the condition of his decreasing treasury, his disputes with France, and the rebellion in the Netherlands. But now the Scottish Queen had bequeathed to him her claim to the English Throne and urged him, with her last message, to make the threatened invasion, and so the vessels and troops which were collected in the Spanish ports,

presumably to send against the Netherlands, were now openly directed toward England.

Philip's determination immediately to invade England was intensified by an exploit of Sir Francis Drake, who sailed boldly into Cadiz harbour and destroyed over eighty of Philip's vessels. He then sailed to the coast of Portugal and defied the Spanish Admiral to come out and engage in a naval battle with him, and finally returned home laden with spoils. These piratical ventures of Drake and other daring seamen had long been winked at by the Queen and her ministers. But Philip, thinking that the preparations for his gigantic armament were now sufficiently in progress to intimidate the Maiden Majesty of England, sent her by his Ambassador insulting conditions of peace in the form of a Latin tetra-stich. The following English rendering has been given:*

“ Belgic rebels aid no more,
Treasures seized by Drake restore;
And whate'er thy sire o'erthrew,
In the Papal Church renew.”

But little did Philip know the fearless spirit of the “lioness of the Tudors.”

“Ad Graecas, bone rex, fient mandata Kalendas,” was the contemptuous message she sent back. The popular translation of it is:

* Miss Strickland's Queen Elizabeth.

“Mighty king, lo, this thy will
At latter Lammas we'll fulfil.”

The literal version is, “Good king, your command shall be fulfilled at the Greek Kalends.” Now as the Greeks never reckoned by Kalends, Queen Elizabeth's bold and witty reply could only be taken as a veritable challenge, and so Philip took it.

The Pope, Sixtus V, in the hope of depriving the Queen of the allegiance of her Catholic subjects, reiterated the edict of excommunication passed upon her by his predecessors and proclaimed that Papal Europe should start a crusade against the intrepid champion of Protestantism. Queen Elizabeth was urged to avert a probable Catholic revolt by massacring the leading men of that belief throughout the Kingdom. But she turned with horror from the proposition, refusing, too, to confine a large number of them as was also suggested. Her clemency and wisdom were rewarded by the zeal with which the Catholics rallied to her support.

While warlike preparations were being made on both sides, Elizabeth continued her long negotiations with Spain in regard to the Netherlands. She had no intention of betraying her Dutch allies to Philip, but she was willing to make peace, if he would grant to the Protestants of the Netherlands the same toleration that she allowed her own Catholics. They were not to be interrogated

about their religion, but there was to be no public worship or converting. The old constitution was to be revived, which would necessitate the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The Queen sincerely wished the Dutch Provinces to return to their allegiance, if she could persuade or force Philip to grant them the liberties which they had formerly enjoyed. It is greatly to Elizabeth's credit that she never sought to involve her subjects in the expenses of needless war, but always desired peace when it did not mean the surrendering of any important interest. The English honoured her now for her persevering attempts at reconciliation with their old ally. They had good reason to be confident that she would sacrifice no important advantage and would strike back, as she always had, if hostile designs were intended. As Philip was not wise enough to grant the concessions she asked for, but instead began to show himself openly aggressive, she went on preparing for war against him. Nevertheless, it was painful for Queen Elizabeth to see the money that she had carefully accumulated by strict economy swallowed up in the ceaseless vortex of military expenditure, and she doled out with a reluctant hand an amount that was barely adequate in some instances.

Every day fresh rumours reached London of the increase of Philip's colossal naval force, which the Spaniards had already confidently denominated the "Invincible Armada." But Queen Elizabeth, undismayed by that power by which all

the nations of Europe feared she must be overwhelmed, coolly continued her spirited plans for defense. Her forces indeed seemed very inadequate to withstand so mighty an enemy, whose whole vast Empire had now become a recruiting ground for that huge armament which was to sweep the last of the Tudors from her Throne. The highest nobility of Spain and Italy hastened to join Philip's army under the Duke of Parma, a consummate general. Troops were levied from all quarters, Spain, Italy, Germany, Flanders, the Netherlands and other places.

The Protestants of Europe regarded this invasion as the crisis which would decide the fate of their religion, and, though their distance prevented them from joining forces with the warlike English Queen, they watched with fear and admiration the undaunted mien with which she faced the gigantic armament now advancing upon the island Kingdom.

Queen Elizabeth appointed the Earl of Leicester Lieutenant General of the land forces stationed at Tilbury to protect London, Lord Hundson she placed in command of her Body Guard, but she herself was nominal general of both armies. There was widespread enthusiasm and courage among her subjects from the nobility down. The Queen began to fit out the fleet for war November 1, 1587, but set about it so vigourously that the ships were ready December 28, 1588, under the able command of Lord Howard of Effingham, whom she

made Lord High Admiral of England; Sir Francis Drake was her Vice-Admiral. On land 20,000 men were stationed along the southern coasts. The royal Body-Guard consisted of 34,000 foot and 2000 horse. Trained bands were posted all along the sea-counties to meet in arms at signals and to defend the coasts. In case the Spaniards should succeed in landing, they were to devastate that part of the country, leaving no forage for the enemy.

The Queen wrote letters to the most influential of her subjects near the sea-coast, saying that she expected on that extraordinary occasion a larger number of foot and horse, and that these must be certified to the Privy Council. The Lords of the Council, at Her Majesty's request, wrote to the nobility, bidding them provide themselves, their servants, and dependents with armour and horses.

Queen Elizabeth also directed a letter to Walsingham, Keeper of the Privy Seal, saying that "for the better understanding of the intended invasion of this Realm upon the great preparations made by the King of Spain, both by sea and land, the last year, the same having been such as the like was never prepared yet any time against this Realm," she ordered him to tell the Lieutenants of each county that she required "from her loving subjects an extraordinary aid, by way of a loan, for the defense of the country."

London willingly furnished 30 ships, with 10,000 well-armed and trained men; 30,000 more men

acted as a reserve. All ranks of people eagerly volunteered, Catholics as well as Protestants.

The army of defense was stationed at Tilbury, the ground having previously been surveyed and trenches dug. Gravesend was likewise fortified. All the shires and cities with their trained soldiers awaited hourly the pleasure of their Warrior Queen. When the soldiers were commanded to set forth for the rendezvous at Tilbury, they marched cheerfully, bravely, and full of eagerness to attack the Spaniards. In the warlike enthusiasm of the moment, Queen Elizabeth was led into the extraordinary act of bestowing knighthood on a woman, Mary, the wife of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley of Vale Royal, who had expressed her martial aspirations in loyal and valiant terms at that time.

On May 29th, 1588, the "Invincible Armada" sailed proudly forth from the Bay of Lisbon, confident of victory. Off Cape Finisterre a storm from the west did much damage to the tall, unwieldy galleons, and compelled their inexperienced commander, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, to withdraw into the harbour of Corunna to repair his shattered fleet. This catastrophe was reported in England as the complete destruction of the armament. Queen Elizabeth, yielding to her love of economy, ordered Lord Admiral Howard to dismount at once four of her largest ships of war. But Lord Howard was not so sanguine of victory as his Sovereign, so he generously promised to defray the expenses with his own purse, and retained

the vessels. On July 19th, after long and anxious watching, Howard was informed that the Armada was rounding Lizard Point, so he at once left the harbour, and hastened forth to meet it on the high seas. "The next day," writes Camden, "the English descried the Spanish ships, with lofty turrets, like Castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being, as it were, tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning with the weight of them." While Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher gallantly and stoutly attacked the ponderous squadron, England's fearless Queen, by her courageous bearing, inspired her subjects with intense enthusiasm and eager desire to fight.

Queen Elizabeth's ardent wish was to proceed in person to the coast in order to be the first to repel the invaders, in case they should effect a landing. She was finally persuaded from this by the entreaties of her Council and took up her residence at Havering Bower, centrally located between the van and the rear of her army, and at a convenient distance from London.

On July 30, 1588, the massive galleons came sweeping proudly up the Channel where they were attacked in the rear by the English ships coming out from their harbours. The Spaniards had the advantage in number, size, and equipment, but the English vessels though smaller, were swifter and more easily managed than the floating castles of

King Philip. The Queen's ships, of which there were 34, did almost all the work. During the Channel fight there was no unfavourable weather or tempestuous wind.

\ The grandest moment of Queen Elizabeth's life has been held to be that day on which she rode, in martial array, to visit her loyal camp at Tilbury, while her gallant sailors were boldly assailing the Spaniards on the high seas. Between the fort and the camp, Sir Roger Williams at the head of 2000 horse, met Her Majesty. He divided his troops into two divisions, one to go before her and the other behind to guard her person, and then, together with 2000 foot soldiers, conducted her to a house about three miles from the camp, where she was to pass the night.

\ On the next morning, the Maiden Monarch, clad in the grim accoutrements of war, with a marshal's staff in her hand, and mounted upon a handsome charger, rode majestically before the camp, and presented herself to the army assembled there to receive her. She had forbidden any of her retinue to follow her, and was attended only by the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Ormond, who bore the Sword of State before her. She rode bareheaded and was followed by a page, carrying her white-plumed helmet. Upon her breast she wore a steel corselet, and beneath it descended an enormous farthingale. As the Warrior Queen, like Boadicea of old, rode between the lines, with smiling and intrepid countenance, reigning in her

spirited charger with majestic grace, she was received with loud acclamations and thunders of applause. "Her presence and princely encouragement, Bellona-like," writes Camden, "infused a second spirit of love, loyalty, and resolution into every soldier in her army, who, being as it were, ravished with their Sovereign's sight, that as well commanders as common soldiers quite forgot the fickleness of fortune and the chance of war, and prayed the Spaniards might land quickly."

As soon as Queen Elizabeth could make herself heard above the thunderous acclamations, she addressed her troops in the following royal and courageous speech: "My loving people,—we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but I do assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all — to lay down for my God and for my Kingdoms and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a King — and a King of England, too, and think foul scorn

that Parma, or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my Realm; to which rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms — I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a Prince, they shall be duly paid you. For the meantime, my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, than whom never Prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over the enemies of my God, of my Kingdoms, and of my people.”

As Queen Elizabeth finished this inspiring address, the applause and acclamations grew deafening, and the soldiers responded by unanimously exclaiming, “Is it possible that any Englishman can abandon such a glorious cause, or refuse to lay down his life in defense of this heroic Princess?” Among that whole armed multitude there seemed not one whose heart did not glow with fervent devotion to his dauntless Queen and a firm determination to die, if need be, for her sake, when he saw her there in the midst, her woman’s breast sheathed in the warrior’s steel and heard her stirring speech. In a letter of Leicester’s written about this time, he says, “The Queen so inflamed the hearts of her good subjects as I think

the weakest person amongst them is able to match the proudest Spaniard that dares land in England." Lord Burleigh in a letter to Leicester writes: "She is very careful, as a good natural Prince, although in such a case as this, somewhat too scrupulous, to have her people adventured in fights"—yet she fearlessly exposes herself at the head of her troops, he complains.

\ Cheering reports were sent in of Her Majesty's fleet, but there were grave apprehensions that the Duke of Parma with the Flemish armament and navy was planning to land in England. However, in a rigorous contest in the narrowest part of the Channel between Calais and Dover, a number of the heavy Spanish vessels were sunk or driven ashore on the coasts of France and Flanders, and the news of Parma's coming was found to be false. The Armada then attempted to seek a haven at Calais, but the wind had risen to such a gale that they could not anchor there nor in the harbours of Flanders. A few days later, the "Invincible Armada," broken, scattered, and its best commanders lost, was being driven far to the north by the tempestuous wind behind it. One part of the English fleet returned to the Channel to guard it from other attacks, while another part under Lord Howard pursued the shattered pride of Spain as far as was consistent with safety and the want of ammunition, for the heavy drains made on the treasury by the expenses of war were distressing to Queen Elizabeth, and she had doled out

but a limited supply of military stores to her gallant sailors. In the wild storm that was raging, the Spanish fleet, reduced from 150 ships to 120, attempted to reach Spain by a desperate voyage around the north of Scotland and Ireland, where many of the towering galleons were dashed to pieces on the reefs. Finally, one-third of that vast fleet which had set sail so confidently, and considerably less than one-third of its men, reached home again. The losses of the English were extraordinarily small; in the first seven days of the Channel fight, they lost hardly a man; in the last battle they lost about 60 men and one ship, and that not one of the Queen's. Of all the Nobles who served in the fleet, it is not recorded that one of them was even wounded. For the next ten years the war with Spain was continued, but the English were almost invariably successful and the military prestige of Spain was lessened.

Upon the Queen's return from Tilbury, she was met at her landing at Westminster by great crowds of Noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied her to St. James Palace, and, for many days after, entertained her with martial pageants, tournaments, and tilts. The whole Kingdom was in a delirium of joy and gratitude. Special services were held in all the churches in honour of the victory. November 17th was enthusiastically celebrated, both because of the victory and, especially, because it was the anniversary of Her Majesty's accession. Queen Elizabeth was to have

been present at the celebration, but for some reason was unable to attend.

\ Medals were struck off and money was coined in commemoration of the defeat of the "Invincible," some with the picture of a fleet flying under full sail, with the inscription, "Venit, vidit, fugit — It came, it saw, it fled." Others in special compliment to the Virgin Queen, bore the picture of the English ships scattering the Spanish fleet, with this motto, "Dux femina facti — a woman the leader of the enterprise." Scholars at home and abroad commemorated the victory of England's Maiden Queen in triumphal poems written in all languages. James Aske wrote an especially long poem in honour of the Queen's victories over all her enemies from the beginning of her reign. It is entitled "Elizabetha Triumphans," and a part of it runs:

"So dear a darling is Elizabeth,
Renowned Queen of this renowned land,
Renowned land, because a fruitful soil:
Renowned land through people of the same,
And thrice renowned by this her Virgin Queen,
A Maiden Queen, and yet of courage stout,
Through wisdom rare, for learning passing all."

Queen Elizabeth bestowed a pension on Lord Admiral Howard, her brave kinsman, and told him that "she considered him and his officers as persons born for the preservation of their country." The other commanders and captains she greeted

kindly by name whenever she saw them, telling them that they were men who "deserved praise from her and the country." The soldiers and seamen who were wounded or poor she relieved with large pensions.

On Sunday, November 24th, Queen Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's to celebrate the national triumph. She was attended by the members of the Privy Council, a great number of Lords, spiritual and temporal, the French Ambassador, heralds and trumpeters, all mounted on horseback. Her Majesty rode in a "chariot-throne," with a rich canopy overhead, on top of which was the crown imperial, and on two pillars in front were a lion and a dragon, supporting the arms of England. The splendid chariot was drawn by two white horses, and surrounded by footmen and pensioners; behind it rode the Earl of Essex, the Master of the Horse, leading the Queen's palfrey of State, richly caparisoned; after him rode a great number of ladies of honour and on each side of them walked the Guard, in magnificent coats, carrying halberds.

When the Queen reached Temple Bar, an officer of the Privy Chamber gave her "a jewel containing a crapon or toadstone set in gold." She accepted this very graciously, and said it was the first gift she had received that day. A little later, she was presented with a book, called "The Light of Britain." At Temple Bar, the Mayor and Aldermen, in their scarlet robes, received and welcomed her to the city. The Mayor then mounted

his horse and rode before her, bearing the mace. The guards of the city in their uniforms stood upon elevated platforms covered with blue cloth, and saluted the Queen all the way to St. Paul's.

Between twelve and one o'clock Queen Elizabeth descended from her chariot at the great west door of the church, where she was received by the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and more than fifty other ecclesiastics, all in gorgeous copes, for the magnificent vestments of the Roman Catholic church were still used on great festival occasions. As the Queen entered the church her train was borne by the Marchioness of Winchester. Her Majesty knelt down and offered hearty thanks to God; when her prayers were finished, she was conducted under a rich canopy, through the west aisle to her traverse in the choir, the clergy singing the Litany. When this was ended, she was attended to a closet especially constructed for her use, on the north wall of the church, toward the pulpit cross. After hearing a sermon by the Bishop of Salisbury, Her Majesty went back through the church to the Bishop's Palace where she dined. She returned to her residence at Somerset House in the manner of her starting, but with the addition of a great number of lighted torches. On this same day, prayers and psalms were appointed to be said for the victory in all the parish churches.

Bishop Goodman gives a description of Queen

Elizabeth's demeanour a few weeks after the vanquishing of the Armada.

"I did then live in the Strand," he writes, "near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there was a report (it was then December, about five and very dark) that the Queen was gone to Council, and I was told, 'If you will see the Queen, you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the Court gates were set open, and no man hindered us from coming in; there we staid an hour and a half, and the yard was full, there being a great number of torches, when the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried —

"'God save Your Majesty!'

"And the Queen turned to us and said, 'God bless you all, my good people.'

"Then we cried again, 'God save Your Majesty!' And the Queen said again to us, 'Ye may well have a greater Prince, but ye shall never have a more loving Prince.' And so the Queen and the crowd there, looking upon one another a while, Her Majesty departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk of what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would all adventure our lives in her service."

XVI

QUEEN ELIZABETH REVISITS OXFORD

On Friday, September 22, 1592, Her Majesty rode in a splendid open chariot to Godstow Bridge, about a mile from the City of Oxford. Here she was met by the Vice-Chancellor, the heads of the colleges, the Proctors and Beadles, all on foot and attired in their gowns, according to their degrees.

The Queen stopped her chariot, and the Vice-Chancellor went through the usual ceremony of handing the beadles' staffs to the Sovereign, who handed them back and announced her willingness to listen to a speech "so that it were not too long, on account of the foulness of the weather."

Then the representatives of the University, who were all upon their knees, rose, and the Senior Proctor delivered a short oration, showing "what great joy the University had conceived by Her Majesty's approaching so near unto them, and that in the name of the whole body, for the better manifesting of their dutifulness, he was to yield up unto Her Majesty, the liberties, privileges, houses, colleges, temples, goods, with themselves also, and whatsoever they were by Her Majesty's goodness possessed of, with their most instant and dutiful

prayers for the long and blessed preservation of Her Highness."

From here, the Queen and her train rode on to within half a mile of Oxford where they were received by the Mayor and Aldermen. The Recorder of the city made a speech of welcome and presented the Royal visitor with "a silver-gilt cup with sixty angels therein."

As Queen Elizabeth entered the city, riding between rows of scholars drawn up on both sides of the streets, she was received by the people with enthusiastic acclamations, testifying to their loyalty and devotion; while the students loudly shouted "Vivat Regina — long live the Queen!" and handed her orations and verses in writing, for which she thanked them briefly in Latin, and gave them her blessing. The Greek Reader made a lengthy speech in Greek, and Her Majesty listened to this with gracious attention.

From here she passed on to her lodgings in Christ Church, still riding through the double rows of scholars in their gowns, silken hoods and caps.

On Saturday between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, Her Majesty, attended by her retinue, went to St. Mary's Church. She rode in her richly decorated carriage of State, and the Nobles followed on horseback.

Upon reaching the church, Queen Elizabeth took her seat under a crimson canopy upon an elevated platform specially erected for her at the east end

of the buildings near the choir. "A Philosophy act was provided for Her Highness." The proceedings were opened by Her Majesty, who gave the command, "Incipiatis."

Then the Proctors, after three low bows to their Sovereign, set forth the questions to be answered. The Answerer, who was the Orator of the University, consumed half an hour in his responses, at which the Queen showed visible signs of weariness and impatience. When the Proctors, according to the custom, said to the Replier, "Procede, Magister — proceed Master," Her Majesty, thinking this was addressed to the Answerer, cried, "He has been already too long."

The Replier made an oration to the Queen. In the first part of his speech, he excused his disability to speak fittingly in "that honourable presence," and then went on to discuss the questions of the debate. Elizabeth was greatly pleased with his quick, witty answers, and plainly showed her approval. The next scholar who came forward, in the excitement of the debate, forgot his bows entirely, and did not address the Queen at all, but dealt with the Answerer, as though the august visitor were not there. The last Replier made no preliminary speech either, but his apt responses so pleased Her Majesty that she commanded him in Latin to continue his argument, even after the Proctors had cut him off.

The Master of Martin College ended the questions by a long speech, thanking the Queen, "for

her great patience in listening” and concluded “by a long discourse concerning such as God, by Her Highness, had bestowed upon us, and upon many foreign nations and Princes by Her Highness’ means.” After this the Queen retired to her lodgings.

During the whole of Her Majesty’s stay at Oxford, a sermon in English was preached in one of the town churches every morning at the same place and hour. Three beadles were appointed to attend upon the Sovereign whenever she appeared in public. These men, in magnificent gowns with gold chains about their necks, were placed next in order before the Sergeants-at-Arms. The entrance to St. Mary’s Church was watched by the Guard, armed with halberds, to prevent any knocking at the doors, for this was annoying to the Queen. Besides the elevated stage built purposely for Her Majesty, a lower platform was erected on two sides of the church for the debaters, but there was no platform at the west end in order to allow better air to pass to the Maiden Monarch and also to prevent any one from sitting opposite her. The Answerers, as was customary, sat in the middle of the church, and the platform of the debaters was conspicuously lower than that upon which Queen Elizabeth was seated, in regal splendour under a canopy of State. No one, save the Lord Chamberlain, the Marchioness of Winton, and two or three other favoured ladies, were allowed at the end of the stage near the Royal Presence.

On Sunday night the comedy "Bellum Grammaticale" was played before the Queen in the hall of Christ College. Although the performance was marred by poor acting, it was patiently and graciously received by Her Majesty.

On Monday, the Lords of the Privy Council, who had accompanied their Royal Mistress to Oxford, dined in the common hall of Martin's College, after which a debate on Philosophy was held. The argument was whether dissensions of the citizens were useful to the nation. The Senior Proctor took advantage of this discussion to praise the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Essex for his valiant services in the Low Countries, Portugal and Spain.

On Tuesday at three o'clock in the afternoon, Queen Elizabeth with her train, went to St. Mary's and heard a debate on Natural Philosophy. This was settled by a certain Giles Thompson of All Souls' with a learned speech. He said he would not stop to praise the Queen and her Nobles, "for that their virtues were greater than that they could be sufficiently recommended by him." The arguments of the Repliers greatly pleased the Queen.

One of the questions for discussion was "*Quod aëre magis mutantur corpora humana quam cibo et potu* — whether that the air, or meat or drink did most change man." Up rose "a merry Doctor of that Faculty, named Richard Ratcliff, going about to prove the negative, he showed forth a big, large body, a great fat belly, a side waist, all as he said,

so changed with meat and drink, desiring to see any there so metamorphosed by the air." But in spite of this novel and convincing argument, the decision went against him.

On this same day in her Presence Chamber, the Queen heard an oration by the Vice-Chancellor and was given, in the name of the whole University, two Bibles, one in Greek and the other in Latin.

On Wednesday afternoon, Her Majesty listened to disputations on Law and Divinity. The debate was closed by the Bishop of Hereford, who delivered a lengthy speech in which he "gave a petition unto Her Highness for her gracious pardon, if anything had unadvisedly passed, wherein they or any of the University had offended." In conclusion, "he gave thanks unto Her Highness in the name of the honourable Chancellor, of himself, and the rest of the Doctors, and the whole company of students for her most gracious favour in vouchsafing them again Her Highness' presence, after six and twenty years, in that place and at those exercises."

The good Bishop was so long in ending his speech that Queen Elizabeth grew exceedingly weary, and twice ordered him to cut it short, saying she intended to make a public speech herself that night. But the Bishop answered that "He could not put himself out of a set, methodical speech, for fear he should mar all, or else confound his memory." When he finally did draw his oration to a close, Her Majesty was so tired that she

promptly returned to her lodgings, without making the proposed address.

The next morning, however, she summoned the Heads of the colleges to her apartments, and spoke her mind to them in Latin. She sharply rebuked the President of Corpus Christi College "for his obstinate preciseness," and ordered him to "follow her laws and not run before them." Then she began a speech in Latin, but noticing that the Lord Treasurer Burleigh was standing on his lame foot, she hastily ordered a chair for him, and would not continue her address until she saw him seated.

This little incident, showing Queen Elizabeth's regard for her faithful minister, was commented upon by one of the Doctors as an instance of Her Majesty's ability to interrupt herself in the midst of a set speech and not be put out, a thing which the Bishop dared not try on the day before.

After her speech, the Queen talked with the Vice-Chancellor and the Doctors a little while, and then dismissed them.

She departed from Oxford about noon of that same day. As she set out from the University, in her coach of State, the people of the town gave her their best wishes, mingled with tears at her departure. When Her Majesty saw the eulogistic verses written in her honour, posted on the walls of the colleges, she graciously nodded and smiled to the scholars who were lustily shouting "Vivat Regina!"

After she heard a lengthy farewell oration de-

livered by the Junior Proctor, she gave many thanks, and, as she rode away, looked back wistfully at the University, saying in Latin, "Farewell, farewell, dear Oxford, God bless thee, and increase thy sons in number, holiness, and virtue."

XVII

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN

Queen Elizabeth always began the day by assiduous attendance at prayers, after which she would busy herself with affairs of State. She was an indefatigable worker and used to rise before dawn every morning to transact business with her Secretaries of State and other officials. She then caused orders in Council, proclamations, and all other public papers to be read, and gave orders concerning each of them, which were set down in brief notes by herself or her Secretaries. When she had finished her State duties, she would take a walk in a shady garden, or, if it was rainy and windy, in a long gallery, with no attendants but a few learned men in whose conversation she delighted. She took especial pleasure in talking with scholarly travellers, of whom she asked many questions concerning the government and customs abroad. After her walk or a frugal meal Her Majesty generally took her coach, and before the eyes of her admiring subjects, rode to neighbouring groves and fields or sometimes to hunt or hawk. Scarcely a day passed in which she did not spend a portion of it reading history or pursuing some

other serious study. All through her life she took delight in reading and translating Latin and Greek authors. Seneca's moral essays especially interested her. Sometimes she pursued her studies before her State duties, and sometimes afterward. She slept but little, ate very sparingly, seldom drank wine, and was a religious observer of fast days. She sometimes dined alone, but more often in company with a few cherished friends. In the summer time, her diet was even more frugal than customarily, and at meal time she would always have the windows wide open, for she was a lover of fresh air.

When she dined in public, her table was magnificently served, and there were many side tables adorned with costly plate. There was an especial show of regal splendour when she entertained foreign Ambassadors. At these times many of the highest nobility waited upon her very reverentially, but she was served at all times on the knee. At these banquets she would order vocal and instrumental music during the dinner, and afterwards all would join in a dance. Her Majesty was an exceedingly graceful dancer, and kept up this amusement, as a sort of exercise, to the end of her life.

At supper she diverted herself with her friends and attendants, drawing them into merry and pleasant conversation by her gracious affability. After supper she would often listen to a song or a piece or two played upon the lute. She would

then also admit Tarleton, a famous comedian, and other such men, encouraging them to tell her stories of the town, what had happened there, and some sprightly jests they had heard; but she always showed strong displeasure at sarcastic jokes aimed at any one present, or at unseemly tales. Tarleton, however, pointed so many ill-natured thrusts at Raleigh and Leicester that the Queen finally forbade him or any of her jesters to come near her table.

In the evening she frequently recreated herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. She often played at cards, and, if she won, always asked for the money. When she retired to her Privy Chamber, she was attended by married ladies of the nobility, chief among whom were the Marchioness of Winchester, the widowed Lady Warwick, and her own kinswoman, Lady Scrope. Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Her Majesty's cousin, Lord Admiral Nottingham, and Raleigh, were the chief ones who had entrée to this apartment. When Queen Elizabeth felt herself becoming sleepy, she dismissed those who were present with kindness and dignified grace, and then went to rest. Some lady of high rank, who enjoyed her favour and esteem, always slept in the same chamber with her; and besides the guards who were constantly on duty outside the Royal bedchamber, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next room to wake her if any disturbance occurred.

“ She loved a prudent and moderate habit in her private apartments and conversation with her own servants; when she appeared in public, she was ever richly adorned with the most valuable clothes, set off again with much gold and jewels of inestimable value, and on such occasions she ever wore high shoes that she might seem taller than indeed she was. On the first day of Parliament, she would appear in a robe embroidered with pearls, the royal crown on her head, the golden ball in her left hand, and the sceptre in her right; and, as she never failed then of the loud acclamations of the people, so she was ever pleased with it, and went along in a kind of triumph with all the ensigns of majesty. The Royal name was ever venerable to the English people, but this Queen’s name was more sacred than any of her ancestors. In the furniture of the Palace she ever affected magnificence and extraordinary splendour. . . . She was a true lover of jewels, pearls, all sorts of precious stones, gold and silver plate, rich beds, fine couches and chariots, Persian and Indian carpets, statues, medals, etc., which she would purchase at great prices. . . . At Hampton Court she had caused her naval victories against the Spanish to be worked in fine tapestries and laid up among the richest pieces of her wardrobe.” *

Queen Elizabeth was very watchful of the morals of her Court, and dismissed from her service ladies who erred in this respect. She also visited her

* Bohun.

strong displeasure upon gentlemen of easy morals, often delaying the promotion of otherwise deserving men until they reformed.

The ceremonial of the Virgin Court was like that of the East. No person of any rank ventured to address the Queen except upon their knees. All the ministers of State did likewise during their business hours, with the exception of Burleigh, who was excused from this when he grew old and infirm.

Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited England toward the close of Her Majesty's reign, gives an interesting description of Queen Elizabeth and her Court. He had the privilege of watching the Queen as she proceeded to chapel.

“First,” he writes, “went gentlemen, Barons, Earls and Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed, next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two: one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the Sword of State, in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards: next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic, her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled, her eyes small, yet black and pleasant, her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their too great use of sugar), she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops, she wore false hair, and that red, upon her head she had a small crown. . . . Her bosom was uncovered as all English ladies have it till they marry, she had

on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels, her hands were small, her fingers long. Her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, and her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads, her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness, and instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. . . . She spoke very graciously, first to one and then to another, whether foreign ministers or those who attended her for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian, for, besides being well-skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling, now and then she raises some with her hand. . . . A Bohemian Baron had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her. . . . she was guarded on each side by Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned acclamations of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with, 'I thank you, my good people.' "

Hentzner then goes on to describe the ceremony at Her Majesty's dinner table. Those who brought in the dishes kneeled three times before placing them on the table.

"At last came an unmarried lady and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in most graceful manner, approached the table and rubbed the plate with as much awe as if the Queen had been present."

After the dishes had been brought in by Yeomen of the Guard, bare-headed and clad in scarlet, they were received by a gentleman, and placed on the table "while the lady-taster gave to each of the Guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought for fear of any poison."

During all this formality "twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court. The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants, and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

Sir John Harington, in a letter to Mr. Robert Markham, written three years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, says of his Royal godmother:

“Her mind was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the westerly point in a summer’s morn; ’twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections, and her subjects did try to show all love to her commands; for she would say ‘her state did require her to command what she knew her people would willingly do from their own love to her.’ Herein did she show her wisdom fully; for who did choose to lose her confidence or who would withhold a show of love and obedience when their Sovereign said it was their own choice and not her compulsion? . . . Again she could put forth such alterations when obedience was lacking, as left no doubtings whose daughter she was. . . . Her Highness was wont to soothe her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at Council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition; she did much admire Seneca’s wholesome advisings, when the soul’s quiet was flown away, and I saw much of her translations thereof.

“On the morrow every one did come forth in her presence and discourse at large, and, if any had dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say ‘The Queen did fish for men’s souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her net-work.’ In truth, I am sure her speech was such as none could refuse to take delight in when forwardness did not stand in the way.

I have seen her smile, soothe with great semblance of good liking to all around, cause every one to open his most inward thought to her, when, on a sudden, she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, draw them out as occasion required, and sometimes disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part and by this fishing, as Hatton said, she caught many poor fish, who little dreamed what snare was laid for them. . . . We did all love her, for she said she loved us, and much wisdom she showed in this matter. She did well temper herself towards all at home. . . . As I did bear so much love toward Her Majesty, I know not well how to stop my tales of her virtues and sometimes her faults, for 'nemo nascitur sine,' saith the poet — no one is born without faults; but even her errors did seem great marks of surprising endowments. When she did smile, it was a pure sunshine that every one did choose to bask in if they could, but anon, came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike. I never did find greater show of understanding and learning than she was blest with."

XVIII

THE FALL OF ESSEX

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose rash disobedience and base ingratitude embittered the last years of Queen Elizabeth's life, was the son of that Dowager Countess of Essex, who married the Earl of Leicester. Young Essex was born in 1567, and, at an early age, was attracted to the Court, where his handsome person and courtly manners, when he chose to have them so, drew upon him the favour of the Queen, who lavished on him the affection of a fond mother for a spoiled child. For, like a spoiled child, he pleaded and sulked when his every wish was not immediately gratified. He repaid the Queen's regard for him by such disobedience and insolence as no one else would have ventured to address to their imperious Sovereign. He frequently made secret and unauthorized departures from Court, and his favourite method of restoring himself to the Queen's favour after one of these stolen trips, or after a bitter disagreement with his Royal Mistress, was to feign illness and take to his bed. Elizabeth, who always showed great sympathy with all the ailments of her courtiers and ministers of State, was often imposed upon in this fashion.

At the time of one of Essex's unauthorized military expeditions, Queen Elizabeth, with her own hand, wrote him a letter which was a strange mixture of displeasure and affection. No one but the presumptuous young Earl could have hoped to escape severe punishment for his offense, for he had fled from the Court without even informing the Queen of his intentions to do military service in France; much less did he wait for her permission, but abandoning to the four winds his important duties as Her Majesty's Master of the Horse, literally ran away, like a naughty school boy, to pamper to his taste for martial glory.

The letter from Queen Elizabeth is as follows:—

Essex:

Your sudden and undutiful departure from our presence and your place of attendance, you may easily conceive how offensive it is, and ought to be, unto us. Our great favours bestowed upon you without deserts hath drawn you thus to neglect and forget your duty; for other construction we cannot make of these your strange actions. Not meaning therefore to tolerate this your disordered part, we gave directions to some of our Privy Council to let you know our express pleasure for your immediate repair hither, which you have not performed as your duty doth bind you, increasing thereby greatly your former offence and undutiful behaviour in departing in such sort without our privity, having so special office of attendance and charge near our person. We do therefore charge and command you forthwith upon receipt of these our letters, all excuses and delays set apart, to make your

present and immediate repair unto us, to understand our further pleasure. Whereof see you fail not, as you will be loth to incur our indignation and will answer for the contrary at your uttermost peril.

The 15th of April, 1589.

Even the wilful Essex dared not disobey these strict commands, but set sail for England in all haste. The primary cause of the Queen's peremptory letter to the Earl was the report she had heard of the reckless manner in which he exposed himself in battle. She often remarked, "We shall have this young fellow knocked on the head as foolish Sidney was, by his own forwardness," and her anxiety did not cease until she heard that the object of her solicitude was actually on the way home. To his great astonishment she received him graciously, being pleased no doubt, with his unexpected and certainly unusual obedience. For a week Her Majesty entertained him at Court with feasting and merriment and then, to satisfy his war-like aspirations, gave him leave to return to his military command.

Essex's secret marriage to the widow of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, threw Queen Elizabeth into a transport of rage. To mollify his Sovereign's anger, the newly made husband seemed quite content that his wife should live in retirement at her mother's house, while he angled for high positions of command and was insolent to his Queen, and impatient of all restraint which delayed

him in his ambitious designs of attaining the highest place in the Realm by long leaps. Although he was distinguished for reckless valour in expeditions against the Spaniards and as Commander of the English army in France, he showed but little real knowledge of military tactics. Queen Elizabeth's regard for him soon waned on account of his arrogant and rebellious behaviour toward her, and his violent jealousy whenever she bestowed a favour upon others more deserving than he. When Her Majesty heard that Essex had actually fought a duel with Sir Charles Blount because she had granted him some boon, she cried, angrily, "By God's death, it were fitting some one should take him down and teach him better manners or there were no rule with him."

His greatest enemy at Court was the new Secretary of State, the second son of Lord Burleigh, Sir Robert Cecil. He possessed talents similar, though inferior, to his father's, and, in spite of his ugly and deformed appearance, had succeeded, by dint of courtier-like tact and untiring perseverance, in recommending himself to the good graces of his dainty Sovereign, who had such an antipathy to ugly men. Cecil took pains to foment, as far as lay in his power, every quarrel between the Queen and Essex.

The climax of Essex's rude insolence to the Queen's person culminated in an act that approached dangerously near high treason, and would probably have been so regarded by a less indulgent

Sovereign. A heated debate was held one day in the Royal cabinet over the selection of a suitable man to fill the difficult post of Lord Deputy to Ireland. No one was present but Her Majesty, the Lord Admiral, Sir Robert Cecil, the Clerk of the Seal, and Essex. The Queen named Sir William Knollys, a relative of hers and uncle to Essex, as the most suitable person. But Essex, knowing that this appointment would be pleasing to both the Cecils, vehemently and indiscreetly opposed it, insisting that Sir George Carew be sent instead. As Essex was jealous of Carew and had long wished to rid the Court of him, his now warm advocacy of him, together with the domineering fashion in which he presumed to override the Queen's opinion, called down upon him a sarcastic reproof from Her Majesty. Upon this, Essex, completely forgetting the respect due to his Sovereign, turned his back upon her with a contemptuous look.

Queen Elizabeth, losing all self-control at his unbounded insolence, gave him a sound box on the ear, and told him "to go and be hanged." Instantly the petulant Earl laid his hand on his sword with a threatening gesture, and, when the Lord Admiral stepped between him and the Queen he had insulted, he swore a great oath that he would not have taken that blow from Henry VIII, and, muttering something about "a King in petticoats," rushed from the Court in a passion.

The Lord Chancellor wrote to him and advised

him to appeal to the mercy of the Queen whom he had so offended. One might well think that Essex's own heart would have shown him the reverence due to a Sovereign and a woman of the advanced age of sixty-five, to which Queen Elizabeth had then attained. But neither did any sense of his own wrong-doing nor the Chancellor's letter elicit from the Earl anything but a rude and defiant reply. He stated that "his whole body was injured by that one blow, and having received that indignity, it were impiety in him to serve longer." He was too blinded by passion to see that the "impiety" consisted in the unpardonable insult he had offered to his forgiving Queen and benefactress.

At length, however, he appeared more submissive, and, by a continued show of contrition, obtained pardon from his offended Queen, but he never again regained her favour, for she saw now the dangerous nature of the (ingrate) she had bestowed her regard upon, and he a kinsman as well as protégé, being the great-grandson of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

Essex finally in 1599 obtained the long coveted post of Lord Deputy of Ireland. His appointment was warmly advocated by his bitter enemy, Sir Robert Cecil, who, doubtless, counted on the strong probability of his destroying himself there by his rash perversity and exaggerated egotism, exactly as he did do. The Queen gave her consent to the appointment of Essex, after long

delay, and with visible reluctance. She realized the dangers attendant upon placing the possession of an army in the hands of one whose loyalty she had every reason to doubt and one who had also contrived to become a popular favourite. So she sent her godson, Harington, to keep watch upon his actions.

Mr. Robert Markham, a kinsman of Harington, wrote to him to beware of Essex, saying, "he goeth not forth to serve the Queen's Realm, but to humour his own revenge."

Essex, in spite of his unlimited self-confidence, made a bad muddle of affairs in Ireland, and, with his usual reckless presumption, disobeyed the Queen's express commands. He further increased her ire by knighting some of his followers, among them John Harington, who, on account of this and his increasing friendliness for Essex, now came in for a large share of royal displeasure. The privilege of making knights Queen Elizabeth wished to be exercised by herself, and not by her arrogant subject.

When she censured him for his mismangement, he impertinently reproached her for showing favour to Cecil, "that knave Raleigh," and that "sycophant Cobham," and began to mutter threats of bringing troops to England to remove his enemies there. When rumours of this treasonable intent reached the sharp ears of Queen Elizabeth, she wrote him instantly in her usual vigorous style. "We do charge you," she said, "as you tender our

displeasure, that you adventure not to come out of that Kingdom.”

He next sent word that he needed reinforcements in order to invade Ulster. But, when he had received them, instead of fighting, he patched up an unauthorized truce with the rebel, Tyrone, and then, rashly quitting his command, fled to England. He reached London September 28th, after an absence of about five months, and at once hastened to Nonsuch, where Queen Elizabeth was holding her Court.

Essex arrived at the Court at ten o'clock in the morning. In his frantic haste to see the Queen and plead his cause in person before the news of his daring return could reach her ears, he burst into her bedchamber, all muddy and travel-stained as he was, and falling on his knees before her, covered her hands with kisses. Queen Elizabeth, who had just arisen, and was standing among her tirewomen, with her grey hair falling about her shoulders, for she had not had time to make choice of one of her numerous wigs of various colours, which she wore in later life, was so utterly astounded by the Earl's unexpected appearance and his unheard of presumption, that she did not fly into such a passion as might have been expected.

—An hour or two later she gave him another audience, and listened to his excuses, but in the evening, after the matter had been referred to the Council, Essex was placed under arrest, and never saw his Queen again.

Harington came in for a good share of Queen Elizabeth's anger when he sought an audience of her after Essex's return. He says, "She chafed much, walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, she caught my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no Queen, that man is above me. Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' It was long before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearing, but I was then bid 'Go home!' I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have had better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared too."

Harington writes to a friend about this time: "Every man wondered to see me at liberty, though in conscience there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone (he had accompanied Essex at the making of the truce, and had bestowed a copy of his 'Ariosto' on one of the young rebels), yet if my rhyme had not been better liked of than my reason (I mean when I gave the young Baron of Dungannon an 'Ariosto') I think I had been by the heels for it. But I had the good fortune that after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me, though very briefly. At last, she gave me a full and gracious audience in the withdrawing room at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared and graciously dismissed. What should I say!

I seemed to myself like St. Paul rapt up in the third Heaven where he heard words not to be uttered by men. . . . Until I come to Heaven, I shall never come to a statelier judge again nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, favour, better than Her Highness did at that time."

Essex, according to his custom, promptly took to his bed at the Queen's continued displeasure; for once his illness was not feigned. But Her Majesty had been tricked in this fashion so often that she refused to believe in the reality of his sickness, until the eight physicians he had in attendance announced that he was near death. Then Queen Elizabeth showed him a little pity; she allowed some of his friends to visit him, and gave him the liberty of the garden. She next sent him her own physician with some broth and a message of comfort, but she was soon persuaded by her ministers that this illness was, after all, a feint, and abruptly ceased her kind inquiries after his health.

After a delay of nine months, Essex recovered from his sickness, and was tried before a special commission. The charges were: "His contemptuous disobedience of Her Majesty's letters, and his will in returning; his presumptuous letters written from time to time; his proceedings in Ireland contrary to the points resolved upon in England before he went; his rash manner of coming away from Ireland; his overbold going the day

before to Her Majesty's bedchamber ; and his making so many idle knights."

The Earl gave an eloquent defense, kneeling, and remained in this abject posture during most of the proceedings, which lasted from nine in the morning till eight at night. The Commission found him guilty on all the charges, and ordered him to cease his duties as Privy Councillor, Earl Marshal, and Master of Ordnance, to return at once to his house, and there to remain a prisoner at the Queen's pleasure.

He now began to write very submissive letters to Her Majesty and begged her to "let her servant depart in peace" to his country seat, asking permission only to kiss her hand before leaving Court forever. Queen Elizabeth rejoiced at his apparent humility and set him at full liberty, but warned him to "make himself and his own discretion his keeper and not to approach the Court or her person."

That summer the Queen, to divert her mind from these unpleasant occurrences, attended the marriage of one of her maids of honour, the daughter of Lady Russell, to the son of the Earl of Worcester. Her Majesty was carried from the water side in a lectica or semi-litter, borne by six Knights. After the wedding repast, she went to Lord Cobham's to supper.

Here there was a mask given by eight ladies ; after they had finished their part, they chose eight more ladies to complete the dance. Mrs. Fitton,

the première danseuse, came up and "wooded" the Queen to dance.

"Who art thou?" asked the Queen. "Affection," replied Mrs. Fitton. "Affection," said Queen Elizabeth, significantly, "is false;" she arose, however, and finished out the dance.

Rowland Whyte tells us in his "gossipy" letters to Sir Robert Sidney that the Queen to further divert her thoughts "This day appoints to see a Frenchman do feats upon a cord in the conduit court. To-morrow she hath commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape to be baited in the tilt-yard; upon Wednesday she will have solemn dancing."

About this time, Sir Robert Sidney writes to Harington: "I do see the Queen often. She doth wax weak since the late troubles, and Burleigh's death doth often draw tears down her goodly cheeks; she walketh out but little, meditates much alone, and sometimes writes in private to her friends." He then goes on to describe in detail a visit the Queen paid to his house, and how the infirmities of old age were advancing upon the great Elizabeth, in spite of her Spartan-like attempts to hide the fact. Sidney's son made an eloquent speech of welcome to the Royal guest, and the women of the household gave a dancing exhibition before her, while cornets played loudly in the gallery.

"She did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit cakes and drank a small cordial from a gold cup," continues Sidney. "She had a marvellous

suit of velvet borne by four of her first women attendants in rich apparel; two ushers did go before, and, at going up stairs, she called for a staff, and was much wearied in walking about the house and said she wished to come another day. Six drums and six trumpets waited in the court and sounded at her approach and departure."

Queen Elizabeth highly praised the splendid attire of her hosts and smiled graciously at the ladies, who, after their dance, came up to the platform on which she sat, to make their obeisance. After the day's entertainment was over, "the Queen went and tasted a small beverage that was set out in divers rooms where she might pass; and then, in much the same order, was attended to her Palace, the cornets and trumpets sounding through the streets."

The Queen appointed Lord Mountjoye to the vacant post of Lord Deputy of Ireland. When she mentioned this appointment to Francis Bacon, whose patron Essex had been, he said, "Surely, Madam, you cannot make a better choice, unless you send over my Lord Essex."

Queen Elizabeth's vehement response showed that the Earl still lay under the weight of her strong displeasure. "Essex!" she exclaimed, "when I send Essex back into Ireland, I will marry you. Claim it of me."

Essex, before going to his country estate, said to Lord Henry Howard, with the ostensible purpose of having his words repeated to the Queen, that he kissed her royal hand and that rod which

had corrected him, not ruined him; but he could never be possessed of his wonted joy again, till he beheld those benign looks of hers which had been his star to direct and guide him. He added that he was now determined to repent him of his fault, and to say with Nebuchadnezzar, "Let my dwelling be with the beasts of the field to eat grass as an ox, and to be wet with the dew of Heaven till it shall please the Queen to restore my understanding unto me."

When this was reported to Queen Elizabeth, she said: "Would to God his deeds would be answerable to his words. He hath a long time tried my patience and I must have some time to make proof of his humility. My father would never have endured such perverseness. But I will not look behind me, lest with Lot's wife, I be turned into a pillar of salt. 'All is not gold that glittereth.' If this could be brought to pass by the furnace, I should be more favourable to the profession of alchemy."

Essex, however, was led to appear so humble and submissive from mercenary motives wholly. When he had been enjoying the former favour of the Queen, she had granted him the monopoly of a farm of sweet wines, which brought him in the enormous sum of £50,000 a year. The term for which he held this lucrative farm was soon to expire, and he was directing all his energies to gain a renewal of it, for he was deeply involved in debt.

When Queen Elizabeth found out the cause of

this submissive behaviour, her indignation against Essex increased, and she not only rejected his suit, but sent back the taunting reply that “an ungovernable beast must be stinted of his provender to bring him under management.”

Essex, rendered desperate by the rejection of his suit, now showed forth his resentment against the Queen in treasonable and insulting speeches, while his house became the gathering-place for religious and social malcontents of the most abandoned sort. Many of these later on took part in the Gunpowder Plot. To serve his own selfish and malicious aims, Essex was willing to overthrow a popular Sovereign, his own benefactress, and the idol of her subjects, and the excellent government she had established, founded on the respect and admiration of the nation. His speeches of the Queen were such that Harington writes: “In my late discourse, he uttered strange words bordering on such strange designs that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. His speeches of the Queen becometh no man who hath mens sana in corpore sana — a sound mind in a sound body. The Queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit, the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man’s soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea.”

Essex carried on a secret correspondence with the Scotch King, urging him to demand the recognition of his title as heir to the English Throne by arms, and also tried to persuade the new Deputy

of Ireland to carry his army to Scotland and place it at the disposal of King James. Although these intrigues were not then known to the government, it was noticed that swash-bucklers and desperadoes were holding meetings at Essex's house together with some suspected Nobles and gentlemen; that some Puritan clergymen were praying for his cause, and that there was some tumult going on in the city. The Council then ordered him to appear before them. Instead of obeying, he made a desperate attempt, with the assistance of Lord Southampton, four other Nobles, and about 300 followers to raise the citizens of London to rebel against the government and force the Queen to grant his demands.

Harington gives a vivid sketch of the uneasiness and excitement pervading the Court at this time of suspense. "The madcaps are all in riot," he writes, "and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I fear Her Majesty more than the rebel Tyrone and wish I had never received my Lord of Essex's knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. Every new message from the city doth disturb her, and she frowns on all the ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely thus,—'Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she doth my

knighthood. . . . The many evil plots and designs have overcome all Her Highness' sweet temper. She walks much in her Privy Chamber, and stamps much with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage. I obtained short audience at my first coming to Court when Her Highness told me, 'If ill counsel had brought me so far from home, she wished Heaven might mar that fortune which she had mended.' " Harington adds in a postscript to this interesting letter that "Her Highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her grief in such wise to the no small discomfiture of all about her."

On Sunday morning, February 8th, Essex assembled his little band of misguided followers at his house and proposed to march them to Paul's Cross in Cheapside, and there to induce the Lord Mayor and the throng of citizens, who attended church services at that place, to join his handful of rebels. But one of his number had betrayed all his plans to Cecil. The Mayor and Aldermen were consequently ordered to keep the people within their houses and not to allow them to hear the preaching. The guards at the Royal Palace were doubled and every precaution taken to repel the expected attack.

At ten o'clock in the morning the Lord Chancellor and other officials forced their way into Essex House, and, in the name of the Queen, ordered the Earl's disorderly partisans to lay down their arms.

This command had the effect of a call to action. Essex, urged on by the turbulent mob, actually locked up the Chancellor and his companions in his house, and then rushed wildly into the streets like the madman that he was. His frantic followers, some brandishing rapiers, and others pistols, dashed after him, shouting, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! They will give the Crown to the Infanta! Citizens of London, arm for England and the Queen!"

No one rose to this delusive call, and Essex continued to run through the deserted streets, waving his sword, and vainly shouting, "For the Queen! For the Queen!" The citizens of London were loyal subjects, and he was not even able to obtain arms and ammunition in the shops. There was some slight skirmishing on Ludgate Hill, but, after Essex had slain a man with his own hand, and been shot through the hat, his followers began to forsake him. He had already been proclaimed a traitor in three different quarters of the city by the Garter King-at-Arms, Thomas, Lord Burleigh, and the Earl of Cumberland. Still desperate and revengeful, Essex forced his way back to his house. Queen Elizabeth was at dinner when she was told that her former favourite was not only trying to raise the city to rebellion, but had actually succeeded. She, however, showed no fear at all, although her attendants were overwhelmed with terror. "She was never more amazed than she would have been to have heard of a fray in Fleet street,"

writes Cecil later in a letter to Sir George Carew. Her Majesty alone of all those at Court coolly proposed going to oppose the rebels. She declared, and probably with truth that "not one of them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye. They would flee at the very notice of her approach." And indeed there were none, men of the sword though they might be, but quailed before "the lioness of England" when she was roused to wrath.

| When Essex reached home he found his prisoners liberated, and his house surrounded by the Queen's forces. At about ten o'clock that night he and his remaining followers surrendered to the besiegers. The next day they were taken to the Tower.

| On the 19th Essex was brought to trial, and, of course, found guilty of open and inexcusable acts of treason, which rendered his execution a State necessity. Queen Elizabeth affixed to the death warrant her firmly written and beautifully flourished autograph, and there is no evidence that she ever regretted having allowed justice to take its course. (The story of the ring, reported to have been intercepted by the Countess of Nottingham, has been utterly disproved.) Elizabeth had long before warned Essex that while she might pardon much disrespect to her person, he must not touch her sceptre or he would be punished by the laws of England, which were not so lenient as she had been. Only three of the Earl's accomplices were sen-

tenced to capital punishment. The five Lords, who were not very powerful or very dangerous, enjoyed the Queen's usual clemency. But on the 25th of February, 1600, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, perished the headstrong Earl of Essex, who might have attained to something worth while if he had turned his fiery talents to the faithful service of his Queen, instead of blindly obeying his own mad passions.

XIX

“THE SETTING OF THE WESTERN LUMINARY ”

The glorious life of mighty Elizabeth was now drawing to a close. She had lived to see her enemies prostrate at her feet, and, by her wisdom and fortitude had raised her beloved England from the position of a weak and tottering state to that of a united and potent world power. She was the admiration not only of her own people, but even of all the nations of Europe. “Her very enemies proclaimed her the most glorious and fortunate of all women who ever wore a crown,” writes a French historian.

Yet, in the last months of her life, a deep melancholy was settling over her, and, in 1602 she told de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, that she was “weary of life.”

This brooding melancholy may well have been a symptom of that distressing complication of maladies of which she sickened and died. Then, too, she, who had hitherto enjoyed vigorous health, thanks to her “exact temperance both as to wine and diet, which she was wont to say, was the noblest part of physic” and her untiring activity,

was now cut off by her increasing infirmities from many of her former enjoyments and accustomed pursuits. She had seen her faithful friends and trusty ministers of former days pass one by one to their grave, she had no near relatives, and, in her old age, found herself surrounded by a new and younger generation, some of whom, venal wordlings as they were, were already worshippers of the rising sun in the person of the Scottish King. Then, too, the ingratitude of Essex and the anxieties of the Irish rebellion prayed upon her mind, and when, against her wish, she granted life to the rebel Tyrone, yielding to the importunities of her ministers who represented to her the impossibility of continuing the struggle against the rebels, she regarded this as a bitter disgrace and often spoke of it so. But Tyrone was neither so powerful nor so invincible an enemy as had been supposed. Instead, he was in desperate straits, and, not waiting to receive the hard conditions imposed by the English Queen, threw himself at the feet of the Deputy and surrendered his lands and life to the Queen's mercy. Unfortunately, Queen Elizabeth never learned of this final submission, for the news of it did not reach London until four days after her death.

On October 27th, 1601, the Queen summoned her last Parliament to meet at Westminster. She opened it in person with the accustomed pomp and ceremony, but the weight of the parliamentary robes was such that her weakened body was unable

to support them, and she was actually falling to the ground when the nearest Nobleman caught and upheld her in his arms. But the force of her mind overcame her bodily weakness, and she went through the fatiguing ceremonies with her usual grace and dignity.

This was only the thirteenth Parliament summoned in her long reign, for the functions of this body were simply to grant money when the ordinary Crown revenues were insufficient, and to make laws. It was a popular measure for a Sovereign to do without Parliaments, for then there were no additional taxes. The country was governed wholly by the Queen, with the advice of her ministers, and Parliament had purely legislative powers. The ruler was expected to defray the expenses of the government out of the Crown revenues, which, at the end of Elizabeth's reign, was about £300,000 per annum,* and a subsidy was regarded, not as a necessity, but as an extraordinary mark of the people's good-will.

Queen Elizabeth, by her good management and strict economy, not only paid the expenses of government out of the ordinary revenue, but even discharged the debts of the preceding reigns and collected a small reserve fund. But the expenses of the war with Spain wasted this reserve, and forced her to ask for subsidies. These necessary requests were met with some unreasonable grumblings from Parliament, but when the Queen, with

* Beesly's Queen Elizabeth.

her wonted good sense, explained to them, though as she correctly observed, there was no constitutional precedent to oblige her to do so, how a large expenditure had been necessary for the safety of the country, these parliamentary grumblers were silenced. As the Queen was a single woman, managing the expenses of her household with the same care and frugality as she did those of the State, and had never indulged in the building of costly palaces, her private disbursement was very moderate. Her only extravagance was clothes and jewelry, but in the last years of her reign, she sold many of her jewels to pay the expenses of the State.

This last Parliament opened with a heated debate on monopolies. Things had come to such a pass that the holders of monopolies used their privileges in a way prejudicial to the interests of the people. Queen Elizabeth sent a gracious message to the House of Commons saying that she intended to redress all grievances by the exercise of her royal authority, for she was as indignant as Parliament itself at those abuses of which she had been unaware.

This message of the Queen overwhelmed the House with gratitude and admiration. One member said, with tears in his eyes, that if a sentence of eternal happiness had been pronounced upon him, he could not have felt more joy than he at present experienced. Another remarked that "such a message from the sacred person of the

Queen was a kind of gospel or glad tidings, and ought to be written in the tablets of their hearts." The House voted that the Speaker with a deputation of 140 members should ask permission to wait upon Her Majesty and give her their thanks for her gracious and extraordinary concessions.

When the Speaker and the 140 members were admitted to the Queen, they all fell on their knees before her, and remained in this attitude a long time until she desired them to rise. The Speaker expressed the unbounded gratitude of the Commons in eloquent language, declaring that "the attribute which was most proper to God, to perform all he promiseth, appertaineth also to her; and that she was all truth, all constancy and all goodness." In conclusion he said, "Neither do we present our thanks in words or any outward sign, which can be no sufficient retribution for so great goodness; but in all duty and thankfulness, prostrate at your feet, we present our most loyal and thankful hearts, and the last spirit of breath in our nostrils, to be poured out, to be breathed up for, your safety."

Queen Elizabeth, after listening graciously to this eulogy, made a dignified and impressive address in reply expressing her satisfaction that the "harpies and horse-leeches," as she called the holders of monopolies, had been exposed to her.

"I had rather," she said, "that my heart and hand should perish than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal

majesty has not so blinded mine eyes that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a King may deceive those Princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient. But I am none of those Princes. For I know that the Commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself, to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given to another judgement-seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the Commonwealth in all respects, and that I have such subjects that for their good I would willingly lose both Kingdom and life."

This noble speech, expressive of her tenderness for her people, was received with great delight by the Commons. They granted the Queen an unprecedented supply of four subsidies and eight-fifteenths; and that, too, before there was time to adjust the matter of monopolies.

In the beginning of 1602, Her Majesty's attendants noticed that she was rapidly failing in strength. She still kept up riding, hunting, and dancing, in which she excelled. She strove in every way to conceal her increasing ailments, and, although she suffered greatly with gout in her fingers and hands, she was never heard to complain of her physical sufferings, but went on planning progresses and festivities with all the delight of earlier years. In the last year of her life she

went a-maying at Mr. Buckley's and made several other visits, but in spite of her attempts to keep up her wonted gaiety, she grew gloomy and depressed.

In a letter dated March 15th, 1602, William Camden, the historian, wrote to Sir Robert Cotton: "I know you are (as we all have been) in a melancholy pensive cogitation. This *ἀνπρία* or excessive sleepless indisposition of Her Majesty is now ceased, which, being joined with an inflammation from the breast upward, and her mind altogether averted from physic in this, her climaterical year, did more than terrify us all. . . . This I thought good in generality to impart unto you that you may (as we do) put away fear, and thank God for this joyful recovery of her upon whose health and safety we all depend."

In December, 1602, Harington wrote to his wife: "Our dear Queen, my Royal godmother, and this State's natural mother, doth now bear show of human infirmity, too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from pains and misery.

"I cannot blot from my memory's table the goodness of our Sovereign Lady to me, her affection to my mother, who waited in Privy Chamber, her bettering of my father's fortune (which I have, alas, so much worsted), her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech, and admiration of my little learning and poesy, which I

did so much cultivate on her command, have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askant from her condition, with tearless eyes, would foul and stain the spring and fount of gratitude."

He goes on to speak of the last time he saw the Queen "in most pitiable state." She asked him if he had seen Tyrone. Upon his answering that he had seen him with the Lord Deputy (Essex) she said with anger and grief, "'Oh, now it mindeth me you were the one who saw this man elsewhere,' and heereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup which she often put to her lips, but, in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. . . . Her Majesty inquired of some matters which I had written, and, as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humour and read some verses, whereat she smiled once and was pleased to say—'When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less; I am past my relish for such matters; thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well, I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously at noon at some one who minded not to bring up some matters of account. Several men have been sent to, and, when ready at hand, Her Highness hath dismissed in anger, but who, dearest Moll, shall say that 'Your Highness hath forgotten.'"

Directly after this, Harington, in strange con-

tradition to the sentiments expressed in this letter, sent a dark lantern as a New Year's gift to King James.

That Queen Elizabeth's mind was as vigorous as ever is attested by a long letter she wrote to James, dated January 5, 1603. Although the handwriting is hardly legible, the style is a characteristic utterance of her forcible, independent will.

In January, she visited the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.* He was a cousin of Anne Boleyn, and to him the Queen seemed to cling with affection and trust.

About this time, Her Majesty moved her Court to Richmond. The inclemency of the weather increased her illness, but, regardless of this, and a severe cold she had contracted, she insisted upon removing to her Palace of Richmond on a windy and rainy day. On that day, she said to the Lord Admiral, who came to receive her orders concerning the removal, "My Throne hath been the Throne of Kings, neither ought any other than he that is my next heir to succeed me."

Here at Richmond, which she called "the warm winter-box, to shelter her old age," she seemed to benefit by the change of air, and became cured of her cold. She attended prayers even more assiduously now than she had done throughout her life.

But at the end of February, Queen Elizabeth began to sicken again and her melancholy in-

* Formerly Lord Howard of Effingham.

creased. The Coronation ring by which she had bound herself in marriage to the Realm, and which she had never taken off since that day, had now grown into the flesh, and she gave orders to have it filed off. This was regarded as a bad omen by many of the courtiers.

Before this time there were hopes entertained of her recovery, according to the reports of the French Ambassador: "In the same proportion as Elizabeth is easily irritated she is also easily appeased, and may be won by a little. She appears to be naturally extremely polite and gracious . . . she is not only beloved but adored. Her strength, it is true, fails, and she suffers from pains in the bladder; yet she is restored to health for the present. A Spanish mathematician has calculated that she will pass her 75th year. Her eye is still lively; she has good spirits, and is fond of life, for which reason she takes good care of herself." On March 13th, 1603, he writes: "To my request for an audience, the Queen answered that I must excuse her for a few days, till after the mourning for the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for whom she has shed many tears, and manifested great affliction."

Queen Elizabeth had always had a marked aversion to medicine all her life, and the approach of death by no means abated this antipathy, for she persistently refused everything prescribed by her physicians.

She would not go to bed, but lay upon the floor,

propped up by cushions, refusing food as well as medicine.

Robert Carey, the son of her cousin, Lord Hunsdon, who visited the Queen in her last sickness, writes, "When I came to Court, I found the Queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet hearing of my arrival, she sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well;' and then discoursed to me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight, for in all my life time before I never saw her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. . . . I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to Chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming.

"After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, for she would not go to the great. There we

stayed long for her coming; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the Privy Chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard the service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse; she remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or to go to bed. . . . I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. . . . I did assure myself it was neither unjust or dishonest for me to do for myself, if God at that time should call her to His mercy. Hereupon I wrote the King of Scots . . . and certified in what state Her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; if of that sickness she should die I would be the first man that should bring him news of it."

On March 19th, de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, writes his master that "Queen Elizabeth had been very much indisposed for the last fourteen days, having scarcely slept at all during that period, and eaten much less than usual, being seized with such a restlessness that, though she had no decided fever, she felt a great heat in her stomach and a continual thirst, which obliged her every moment to take something to abate it, and to prevent the phlegm with which she was sometimes oppressed from choking her."

Three days later, de Beaumont writes that "the Queen of England had been somewhat better the day before, but was that day worse, and so full

of chagrin and so weary of life that notwithstanding all the entreaties of her Councillors and physicians for her to take the proper medicine and means necessary for her relief, she refused everything."

The only relatives about Queen Elizabeth in these dark hours were Lady Scrope and her brother, Robert Carey, watching intently to be the first to hail James as King. Her death was already reported in England and on the Continent.

"The Queen grew worse and worse," writes Carey, "because she would be so — none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed."

On Wednesday Lord Admiral Nottingham, who was mourning his wife's recent death, was sent for as the person who had most influence with the Queen; he was not only her nearest relative, but had been a faithful friend throughout her life. He came and knelt down beside her, as she lay upon the cushions, tenderly kissed her hands, and, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, implored her to take a little food. Finally, after many entreaties, he induced her to take a little broth, which he, still kneeling by her side, fed to her with a spoon. But she long resisted his urgent pleadings for her to go to bed, saying, "If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed, as she did when in hers, he would not persuade her as he did." And Secretary Cecil, overhearing her, asked if Her Majesty had seen any spirits; to which she said she scorned to answer him so idle

a question. Then he told her how, to content the people, Her Majesty must go to bed. To which she smiled, wonderfully contemning him, saying that the word *must* was not to be used to Princes; and thereupon said, "Little man, little man, if your father lived, ye (*he* seems more probable) durst not have said so much; but thou knowest I must die, and that maketh thee so presumptuous."

She then commanded the presuming Cecil and all but the Lord Admiral to leave the room. She said in a faint voice to her faithful kinsman, when all the rest had gone, "My Lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck." When he reminded her of her accustomed fortitude, she replied sadly, "I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." At last, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, he got her to bed.

That the Queen's forcible mind remained unclouded to the very end is vouched for by many, and most, of the eye-witnesses of the final scene in that long and eventful life, although Secretary Cecil, to suit some purpose of his own, caused some reports of the opposite nature to be circulated. Says Lady Southwell, one of her maids of honour, "Though many reports, by Cecil's means, were spread of her distraction, neither myself nor any other lady about her could even perceive that her speeches, ever well applied, proceeded from a distracted mind."

De Beaumont's next report of the state of the

dying Monarch runs: "This morning the Queen's music has gone to her. I believe she means to die as gaily as she lived." In a later report, he says, "The Queen hastens to her end, and is given up by all her physicians. They have put her to bed almost by force, after she had sat upon cushions for ten days, and has rested barely an hour each day in her clothes."

After she was undressed and placed in a more comfortable position she revived and asked for broth. There were now some hopes entertained of her recovery, but soon after this she became unable to speak.

De Beaumont in his last report writes: "The Queen was given up three days ago; she had lain long in a cold sweat and had not spoken. A short time previously she said, 'I wish not to live any longer but desire to die.' Yesterday and the day before she began to rest, and found herself better, after having been greatly relieved by the bursting of a small swelling in the throat. She takes no medicine whatever and has only kept her bed two days; before this she would on no account suffer it, for fear (as some suppose) of a prophecy that she should die in her bed. She is, moreover, said to be no longer in her right senses; this, however, is a mistake; she has only had some slight wanderings at intervals."

Carey says she grew rapidly worse on Wednesday, March 23rd. "That afternoon," he writes, "she made signs for her Council to be called, and

by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scotland was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her."

An article in the Cottonian MSS. confirms Carey's statement. The Councillors asked her to make a sign at the name of him whom she wished to succeed her. When James' name was mentioned, "suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and pulling her arms out of bed, she held both her hands jointly together over her head in the manner of a crown."

Another account states that when the Privy Council asked her to name her successor, she recovered her power of speech sufficiently to answer with gasping breath, "I said that my throne was a throne of Kings and that I would not have any mean person succeed me." * Secretary Cecil asked her meaning, to which she replied, "I will that a king succeed me and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the King of Scots." Then the Archbishop told her to fix her thoughts on God, "That I do," she answered, "neither doth my mind at all wander from him." And when she could no longer pray with her tongue, with her hands and eyes lifted up, she directed the thoughts of her pious heart to God.

Lady Southwell, whose account differs in many important points from those of others, writes: "The Queen now being given over by all, and at

* Camden.

the last gasp, keeping still her sense in everything and giving ever when she spoke apt answers, though she spake very seldom, having then a sore throat, she desired to wash it, that she might answer more freely to what the Council demanded; which was to know whom she would have for King; but they, seeing her throat troubled her so much, desired her to hold up her finger when they named whom liked her. Whereupon they named the King of France, the King of Scotland, at which she never stirred. They named my Lord Beauchamp, whereto she said, 'I will have no rascal's (commoner) son in my seat, but one worthy to be a King.'* Hereupon instantly she died." This report was dated in the afternoon of March 23d, but it is certain that she lived until the early hours of the next day.

"About six at night (March 23)," writes Carey, "she made signs for the Archbishop of Canterbury and her Chaplains to come to her. At which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The Bishop kneeled down by her and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was

* This referred to the claims of Lord Beauchamp, son of Catherine, sister to Lady Jane Grey.

and what she was to come to, and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth; yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the great King of Kings. After this he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary; he blessed her and meant to rise and leave her. The Queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the Bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour and then thought to leave her." But Queen Elizabeth, speechless and suffering, made a second sign for him to continue his prayer. "This he did for half an hour more with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the Queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her."

This account of Her Majesty's last hours is corroborated by a MS. in the Cottonian library. "She had several of her learned and pious Bishops frequently about her performing the last offices of religion with her, as particularly Watson, Bishop of Chichester, her Almoner, the Bishop of London, and chiefly Archbishop Whitgift, with whom in their prayers she very devoutly with her eyes, hands, and tongue and with very great fervency, joined. She cared not to have any other discourse

but with them about her spiritual estate, and though she was impatient of any speeches of others with her, yet she was ever well pleased to hear the Archbishop and the Bishop of London give her comfort and counsel to prepare herself Godward; and most heartily and devoutly prayed continually with them, making signs and shows to her last remembrance of the sweet comfort she took in their presence and assistance, and the unspeakable joy she was going into."

After the Archbishop had departed, the dying Queen, her little remaining strength exhausted by her devotions, sank into a deep, lethargic sleep from which she never awoke. So quietly and peacefully did the soul of great Elizabeth pass to that unknown world, that not one of those about her knew the moment of dissolution. About three in the morning, Thursday, March 24, it was discovered that she no longer breathed. Then swiftly and silently that vigilant spy, Lady Scrope, stole to one of the windows of the death chamber, and dropped a sapphire ring into the hands of her brother, Robert Carey, who was lurking about in the court-yard. This ring, known as the "blue ring," had been entrusted by the King of Scots to Lady Scrope as a certain token to announce to him the death of his Royal kinswoman. As Carey caught the gleaming circlet in his eager fingers, he knew that Elizabeth, the illustrious and mighty Queen, was dead and that James of Scotland ruled over England.

Leaping upon his horse, he rode at breakneck speed to announce the tidings to the expectant heir.

Carey, however, in his memoirs, gives a very different account of his proceedings on that gloomy March night. He states that after he left the Royal apartments, he returned to his lodgings, after leaving word in the Cofferer's chamber to summon him instantly when the Queen was actually dying. He gave an angel to the porter to admit him when he desired. Early Thursday morning, he was informed that Queen Elizabeth was dead. "I rose," he writes, "and made all the haste to the gate to get in. I was answered I could not enter—all the Lords of the Council having been there and commanded that none should go in or out but by warrant from them. At the very instant one of the Council, the Comptroller, asked if I were at the gate. I answered 'Yes,' and desired to know how the Queen did; he answered, 'Pretty well.' I came up to the Cofferer's chamber where I found all the ladies weeping bitterly"—a pathetic tribute to the dead Majesty of England.

It is possible to reconcile these two contradictory accounts of Carey's actions, by assuming that he did not remain long in his lodgings, but took up his stand under the Queen's window, and when the sapphire ring assured him that the lamp of life was extinguished in the room above, he then made the inquiries related in his memoirs, to render himself doubly sure that the Queen was

really dead before he set out in frantic haste to hail her successor.

Queen Elizabeth died in the seventieth year of her age, having reigned forty-four years and four months. Her successor said of her, "In wisdom and felicity of government she surpassed all Princes since the days of Augustus."

In a Latin letter written after the day of her death, the author, who is supposed to have been one of her physicians, says: "It was after labouring for nearly three weeks under a morbid melancholy which brought on stupor, not unmixed with some indication of a disordered fancy, that the Queen expired. During all this time, she could neither by reasoning, entreaties, or artifices be brought to make trial of any medical aid, and with difficulty was persuaded to receive sufficient nourishment to sustain nature, taking also very little sleep, and that not in bed, but on cushions, where she would sit whole days, motionless and sleepless, retaining, however, the vigour of her intellect to the last breath, though deprived for three days before her death of the power of speech."

Another contemporary writes: "No doubt you shall have heard Her Majesty's sickness and manner of death diversely reported, for everywhere Papists do tell strange stories as utterly void of truth as of all civil honesty or humanity. . . . Here was some whispering that her brain was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter, only she held an obstinate silence for the most part;

and because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down, she should never rise, she could not be got to go to bed in a whole week till three days before her death. . . . She made no will, neither gave anything away; so that they which come after shall find a well-furnished jewel-house and rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all else answerable."

The date for Queen Elizabeth's impressive obsequies was set for April 28th. About this time, a Mr. Simon Thelwal writes to a friend of his: "There is very great preparations made and making for the Queen's Majesty's funeral, which is appointed to be performed on Thursday in Easter week next; and very shortly after, the King's Majesty will come to London."

— "April 28th, being her funeral day, at which time the City of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people in their streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters that came to see the obsequy, and when they beheld her statue or picture lying upon the coffin set forth in her royal robes, having a crown upon her head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their Sovereign." *

The Knight-marshals led the long and imposing

* Stow's Annals.

procession which accompanied the body of Queen Elizabeth from Whitehall to the Cathedral Church of Westminster. Following the Knight-marshals came in order: fifteen poor men and two hundred and sixty poor women, marching four by four, servants of the Knights, trumpeters, two sergeants-at-arms, the standard of the Dragon, two equerries, leading a horse trapped with black velvet, Royal messengers, children of the Royal household, grooms, four heralds, yeomen, servants of Earls and Countesses, four heralds, sergeants-at-arms, the standard of the Lion, two equeries leading another horse trapped in sombre black, gentlemen of the Royal Chapel in their sacerdotal cloaks, and with them the children of the Chapel, clad in their white surplices, and singing; after them clerks, more sergeants, musicians, apothecaries, surgeons, porters, gentlemen-ushers, the Rouge Dragon, clerks of the Privy Seal, Council, Signet, and Parliament, Doctors, the Queen's Chaplains, Latin and French Secretaries, the Rouge Cross, chief officers of the Mayor, Aldermen, Attorneys, the Lord Chief Justice, ex-Ambassadors, gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, Gentlemen Pensioners, carrying pole-axes with the heads downward and covered with black, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Robert Cecil, the Controller and Treasurer of the Royal household, Barons, Bishops, Earls' eldest sons, Viscounts, Dukes' second sons, Earls, Marquises, the Bishop of Chichester, who was the Almoner and preacher at the funeral, the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, the French Ambassador, four sergeants-at-arms, the great embroidered banner of England, borne by the Earl of Pembroke assisted by Lord Howard of Effingham, the Norrey King-at-Arms, and the Clarenciaux King-at-Arms; this was William Camden, the historian. After him came the lofty bier, bearing all that was mortal of England's Maiden Monarch. Upon the open funeral chariot, drawn by four horses, caparisoned in black velvet, rested the leaden cased coffin covered with a rich pall of purple velvet. On the coffin was the life-like effigy of Her Majesty's whole body, attired in her parliamentary robes, with the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand. Six Knights supported a canopy over the bier, and on either side of the funeral car walked twelve Nobles, carrying bannerols, behind them came numerous footmen, and next the Earl of Worcester, the Master of the Horse, leading the palfrey of honour, trapped with sombre velvet, two esquires and a groom "to attend and lead him away" followed after, and then the gentlemen-ushers of the Privy Chamber, the Garter Knight-at-Arms and the Marchioness of Northampton, who was the chief mourner. She was assisted by the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Admiral, and her train was carried by two Countesses. She was followed by two Earls, fourteen Countesses, the ladies of honour, Viscountesses, Earls' daughters, Baronesses and the maids of honour of the Privy Chamber. The Captain of the Guard, with his men marching five

by five, and carrying their halberds downward, concluded the solemn funeral cortège.

The body of Queen Elizabeth was interred in Westminster Abbey, where James, her successor, erected a stately monument to her glorious memory. Her statue lies upon a slab of white marble, supported by four lions, while above her rises a lofty canopy. Her head reposes upon cushions, heavily embroidered and tasseled, and her feet rest upon a recumbent lion. She wears no crown, but her tightly curled hair is covered by a royal cap, the sceptre which she holds in one hand has been broken off, and so has the cross rising from the globe which she holds in the other. She is attired in her robes of State, lined with ermine, and wears the wide ruff and farthingale.

On the tenth anniversary of the proclamation of James, Bishop Hall at Paul's Cross delivered an eloquent apostrophe to the memory of Queen Elizabeth:

“O blessed Queen! Mother of this nation, nurse of this church, glory of womanhood, envy and example of foreign nations, wonder of times, how sweet and sacred shall thy memory be to all posterity. How excellent were her masculine graces of learning, valour, wisdom, by which she might justly challenge to be Queen of men! . . . Why should I speak of her long and successful government, of her miraculous preservations, of her famous victories, of her excellent laws and her careful execution of them? Many daughters have

done worthily, but thou surmountest them all. Such was the sweetness of her government and such fear of misery in her loss, that many worthy Christians desired their eyes might be closed before hers. . . . Every one pointed to her white hairs and said with peaceable Leontius, ‘When this snow melteth, there will be a flood.’ ”

At her death, the poets and poetasters of the Realm vied with each other to express in elaborate verses the nation’s grief. An extremely long panegyric composed by Lady Diana Primrose was entitled “A Chain of Pearls.” Each pearl or stanza, was an eulogy on some virtue in the Sovereign. There were ten pearls in all in praise of Her Majesty’s religion, chastity, temperance, clemency, justice, fortitude, science, patience, and bounty. The string of pearls ends with the lines:

“Here all amazed my muse sets up her rest,
Adoring her who’s so divinely blest.”

Many of these verses were hung up in numerous churches throughout the Kingdom. Conspicuous among them was “Britain’s Lachrimae.” *

“Weep, little Isle, and for thy mistress’ death,
Swim in a double sea of brockish waters;
Weep, little world, weep for great Elizabeth,
Daughter of war, for Mars himself begat her,
Mother of peace, for she bore the latter,
She was and is, what can there more be said?
On Earth the first, in Heaven the second Maid.”

* “Nichol’s Progresses.”

Wuncan

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